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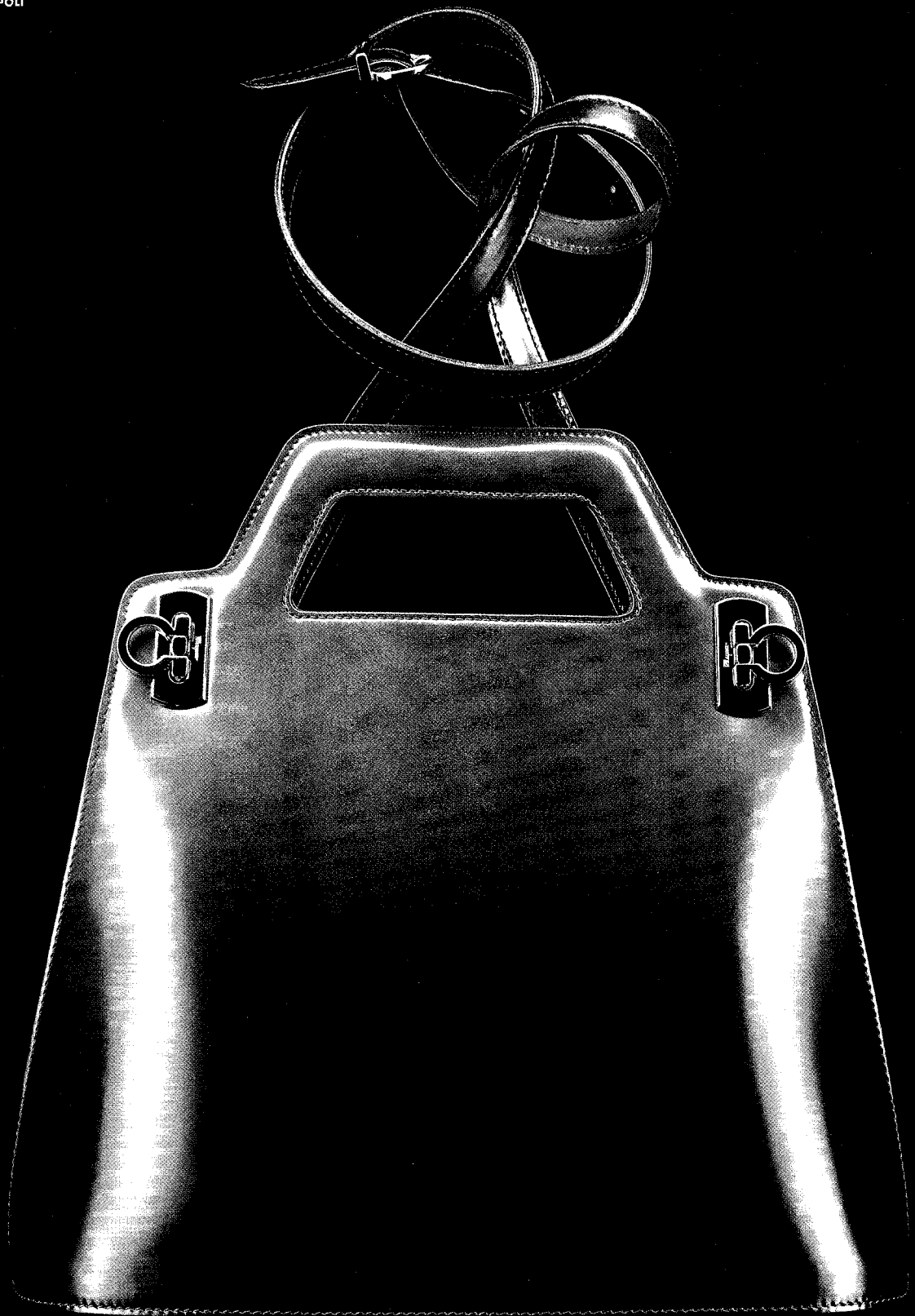
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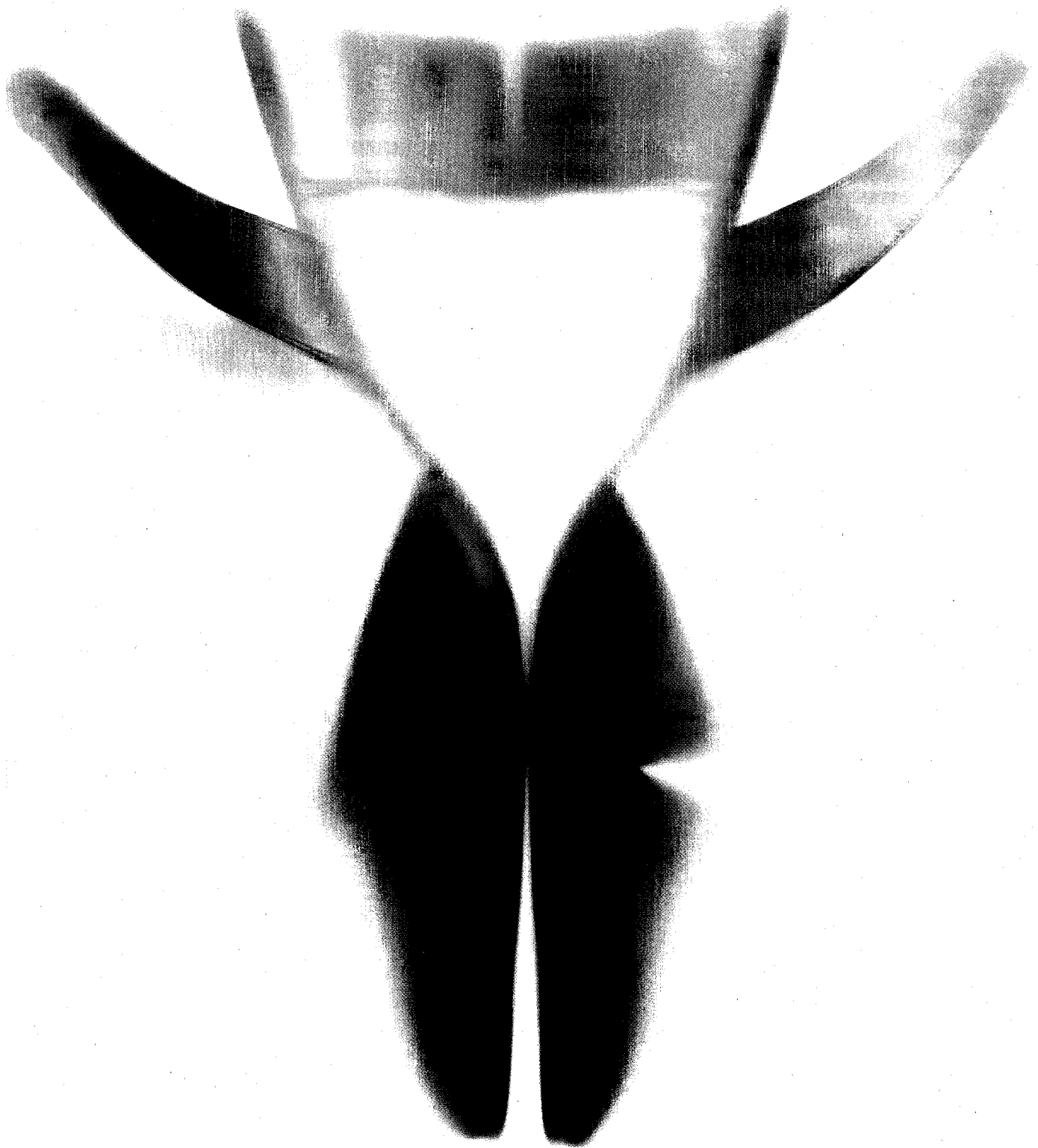
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MARCH 17, 1997—VOL. 30, NO. 10. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to New York, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80328-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, \$42. For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, New York Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80328-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900. Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover: Photograph by Dana Lixenberg.

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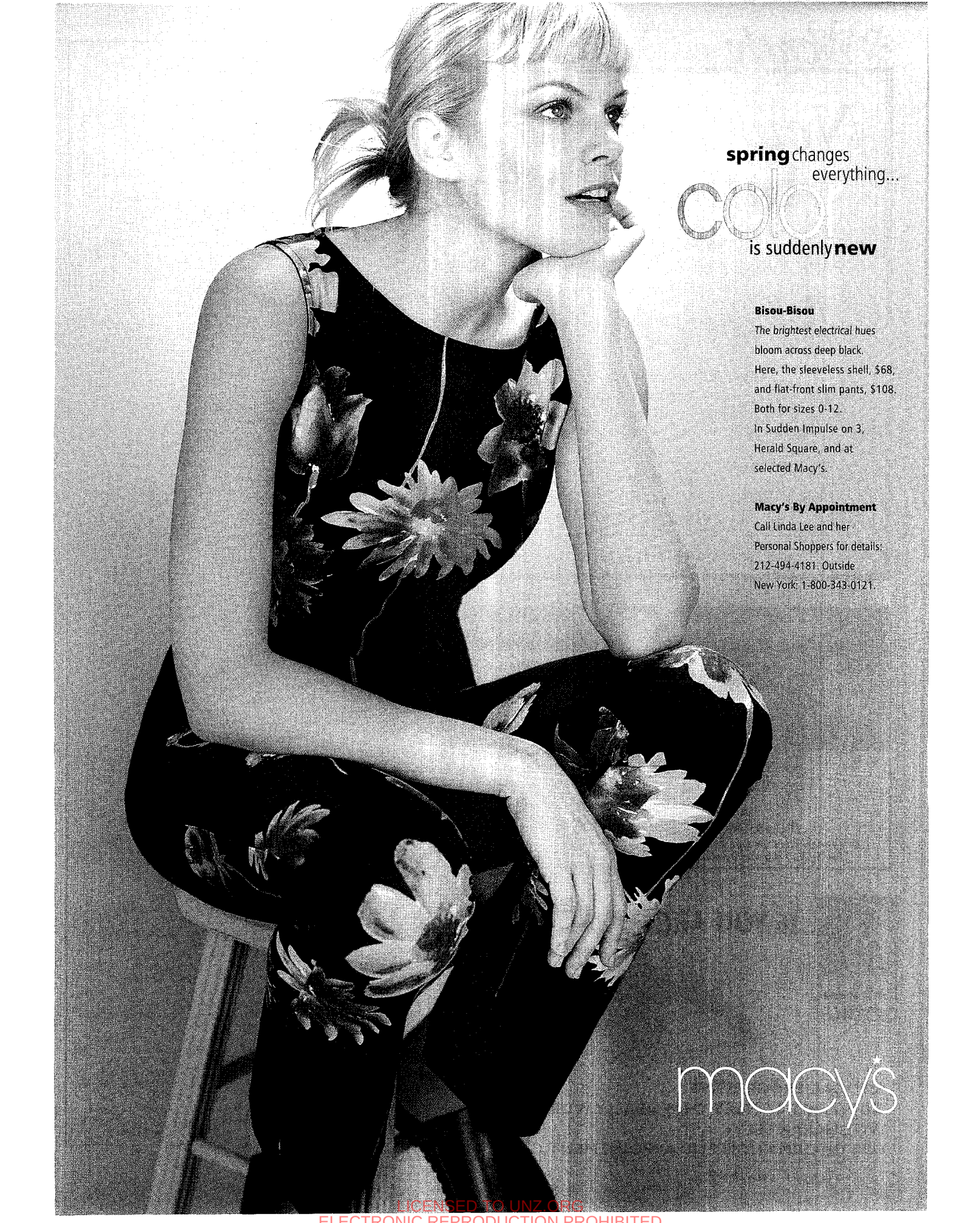
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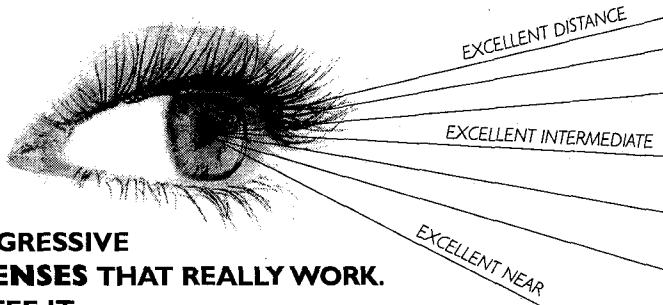
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Family Man?

Victoria Gotti as a member of the literati; Bob Dylan's defense team rushes in; more questions about the reality of fashion; a puff of smoke.

VICTORIA GOTTI HAS UNDOUBTEDLY been through a great deal, and Nancy Jo Sales's "All In the Gotti Family" [March 3] makes clear Ms. Gotti's emphasis upon this in terms of health and financial concerns. Yet Ms. Gotti seems to emotionally deny, or at least be ambivalent about, the harsh reality of who her father is outside the family. To the extent that any of us deny such realities, we remain in thrall. There are also hints of Ms. Gotti's own ambivalence toward her father, such as her choosing a husband whom Gotti didn't like and admiring his ability to "keep coming back" (stand up to Gotti).

Victoria Gotti's most touching and revealing quote is "He knows me better than I know myself." This describes an intense need for closeness yet suggests enormous parental control. No one can ever know us better than we know ourselves. As a psychoanalyst, I know that growing up with a family secret or pretense is very hard on children and wreaks enormous psychic and even physical anguish.

Arleen Bergen
MANHATTAN

I CAN'T EVER SEE READING ANYTHING BY Victoria Gotti. I just keep thinking of John Favara, who "disappeared" after her brother died in a minibike accident with his car. The family members know where their lifestyle comes from: truck hijacking, protection, numbers, auto theft, and more. She has found a legitimate living with her writing, but would she ever have been published without that name?

David J. Melvin
BROOKLYN

Original Grunge

I ENJOYED READING YOUR BOB DYLAN update in the February 24 "Intelligencer" column ["Knock-Knockin' on Sea View's Door"], although I found

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your comments on Dylan's looking grungy at Miami's Sea View Hotel about as newsworthy as saying Miami temperatures are in the eighties. Dylan has always looked grungy—as far back, at least, as 1961, when he first showed up at the Greenwich Village coffeehouses with a guitar, harmonica, and the need for a place to crash. Joan Baez best captured this in "Diamonds and Rust," her song to Dylan, when she wrote, "Well you burst on the scene already a legend / The unwashed phenomenon, the original vagabond." It's refreshing to learn from your article that success hasn't changed Dylan, other than that he now finds himself crashing on fancier floors.

Gary Drake
STAMFORD, CONN.

CONTRARY TO YOUR REPORT, I TEND TO doubt that Bob Dylan is "taking this grunge thing seriously." Despite your puzzling obsession with trendy designers, transient styles, and the model du jour, a timeless artist like Dylan is not exactly preoccupied with making a fashion statement, grunge or otherwise.

Dylan's contributions to pop culture have earned him the right to dress as he pleases, even at the risk of offending the suddenly delicate sensibilities of "Intelligencer." Although his admirers wish him well in his long quest for inner peace, we recognize that masterpieces such as *Blonde on Blonde*, *Blood on the Tracks*, and *Slow Train Coming* were forged from the fires of Dylan's personal struggles. Indisputably, he will be celebrated long after your models have faded and designers have dissolved into obscurity.

Michael K. Eidman
President, Pipe Dream Productions
ENGLEWOOD, N.J.

Fashion Bashing

A RESPONSE TO "NAMES WITHHELD," EATING Disorders Unit, Somerset Medical Center [Letters, March 10]: How dare you name-call, insult, and attack me personally and not have the balls to reveal yourselves. "Alarmed," you say. Well, let me reassure you, I am an extremely healthy (physically, mentally, and spiritually) full-time mother of two extremely

healthy children. I have no eating disorders, nor have I ever. I'm simply not average, thank God, in any way. But I am as real as the next guy. There are people in the world who are naturally thin but don't suffer from anorexia or bulimia. What makes you think everybody should strive to be the average five-foot-four, 140-pound woman you speak of?

Furthermore, heroin addiction is another tragic disease I have never fallen prey to but have watched dear friends fight to overcome. There is nothing chic about it.

Lisa Safir-Barness
MANHATTAN

YOUR FEBRUARY 24 "SPRING FASHION" issue included a cover photo that spoke a thousand words. Not only were the mother and daughter nattily attired with outfits costing in excess of \$15,000, but they were smiling, too. So how dare they give the seventh-grader a bag priced at only \$16.50 (was the decimal point in the wrong position?). Could it be the Old Navy Clothing people have a grip on reality?

Stephen Goldfarb
OCEANSIDE, N.Y.

Lit Market

MOVIE TIE-INS TO SELL A BOOK ARE PRETTY obvious, but what about restaurant tie-ins? This is New York! Where you eat and what you smoke and drink are intrinsic to image. Is Eric Konigsberg saying that the marketing apparatus at Viking promoting *Giovanni's Gift* was oblivious to the fact that the symbol of sophistication for the nineties is the cigar ["The Next Hot Book," February 10]? The places men and women show their flair are the ubiquitous cigar bars and restaurants. The Viking staff did its job getting display space at Barnes & Noble, but what about shelf space in humidors? Will Gael Greene write a review? When is Bradford Morrow posing for the cover of *Cigar Aficionado*?

Barbara G. Sibley
MANHATTAN

Correction In last week's "Best Bets," the phone number for L•S Collection was incorrect. It is 673-4575.

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INTELLIGENCER

RIDING IN PLACE AT CLAREMONT STABLES

Now that the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development has reversed itself yet again in the Claremont Riding Academy-ownership sweepstakes, political insiders are wondering whether Mayor Giuliani's campaign treasurer, **John Gross**, helped tilt the scales toward neighborhood favorite **Paul Novograd**. Gross rides at Claremont, and many patrons support Novograd, whose family had owned Claremont for almost 30 years in 1961 when the city seized it as part of the West Side Urban Renewal Area. Since then—for the past 35 years—Novograd has operated the stables on a month-to-month not-quite-lease from the city. His dreams

HAPPY (CAMPAIGN) TRAILS TO FRAN

Some City Hall insiders understand **Fran Reiter's** new job as Mayor **Rudy Giuliani's** campaign manager to be less of a promotion than a "kick upstairs." Instead of dealing with Rudy, a City Hall insider explains, "she'll be dealing with [campaign adviser] **Peter Powers** now." Since former deputy mayor Reiter's botched intervention in the Fox News battle and the superstore fiasco, Giuliani has apparently been cool on her. Until now, his fear of losing Liberal Party support may have kept him from re-assigning Liberal Party Leader **Ray Harding's** protégée. But since Harding's lobbying activities have recently come under fire, Giuliani has seized the moment to do the deed, sources say. The mayor's director of communications, **Cristyne Lategano**, denies the theory: "The mayor is going to miss her more than anyone."

of buying it back seemed to be dashed last year when the well-connected **Rusty Holzer**—son of Warhol superstar **Baby Jane Holzer** and manager of the Riverdale Equestrian Center in the Bronx—hired the Rudy-friendly law firm Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner and Harding

to massage his bid through the bureaucracy. But now HPD has shelved proposals from both Novograd and Holzer, deciding instead to eliminate the stable's safety-code violations before calling for bids again. In the meantime, Novograd gets to continue running Claremont—sparking talk that Gross's support of Novograd trumped **Richard Fischbein's** support of Holzer. Gross angrily denies the rumor: "I don't exert influence for Paul Novograd or anybody else. I don't lobby the city of New York, period, end of quote." Fischbein did not return calls.

A MYSTERIOUS END FOR TONY WILLIAMS

How did the legendary jazz drummer **Tony Williams** die? The obituaries for the 51-year-old reported that he suffered a heart attack while recovering from gallbladder surgery. But sources close to the late musician report that his widow, **Colleen Williams**—who was in the hospital with him—has begun investigating his death. The night of Thursday, February 20, Williams rushed to the emergency room at Seton Medical Center in Daly City, California, complaining of stomach pains. The next day, his gallbladder was removed laparoscopically. Williams, who joined Miles Davis's band as a 17-year-old prodigy, was eager to get out of the hospital to continue promoting his new album, *Wilderness* (which features **Herbie Hancock**, **Stanley Clarke**, and **Pat Metheny**): On Sunday afternoon, as he was planning to check out of the hospital, Williams suddenly began sweating and feeling pain. While Colleen frantically tried to get help, his condition deteriorated. Now the widow is waiting for the results of an autopsy, which won't be available for at least two weeks. Andy Warhol also died of heart failure following routine gallbladder surgery, in New York Hospital in 1987; it turned out that he'd been given too many fluids after the operation, and his heirs won a settlement from that hospital. But a spokeswoman for California's Seton Medical Center says of Williams, "The surgery and the heart attack were not related, as far as we know."

THROWING THE BOOK AT VIACOM

Are they a bit paranoid over at Viacom? Execs at the communications company are sitting less comfortably in their stately offices since they got wind of a new book, *Camp Music*, being written by former employee **Eric Payson**, who just happens to be the son of former Time Warner vice-chairman **Martin Payson**. Eric, who served for a little over six months as an intern, is writing about his stint at the company and apparently



Reiter:
Up, up, and away



Williams:
A lifetime

intends to include some material the executives would rather not see in print—for example, a poem about **Joni Abbott**, an MTV producer who *Forbes* magazine alleged had dated MTV president **Tom Freston** and later committed suicide. According to Payson, after he ran into then-V.J. **Alison Stewart** and read her that poem, Stewart expressed alarm to the powers-that-be at Viacom. Soon after, Payson found himself invited to meet **Dwight Tierney**, an MTV head of personnel, at the Cosmo coffee shop. "He was very nervous and he tried to do spin control," Payson says. "The fact that this guy met with me to talk about the head of MTV's relationship with this girl was bizarre to me." An MTV



Bessette Kennedy:
Independent spirit

spokesperson says, "We know nothing about the project. However, he was a 'must hire' intern [because of family connections] who had very limited experience at MTV." Payson is in discussion with Marvin Worth Productions about a film project based on the book.

BACKSTAGE BACCHANALIA

Are the folks at *Access Hollywood* trying to get a leg up on the competition by plying their guests with alcohol? At both the Emmys and the SAG awards, they handed out alcoholic drinks to the interviewees, and at the Emmys, their backstage area had a martini-bar theme. A card they sent out for the Grammys invited guests for "drinks" at their backstage "star lounge" area, but according to a Madison Square Garden spokesman, they were set straight by NARAS: "They were told that this was an alcohol-free event." Says one entertainment-news insider, "It's as if they are trying to get the celebrities to act goofier. No other TV shows have liquor backstage. Everyone was talking about how inappropriate it was." But *Access* supervising producer **Laurie Ender** says such talk is just sour grapes. "We wanted it to have more of a party feeling and be

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE FOR DIMOND

Life at *Hard Copy* just got harder. Rumors are circulating that once the show goes on hiatus this summer, it won't be coming back. "Ratings are way down, and morale is low," laments one source. "At NATPE [the TV programming convention], Paramount didn't even mention the show—they only talked about *Entertainment Tonight* and *Real TV*." Now the troubled tabloid is losing its senior correspondent, **Diane Dimond**, who also serves as the show's weekend anchor, is leaving Paramount for Warner Bros. "I've been here for seven years, so I feel like I'm leaving a lot of family behind," says Dimond. Her new project is a departure from the investigative reporting of her old job. With the creators of **Rosie O'Donnell's** warm-and-fuzzy chatfest, Dimond is planning a daytime talk show.

more relaxed. We get a little more life out of the backstage," she says, defending the practice. "Maybe they wish they'd thought of it."

REGIS'S BLOOPER; LEE'S NO POOPER

THREADBARE CASE: After demolishing the Juice, lawyer **Daniel Petrocelli** is going after a small-fry defendant: Common Threads, an activist women's group that helped sponsor a reading at a Santa Monica bookstore last September. Only 35 people were at the event, which featured poet **Julia Stein** reading "The Triangle Fire" and union activists and former garment workers speaking about organizing at Guess. But the jeans maker—and longtime Petrocelli client—promptly sued Common Threads for slander, citing "a so-called 'literary reading' that the company charges was part of an 'attack campaign' by the garment union UNITE. Says Stein: "A lot of people in the beginning thought it was absurd. But then, when you start paying a lawyer..." Petrocelli did not return calls.

THE FAME GAME: At the recent Irvington Institute gala at the Four Seasons, the guest of honor, media mogul **Michael Bloomberg**, apparently wasn't too shy to ask guests the uncouth question So,

what do you do these days? One person he put it to: the hardly underexposed **Regis Philbin**. That's okay—Regis doesn't quite know who Bloomberg is, either, a fact that became clear when Regis recounted on air the next morning his shock that "Paul" Bloomberg hadn't known of his work. Philbin did correct himself later in the show—maybe after someone noticed

Michael Bloomberg's name in 24-point type on the cover of *The New Yorker*.

THE CAROLYN TOUCH: **Carolyn Bessette Kennedy** is already having a big influence on the Kennedy clan. Last week, when Jackie O.'s sister, **Lee Radziwill**, held her birthday dinner for fifteen friends and family members, she and her husband, producer **Herbert Ross**, didn't go with a usual haunt like '21' or The Four Seasons—instead, she held court in prime Carolyn territory, the trendy Independent in TriBeCa. Notes one observer: "It was funny to see Lee at this ultrahip spot putting down these little place cards as if it were a society function." After dinner, **JFK Jr.** and his wife headed downstairs for drinks with a few friends, and in the true spirit of the restaurant, Carolyn remained for a while after John left.

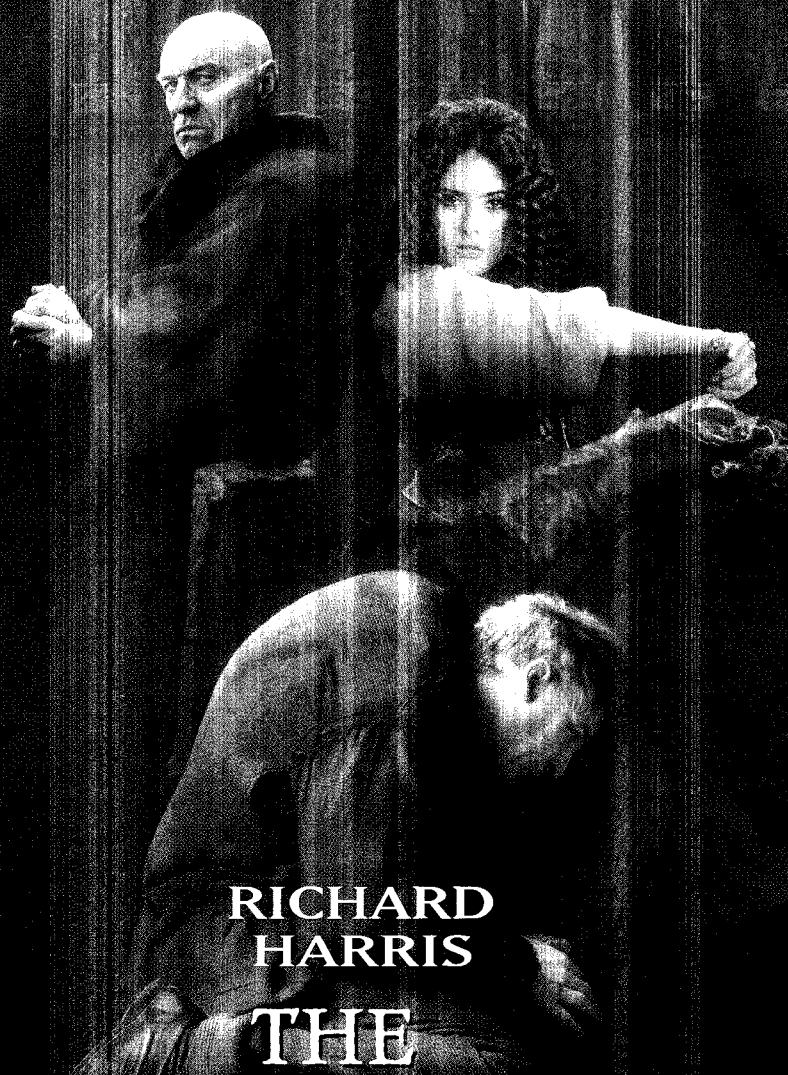
Additional reporting by Kate Coyne.

BOB WOODWARD: \$6,000 MAN?

Here's one story that didn't make the *Washington Post*: the tale of the bitter child-support case that's been raging for the past two and a half years between the *Post's* assistant managing editor, **Bob Woodward**, and his ex-wife, **Frances Barnard**, the former Washington correspondent for the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. The case began in the summer of 1994, when Woodward's book on the Clintons, *The Agenda*, was on the best-seller lists and Barnard was planning to marry and move to Texas. Instead of relocating to Texas for the summer between high school and college, Barnard's 17-year-old daughter elected to stay in D.C. with her father—whereupon Woodward promptly stopped paying his court-ordered child support of \$1,500 a month, even though his ex-wife took their daughter on vacation for part of that summer. She sued him for \$6,020, and so far, the case is a draw: He won the first round, but that decision was reversed on appeal when the case was sent back to the lower court, where the warring exes are now waiting for a trial date. A settlement does not seem likely. "You don't pay child support when somebody is not supporting the child," explains Woodward. "I spent more than twice the \$6,000 I was owed," counters Barnard. She's also spent almost \$20,000 on legal fees fighting the case "on principle."



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GOTHAM



No urban night is like the night there—Ezra Pound

Broadway

ANTONY SHER: A PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG MAN AS AN ARTIST

ANTONY SHER ISN'T FAKING IT. That convincing freehand of his is convincing for a reason. He was a painter as a kid in South Africa before emigrating to England, and all the daubing and sketching he does while portraying Stanley Spencer in Pam Gems's *Stanley* is for real. Nightly, he turns out renderings of Deborah Findlay and Anna Chancellor, nude and partially nude, as, respectively, Spencer's first and second wives. Sher fills up sketchbook after sketchbook—"hundreds of them," he will tell you over lentil soup at Trionfo. "Once in a while, we're asked to give them to charity, and there disperses the curious oeuvre."

Having played the impishly carnal and compulsively religious Spencer (1891-1959) off and on for a year—first at London's Royal National Theatre and now in his Broadway bow at Circle in the Square—Sher goes through artistic phases: For a time, he draws as Spencer might have, and then, for a time, he draws as himself. Right now, he says (in a reflective offstage manner at odds with his onstage energy), "I'm in a middle period."

The painting actually done in *Stanley* is more strictly Spencerian. Perched on scaffolding as the audience enters, Sher is working so diligently on a strip of a replicated Spencer mural that every couple of months he finishes it. Then it's replaced, and he starts over again. In the play's final scene, when the painter is spotted outdoors committing his beloved hometown of Cookham to canvas, Sher is in fact executing a painting he's devised in the Spencer manner: a nude couple engaged in love play al fresco.

Sher doesn't confine his fancy doodling to performance; he never has. During rehearsals, he supplements notes scrawled in his script with drawings, including the self-portrait here. In doing so, he frequently provides a look at his—and other actors'—characters as they develop.

Year of the King, Sher's memoir of his legendary performance as Richard III at the National in 1984 (and one of the best theater diaries ever written) is shot through with his character sketches, many drawn in his script. For *Stanley*, he also sketched some of the subjects and objects Spencer used repeatedly—for instance, the flowers indigenous to fertile Cookham-on-Thames.

In *Characters*, a collection of his works published in 1989, Sher reported that he often paints himself in a role once he's completed a run, and at that point "the artist in me always taunts the actor for falling short." Is there any way in which the actor taunts the artist? He laughs. "I can act Stanley Spencer better than I can paint like him."

DAVID FINKLE

Sport

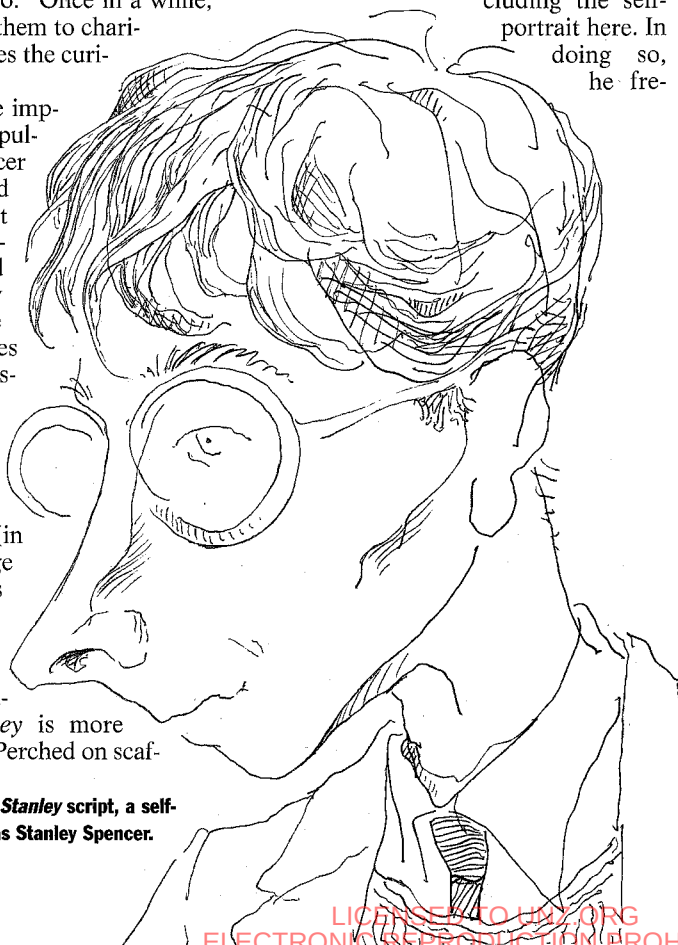
SPINNING THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE IN CENTRAL PARK

HUSTLING OUT OF A WARM BED BY 5:30 ON a Sunday morning isn't most people's idea of a weekend respite, especially when the forecast calls for a chilling rain. Then again, most people aren't cyclists, some 220 of whom have gathered in Central Park this bleak morning in early March to register for the 1997 New York City Spring Bicycle Racing Series.

The Spring Series has launched the racing season for 29 years. Serious competitors have been training for this day since October, spending the winter trying to find a better way to stay in shape, to race better than last year. They have come from all around the Northeast to quite literally set the pace for the races that will cull the best in the months to come. The Olympics are three years away, but they're on the minds of almost everyone here.

The Spring Series begins and ends at Cat's Paw Hill, just behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art. You register and remove your racing jersey to pin on your number—left side, please, so the finish camera can see it. You renew acquaintances, ride up and down the hill warm-

Sketchy figure: From his *Stanley* script, a self-portrait by Antony Sher as Stanley Spencer.





The predawn start of the Spring Series race in Central Park.

ing up for the 6:30 start. The pro-am field—professional and top amateur racers—lines up first, followed by the Category III-IV's (intermediates), then the "family" racers (over-35s and under-18s), then the Category V's (neophytes). The pro-am group takes five laps around the park, traveling 30 miles in slightly more than an hour. By the end of April, the pro-am field will take a 68-mile race in Prospect Park.

After the rules are megaphoned by U.S. Cycling Federation state rep Hilda Monaghan—riding in the joggers' lane is an automatic disqualification and 90-day suspension—the racers take off with a snap. Rain, always a danger, often leads to safer racing as the cyclists spread out a bit from the shoulder-to-shoulder packs they typically ride in.

Still, the pro-ams ride aggressively, the strong and confident effectively weeding out the weak and scared. And the rain

takes its toll as skinny racing tires pick up grit and go flat more easily; painted lines, metal grates, manhole covers, and oil slicks are all treacherous; and everyone is shivering in soggy spandex.

Approaching the finish line, the riders jockey for position, a jumbled blur surging like a single, waterlogged organism. Wilson Vas-

quez finally outpedals the rest, winning the race, though he expected to; he's the current king of the Spring Series. As regular park denizens begin drifting in, the only remaining sign of the race is a car where the cyclists are gathered waiting for the official results. They've had their day, and slowly they drift off in different directions. They'll be back next week.

J. P. PARTLAND

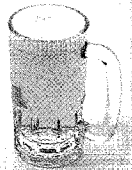
Politics

A LONE ACT HAUNTS AN EX-I.R.A. MAN

"AS I LOOK BACK ON IT, IT WAS A VERY dangerous mission to be carrying out," Brian Pearson said the other day in a cramped federal courtroom in lower Manhattan. A 45-year-old carpenter who works in the city and lives in suburban Pearl River, Pearson was describing his

THE SKINNY

GO TO ALE Though the big beer-makers actually sell their used hops and grain as fertilizer, New York's own Carnegie and Yorkville Breweries, feeling neighborly, recently tried to donate their leftovers to the Parks Department, *gratis*, for use in Central Park. But the offer was politely declined. "Straight brewer's grain is a product of fermenting, and that means an odor situation," said Parks Department spokesman Adam Hellegers, explaining the reverse snobbery. "In other words, it stinks to high heaven."



role as a getaway driver in the Irish Republican Army-sponsored 1975 car-bombing of a police barracks in Northern Ireland. No one was hurt in the attack, but it did lead to Pearson's arrest and, later, to his twelve-and-a-half-year incarceration as a so-called "special category" inmate in Ireland's notorious Long Kesh prison.

Because Pearson omitted these facts from his original U.S.-visa application, the I.R.A. attack has also brought him to his present predicament: He may be sent back to Ireland. A federal immigration judge is expected to issue a ruling in the case on March 27. Pearson argued that he wasn't being evasive when he skipped over the visa-application question about whether he had a criminal

record. "It was a political offense," he explained to the judge. "I didn't consider it necessary to answer that question."

He had no trouble answering the battery of questions thrown his way during a day of testimony lasting ten hours and aimed at bolstering his claim of political persecution. Speaking in a thick brogue before an SRO crowd of green-ribbon-wearing supporters, Pearson told a riveting tale of growing up Catholic and generally apolitical in County Tyrone; of his eventual decision to join up with the I.R.A. ("I felt it was time to get off the fence and stand up for myself and my people"); of his arrest, interrogation, and conviction; and of his 1988 move to the U.S., which he believed

SHOT



New York Coliseum, 12:45 P.M., March 1, at the Bridal Extravaganza, photographed by Barry Munger.

had become permanent with his marriage three years later to his American wife, Doris.

Asked why he does not want to return to Ireland, Pearson, who sees himself as a target for Loyalist thugs, responded bluntly: "I fear for my life to go back." If repatriated, would he bring his wife and 4-year-old daughter back with him? "I hope I don't have to make that decision," he said.

Pearson, having won a hearing, is actually luckier than some. He is not alone in his predicament; six other Irish nationals—most of them with American wives and children, most of them from New York City or its suburbs—face deportation under similar circumstances.

Notwithstanding Pearson's testimony—as well as that of the human-rights experts who testified on his behalf—his conviction makes him a terrorist under U.S. law. Indeed, immigration officials contend that last year's sweeping anti-terrorism legislation has given them less leeway than they previously enjoyed in considering such cases. "Congress makes these laws, not us," said Brian Jordan, an INS spokesman. "I'm sure that they do so with the best of intentions, but sometimes there are fateful consequences for those who may already be here in this country." This kind of statement is particularly galling to Representative Thomas Manton, a Queens Democrat who voted for the anti-terrorist law. "I think there's enough discretion in there if they want to use it," Manton said. Nonetheless, he joined last month with Representative Peter King, a Long Island Republican, and Benjamin Gilman, a Rockland County Republican, and some 60 other members of Congress in asking President Clinton to get involved in the cases.

But Pearson and his fellow Irish nationalists probably shouldn't count too heavily on Clinton to keep them from getting kicked out of the country, notwithstanding the welcome he extended two years ago to Gerry Adams, a somewhat more high-profile I.R.A. figure.

"It's not appropriate for the White House to get involved in immigration matters," said a Clinton spokesman.

Pearson has never regarded himself as a terrorist; the single bombing he took part in during his brief I.R.A. stint was undertaken with ample warning, he insists: "The whole idea was to make sure there were no casualties." Given the bloody history of the I.R.A., some people are bound to find that distinction irrelevant. Nevertheless, Pearson and his colleagues have found support in surprising quarters. Said one I.N.S. official: "This is one of the most contentious, hard-fought cases since the anti-terrorism law went into effect."

ED SHANAHAN

Communication AT THE NATURAL PETCARE EXPO, TALK IS CHEEP

PENELOPE SMITH STOOD STONE-STILL IN front of the podium as people began to gather for her two o'clock lecture, "Interspecies Telepathic Communication." A woman with a small green bird perched on her glasses begged an organizer of the Whiskers' Natural Petcare Expo to let her hold a seat for a friend stuck outside in the swarming crowd.

"We're at an incredible time where people are reaching out to connect to what we've lost," Penelope began. "Communism with all of life."

One woman raised her tape recorder to catch the soothing slow rhythms of Penelope's voice. "I just talked to some homeless animals, and they just want to



Holistic-pet-care mavens Randy and Phil Klein.

connect with people. They look at us and go, 'How can I help you?' " she was saying, smiling so wide her eyes almost shut.

Nearly 3,000 self-described "animal crazies" and their pets roamed the narrow 34th Street Source of Life Center, hidden in the shadow of the Empire State

CLASS ISSUES Mothers' Day

HER DAUGHTERS WERE NOT EVEN AWAKE WHEN MARGARET PHILIPPS PEERED OUT her window at the snow falling on Bay Ridge. *Screw the snow*, she decided—she was going to Albany anyway. "My mother yells at me all the time [about] how involved I am with the schools," she says, but there was no way Philipps was going to skip Lobby Day, the annual trek upstate for city parents. Let the weather wimps in Manhattan miss their 6 A.M. buses. Philipps, by profession a dinner-cruise maître d', was on a case—call it the Mystery of the Missing Pre-K Funds. Somewhere in Albany was \$600,000, as she understood it, that the state was hiding from the schoolchildren of Bay Ridge. Margaret Philipps was going to find it.

When she arrived in Albany, her investigation hit an immediate snag. There had been some confusion back at the Board of Ed offices (big shock), and no one had scheduled appointments for the District 20 parents to visit legislators. "We didn't wake up at 5 A.M. to see *no one*," Philipps declared to her band of five mothers as she marched off toward the office of her local assemblyman, Peter Abbate.

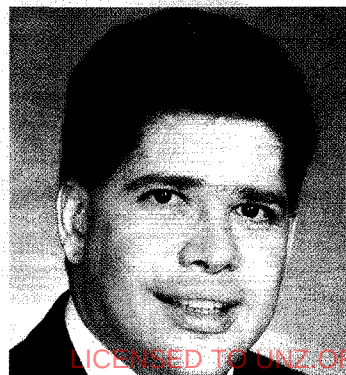
But wait a minute—wasn't that their new state senator, Vincent Gentile, walking down the hall? Before he could take another step, there was Philipps flapping alongside him in a cloud of fake fur, waving snapshots and pleading, "Here's the cafeteria—sardines! We need funding; can't we talk for just a minute?" She had her first appointment: Gentile at 1:45.

Then it was back to see Abbate, who handed Philipps \$5 for a book of I.S. 187 raffle tickets and, at last, a clue: *He* didn't have the pre-K money. According to Abbate, when the Republicans lost their only Brooklyn Senate seat to Democrat Gentile in the November election, the money from defeated senator Robert DiCarlo's budget items—including the school funds—never made it back to Brooklyn. Perhaps Senate majority leader Joseph Bruno had it?

It took everyone's sleuthing skills to negotiate the maze of pedestrian tunnels to Bruno's office. Sorry, the receptionist said, he's in meetings all day. Then it was back through the tunnels to get Gentile's take on the situation.

"They *stole* the money," the new guy accused. "It's the Republican form of hardball. I'm doing my best to shake it loose. . . ." But then came the words that signaled no one would be going home with money or an answer. Gentile suggested the parents try applying some "public pressure." Wasn't that what this whole Lobby Day enterprise was supposed to be about? The mothers exchanged glances. "Ladies, you have Mr. Bruno's address and phone number?" Philipps asked. Then it was home on the bus to write letters. Case not closed.

SUSAN BRENNAN



No dough: State Senator Vincent Gentile.



Above, Kathleen Turner with the guest of honor at the Cat in the Hat's 40th birthday, sponsored by Random House. Below, Rosie O'Donnell arriving at the Pierre Hotel for the National Breast Cancer Coalition's annual benefit.



Above, Joe Armstrong, Christopher Buckley, Lesley Stahl, and Walter Cronkite at Pravda for the publication of Buckley's *Wry Martinis*. Below, left to right, Twiggy Ramirez and Marilyn Manson at the premiere of Howard Stern's *Private Parts*; Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg at the Municipal Arts Society gala, where she presented the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis medal to Robert De Niro and Margot Gayle; L.L. Cool J and Tamia at Wax for the 35th birthday of Loud Records' Steven Rifkind.



The Velveteen Mayor

At the Children's Museum of Manhattan for the Cat in the Hat's 40th birthday.

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

IF, AS PSYCH MAJORS LIKE TO SAY, THE TALES on which we're raised become a screen onto which we project our own experience, then the 40th-birthday extravaganza for Dr. Seuss's most beloved character was like a long night at the Imax.

"*The Cat in the Hat* is a nightmare. The pink stuff, the goo," Tama Janowitz recalled with a shudder. "It's just the way New York is. You say, 'Oh, Joe's a jerk,' and the person you told tells Moe, and Moe tells Joe, and then Joe's your mortal enemy, and then he's the editor of a magazine. . . . It's the pink stuff, just getting smeared all over, and you can't clean it up."

The perspective of 5-year-old Nadia Hannan was somewhat less worldly. "It's fun," she said, then returned her attention to her nostril.

Mayor Giuliani, reading an official proclamation, theorized that the book was a parable about "being able to get into trouble and clean it all up." In front of him, assorted parents nodded sagely. To his right, various dignitaries nodded sagely. To his left, a nine-foot-tall cat, upholstered in gray plush, nodded sagely. Mere days after his Barbie-doll turn, Giuliani seemed to be slipping even further into the world of make-believe. As if to reassert his membership among the real, he added, "It's signed by me. As the mayor."

"What advice do you have for kids who want to be mayor?" Elliott Levenglick, a very young correspondent for PBS's *Masterminds*, asked him as he stepped off the stage.

"Well," Giuliani said, leaning way down to reach the microphone, "wait a little."

Building, and pushed their way into standing-room-only lectures. Phil Klein, who along with his wife, Randy, co-owns Whiskers Holistic Pet Products and created the exposition, explained the criteria for participants—mainly, checking out their "level of consciousness."

Exhibitors displayed homeopathic products, including \$2,600 Light Force Therapy gadgets, zinc cookie supplements, *Finding Your Inner Purr* relaxation tapes, and literature on animal Reiki massage. "It's the only biscuit with shark cartilage on it," pitched Carder Starr, pointing to his sampler plate of curious yellow-coated dog treats.

Susan Bucci, a holistic nurse wearing glossy pink lipstick, stood behind a corner table of magnetic pet pads said to replenish energy and extend the life of any animal as much as 50 percent. Since "we're all magnetic beings, two- or four-legged," Bucci thinks it wouldn't hurt if we humans wore her magnetic pendants or considered sitting on a magnetic cushion at work and sleeping on a magnetic mattress pad at night.

By midday, the maze of rooms was filled to capacity. A lucky white Maltese was carried above the fray in a leopard-print baby sack, skinny legs awkwardly splayed. "No talking!" an owner scolded her retriever after a spirited yelp. "He's got so much to say," she confessed, to knowing nods from the crowd.

Already savvy in the ways of animal communication, visitor Norma Harris has made a business of solving pet problems, large and small—like the time she successfully reasoned with a family of mice to move from a friend's house to the frat boys' next door. "I had a dog who gave up her life to bring my attention to a situation I wasn't aware of," she said. "The good news is, she's coming back reincarnated the first of May as a black-and-white cat!" Her friend Sue nodded approvingly. "She always wanted to climb trees and never got to." Norma's philosophy: "I don't *own* my pets. They choose to come to particular people, just like we choose our parents."

By the doorway, a woman dragged a recalcitrant yellow Lab with a metal-pronged collar. "Look at that!" someone gasped. Norma shook her head, and her silver earrings swung from side to side. "Well, I hope she's here to learn today."

In a back room decorated with color-Xeroxed portraits, the homeless puppies Penelope Smith had spoken with entertained the crowd. Sparrow gave a deep-throated bark, and Marcie Cohn, from the rescue organization Mighty Mutts, leaned in. "I'm doing my animal communication!" she joked, stroking the dog's head and whispering in her ears. Silence. "There," she smiled. "That'll be \$150."

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Ladies' Man

In the movie 'Private Parts,' Howard Stern goes for the soft sell, courting women by showing off his sensitive side. Don't believe the hype.

THIS MAY NOT BE A TRUTH UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED, but it has become seriously uncool—so seventies Birkenstock feminist—for women to hate Howard Stern. No longer the misogynist outcast, Howard has become an unlikely sex object, the safe daddy who'll do you over the air. His fans, surprising numbers of women among them, line the police barricades, waiting for the six-foot-five guy in the brocade coat to be ushered in so that they can buy his books and records and tickets to his movies, and unleash their breasts in his direction. Stern may still fancy himself the put-upon outsider. But the truth is, with his army of publicists and stylists and handlers, he's more inside than Kathie Lee.

The mainstreaming of Howard Stern didn't happen by accident. There is a serious strategy at work. No longer content to be a one-trick pig, the bard of the Buttafuoco crowd, Howard Stern is determined to reach women. Not just the pneumatically enhanced ones who regularly strip for him in the studio. Now he wants nice women, smart women, the kind who in the old days would have little patience for the arrested-development guy with his endless tales of hiding wet tissues filled with the issue of his teensy pecker, his self-indulgent Louis XIV hair, his wack-pack cronies, and his audible gas.

In that relentlessly egomaniacal but clever way Stern has of wearing people down and needing everyone to love him, he has fashioned his new movie, *Private Parts*, and the marketing blitz that surrounds it, with just such a nonbeliever in mind.

It's a strategy that's evident from the opening scene, in which an attractive, forty-ish businesswoman talks to the camera. Still twitching from the memory of managing Howard, she takes a deep drag on her cigarette as she dredges up this verbal pebble: For one of his local promotions, she tells us, Howard wanted to give "a new toilet" to the listener with "the biggest bowel movement."

This is no shock: In any Howard Stern, King of All Media by-product—which now includes two (best-selling) books and this (record-smashing) movie plus the (No. 1-selling) soundtrack album—the poopoo is expected right up front. What is surprising, however, is putting it in the mouth of this character, the nineties fe-

male version of the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. He has her delivered early in the movie, just to prove how charmingly self-aware he really is.

Or is he? This movie, a "love story," as Stern keeps repeating with a straight face, is a conscious attempt to soften his image, to show how one guy uses this radio character to follow his dreams and be a loving husband and father. But what he's really doing is a boy thing, proving that he can beat the Spielberg type with one masturbatory hand tied behind his back.

TO DO SO, HOWARD AND HIS HANDLERS HAVE TAKEN A PRAGMATIC, Clintonesque approach: Make Stern a centrist; appeal to those vaunted soccer moms (whoever they are); show that he's an intelligent, vulnerable guy who loves his wife and kids and parents. In his endless need to entertain, Howard's a sweetheart who really feels our pain.

It's a strategy not dissimilar to the recent, successful network marketing approach to the Olympics. In its attempt to get more women to watch the games, NBC made content decisions that favored expressiveness, sensitivity, empathy (seen as female traits) over anger, rage, sweat, and competition. The same thinking seems to have guided the film's choice of content: Compared with the radio show, Howard Stern the Movie is cute, cloying, feminized.

As a marketing move, feminization is not to be confused with feminism, of course.

To direct the movie, Stern and his producer, Ivan Reitman, chose Betty Thomas, a woman whose most noteworthy credit was *The Brady Bunch Movie*, a festival of campy nostalgia. Here, she portrays Howard as a kind of horny Horatio Alger—a saccharine caricature. He spills his life story, Gump-like, to a woman sitting next to him on a cross-country flight. The woman, played by Carol Alt, is primed to hate him. By the time they reach New York, of course, she's a convert.

Indeed, in playing the seventies and eighties Howard—helmet hair, aviator glasses, Hukapoo shirts, and all—he immediately gains our sympathy. We see him on his first real D.J. job, a poignant dweeb with a high, sugary voice, ever nervous and anxious to please. Later, as a program manager, he's shown vomiting after he has to fire a D.J. There are many sweet scenes with his wife, Alison, played by actress Mary McCormack. She is the Ethel Kennedy of the film, bearing a succession of



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* Viral shedding.

† In clinical studies designed for medicine to be taken within 6 hours of symptoms or lesion onset.

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See complete prescribing information in SmithKline Beecham Pharmaceuticals literature. The following is a brief summary.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE: Famvir is indicated for the management of acute herpes zoster (shingles) and for the treatment of recurrent episodes of genital herpes.

CONTRAINDICATIONS: Famvir is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to the product.

PRECAUTIONS: Efficacy has not been established for initial episode genital herpes infection, suppression of recurrent genital herpes, ophthalmic zoster, disseminated zoster or in immunocompromised patients. Adjust dosage when administering to patients with creatinine clearance <60 mL/min. The safety of administering Famvir to patients with renal dysfunction is unknown. Safety and efficacy in children under the age of 18 years have not been established.

No clinically significant alterations in penciclovir pharmacokinetics were observed following single-dose administration of 500 mg famciclovir after pre-treatment with multiple doses of cimetidine, allopurinol, or theophylline. Probenecid and other drugs significantly eliminated by active renal tubular secretion may result in increased penciclovir plasma concentrations. Conversion of 6-deoxy penciclovir to penciclovir is catalyzed by aldehyde oxidase. Interactions with other drugs metabolized by this enzyme could occur.

Famciclovir was administered orally unless otherwise stated. Two-year dietary carcinogenicity studies on famciclovir were conducted in rats and mice. The high dose tested in rats and mice was lowered after 7 to 8 months of drug administration to ensure long-term survival (female rats and male/female mice from 750 to 600 mg/kg/day; male rats from 300 to 240 mg/kg/day). A significant increase in the incidence of mammary adenocarcinoma was seen in female rats receiving 600 mg/kg/day (1.5 to 9.0 times the human systemic exposure at the recommended oral dose of 500 mg t.i.d. or 125 mg b.i.d. based on area under the plasma concentration curve comparisons [24 hr AUC] for penciclovir). Marginal increases in the incidence of subcutaneous tissue fibrosarcomas or squamous cell carcinomas of the skin were seen in female rats (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day) and male mice (dosed at 600 mg/kg/day; 0.4 to 2.4x the human systemic exposure, based on 24 hr AUC for penciclovir), respectively. No increases in tumor incidence were reported for male rats treated at doses up to 240 mg/kg/day (0.9 to 5.4x the human AUC), or in female mice at doses up to 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC).

Famciclovir and penciclovir (the active metabolite of famciclovir) were tested for genotoxic potential in a battery of *in vitro* and *in vivo* assays. Famciclovir and penciclovir were negative in *in vitro* tests for gene mutations in bacteria (*S. typhimurium* or *E. coli*) and unscheduled DNA synthesis in mammalian HeLa 83 cells (at doses up to 10,000 and 5000 mcg/plate, respectively). Famciclovir was also negative in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay (5000 mcg/mL), the *in vivo* mouse micronucleus test (4800 mg/kg), and rat dominant lethal study (5000 mg/kg). Famciclovir induced increases in polyploidy in human lymphocytes *in vitro* in the absence of chromosomal damage (1200 mcg/mL). Penciclovir was positive in the L5178Y mouse lymphoma assay for gene mutation/chromosomal aberrations, with and without metabolic activation (1000 mcg/mL). In human lymphocytes, penciclovir caused chromosomal aberrations in the absence of metabolic activation (250 mcg/mL). Penciclovir caused an increased incidence of micronuclei in mouse bone marrow *in vivo* when administered intravenously at doses highly toxic to bone marrow (500 mg/kg), but not when administered orally.

Testicular toxicity was observed in rats, mice, and dogs following repeated administration of famciclovir or penciclovir. Testicular changes included atrophy of the seminiferous tubules, reduction in sperm count, and/or increased incidence of sperm with abnormal morphology or reduced motility. The degree of toxicity to male reproduction was related to dose and duration of exposure. In male rats, decreased fertility was observed after 10 weeks of dosing at 500 mg/kg/day (1.9 to 11.4x the human AUC). The no observable effect level for sperm and testicular toxicity in rats following chronic administration (26 weeks) was 50 mg/kg/day (0.2 to 1.2x the human systemic exposure based on AUC comparisons). Testicular toxicity was observed following chronic administration to mice (104 weeks) and dogs (26 weeks) at doses of 600 mg/kg/day (0.4 to 2.4x the human AUC) and 150 mg/kg/day (1.7 to 10.2x the human AUC), respectively.

Famciclovir had no effect on general reproductive performance or fertility in female rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (3.6 to 21.6x the human AUC).

Two placebo-controlled studies in a total of 130 otherwise healthy men with a normal sperm profile over an 8-week baseline period and recurrent genital herpes receiving oral Famvir (250 mg b.i.d.) (n=66) or placebo (n=64) therapy for 18 weeks showed no evidence of significant effects on sperm count, motility or morphology during treatment or during an 8-week follow-up.

Pregnancy-Teratogenic Effects-Category B. Famciclovir was tested for effects on embryo-fetal development in rats and rabbits at oral doses up to 1000 mg/kg/day (approximately 3.6 to 21.6x and 1.8 to 10.8x the human systemic exposure to penciclovir based on AUC comparisons for the rat and rabbit, respectively) and intravenous doses of 360 mg/kg/day in rats (2 to 12x the human dose based on body surface area [BSA] comparisons) or 120 mg/kg/day in rabbits (1.5 to 9.0x the human dose [BSA]). No adverse effects were observed on embryo-fetal development. Similarly, no adverse effects were observed following intravenous administration of penciclovir to rats (80 mg/kg/day, 0.4 to 2.6x the human dose [BSA]) or rabbits (60 mg/kg/day, 0.7 to 4.2x the human dose [BSA]). There are, however, no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Because animal reproduction studies are not always predic-

tive of human response, famciclovir should be used during pregnancy only if the benefit to the patient clearly exceeds the potential risk to the fetus.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Herpes Zoster: In four clinical studies involving 816 Famvir-treated patients with herpes zoster (Famvir, 250 mg t.i.d. to 750 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with Famvir were headache and nausea. The table below lists adverse events occurring on-therapy with an incidence of ≥2% per treatment group in Famvir clinical trials. The frequency and types of reported adverse events in trial 008 were representative of the safety experience in the active-controlled herpes zoster Famvir trials (007 and 094).

Recurrent Genital Herpes: In three placebo-controlled clinical trials involving 528 Famvir-treated patients with genital herpes (Famvir, 125 mg b.i.d. to 500 mg t.i.d.), the most frequent adverse events associated with Famvir were headache and nausea. The table lists adverse events occurring on-therapy in Famvir clinical trials with an incidence of ≥2% per treatment group.

Adverse Events Reported by ≥2% of Treatment Group in Patients in One Herpes Zoster and Three Placebo-controlled Recurrent Genital Herpes Famvir (famciclovir) Trials*

Event	Herpes Zoster		Incidence	
	Famvir (n=273) %	Placebo (n=146) %	Genital Herpes Famvir (n=640) %	Placebo (n=225) %
Nervous System				
Headache	22.7	17.8	23.6	16.4
Dizziness	3.3	4.1	5.5	4.9
Insomnia	1.5	1.4	2.5	2.2
Somnolence	2.6	2.7	1.6	0.4
Paresthesia	2.6	0.0	1.3	0.0
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea	12.5	11.6	10.0	8.0
Diarrhea	7.7	4.8	4.5	7.6
Abdominal Pain	1.1	3.4	3.9	5.8
Dyspepsia	1.1	1.4	3.4	2.2
Flatulence	1.5	0.7	1.9	2.2
Constipation	4.4	4.8	1.4	0.9
Vomiting	4.8	3.4	1.3	0.9
Anorexia	2.6	4.1	1.1	0.9
Body as a Whole				
Fatigue	4.4	3.4	6.3	4.4
Pain	2.6	2.7	2.0	1.8
Injury	2.6	0.0	0.8	1.3
Fever	3.3	4.1	0.8	0.4
Rigors	1.5	2.7	0.5	0.4
Respiratory				
URI	0.7	0.7	3.3	2.7
Pharyngitis	2.6	4.8	2.7	2.2
Sinusitis	2.6	1.4	1.3	1.3
Musculoskeletal				
Back Pain	1.5	2.7	1.9	2.2
Arthralgia	1.5	2.1	1.3	0.0
Zoster/Genital Herpes-Related Signs/Symptoms/ Complications	2.9	3.4	1.7	2.2
Skin and Appendages				
Pruritus	3.7	2.7	0.9	0.0

*Patients may have entered into more than one clinical trial.

During clinical practice, confusion (including delirium, disorientation, confusional state) has been reported. While infrequent, most of these spontaneous reports have occurred in the elderly.

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latex pregnancy bellies. When the Alison character is not in the family way, she's Nancy Reagan, beaming in on hubby with that zomboid adoring gaze.

Apparently, the adoration isn't fictional. The real Alison, who seems like a perfectly nice woman, actually appeared at the Madison Square Garden screening party and told journalists that the movie "answers the question of how I stay married to Howard."

During his frantic prerelease publicity campaign, Howard even told *Entertainment Weekly* that he thinks, "in a bizarre way," he is doing "a service to women" by showing them the true nature of men. "Ninety-nine percent of my thoughts are sexual," he explains. "I'm convinced I'm not different than any guy. It's our penises controlling our brain. . . . You're hearing it straight from a guy's head, exactly what he thinks about sex."

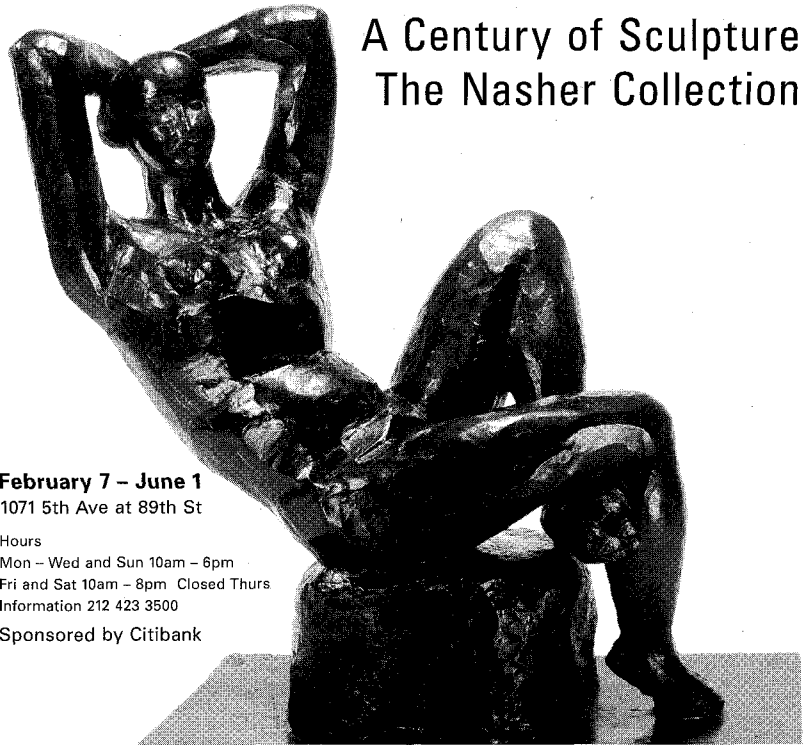
Howard Stern as a women's service vehicle, *Cosmo* magazine in biker boots? Indeed, the basic conceit of Howard's whole act, and his whole life, is that he gets to live out all of his nasty, badass sexual obsessions by day with naked women in the studio (where lesbians equal ratings), without any consequences. Then he goes home to his perfect family, where he's on high moral ground with his technical monogamy.

It's a strangely retro sensibility—and one very much in tune with an era that's given us *The Rules*, the return of the Alpha Male, and a yearning for the comforting gender models of the past. In Stern, family values hark back to some postwar Levittown model; Alison, isolated in suburbia in her separate kids-and-home sphere, is thrilled that she has a new dinette set. "I know you are supposed to support and nurture your wife in the nineties," he writes, "... [but] she wants me to work and then come home and be some pussy-whipped Long Island househusband who takes the kids to birthday parties and arts-and-crafts classes. Why not jam your finger down your throat and vomit in my mouth?"

Stern likes to portray himself as a truth machine, hacking away at self-important celebrities and politically correct platitudes. As he told *The New Yorker*, in an eleven-page laudatory profile, he wants to be "the most honest man in America." But his new act rings a little hollow. A Republican, libertarian family-values man who forbids his daughters to listen to his show, Stern is a perfect icon for the millennial age—cynicism and sanctimony squared. ■

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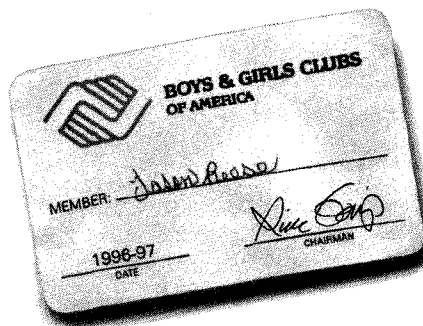


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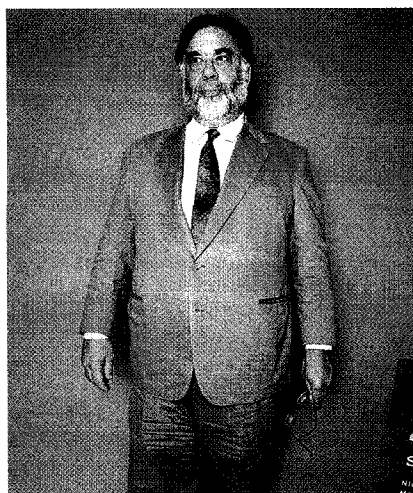
Coppola's new short-story magazine is a Hollywood Trojan horse, a factory for movie material. Can literature survive the studio system?

ON A WINTER EVENING, FRANCIS Ford Coppola took a young writer out to dinner at Savoy, at the corner of Crosby and Prince Streets in SoHo. *Zoetrope Short Stories*, the latest addition to the director's conglomerate, was getting under way, and the writer, Sara Powers, had the impression that Coppola was on the hunt for stories, like any literary editor. But even before the main course arrived, Coppola reverted to Hollywood form. "He threw out an idea he wanted developed," says Powers. "He wanted a modern, happy love story, like 'The Gift of the Magi.'"

Powers makes her living as a high-school teacher and has published her writing only sporadically: a piece for *Details*, a short story in the *Voice Literary Supplement*, a few reviews. "I had trepidation," she says, "because working for someone as famous as Coppola is intimidating." But she was happy to comply. The money, for a fiction writer, was quite good, on the order of \$5,000, though she won't say precisely how much. Payments were keyed to each rewrite. She produced a draft two months later.

"They wanted really big changes in the first draft of my story," she says. "I had two characters, and they wanted four." After eight months, "The Baker's Wife" met *Zoetrope's* requirements, and it was slated to appear on the magazine's first cover. A couple of weeks later, Coppola had a screenwriter begin work on a screenplay version. A draft was finished after six weeks.

Coppola's venture inaugurates a new stage in the literary world's deeply neurotic relationship with the movie business. For Coppola, it's a typically bold—some might say megalomaniacal—project, rife with synergies. By publishing a literary magazine, he can experiment with his ideas, acquire material, develop new screenwriters, and also supply a steady stream of paying customers to his resort in Belize—he's starting a \$2,500-per-week writers' conference there. The tabloid-format magazine, published on



newsprint, will be distributed free at Starbucks.

"If *Zoetrope* publishes a single short story that evolves into a memorable film," Coppola bluntly writes in the first issue's "Letter to the Reader," "then, in my mind, it would more than justify our efforts to produce this magazine."

Good screenplays, says Coppola, aren't tumbling down from the palm trees. "Hollywood's methods for finding stories have gotten into a rut," he says. "They need to cast the nets wider. There are great writers in this country whom they have no way to reach." The short story, Coppola insists, is the proper first stage in a screenplay's evolution; he cites *Rear Window*, *Psycho*, and *High Noon*.

Coppola says of his commissioned stories that he's "putting a grain of sand into an oyster to make a pearl." But many writers see his efforts in less poetic terms. The novelist Rick Moody, among others, has been rabble-raising around town about the evils of Coppola's new studio system (he is at Yaddo, and couldn't be reached for comment).

The problem is that while the magazine is paying top-dollar for stories *qua* stories, the additional fees Coppola pays if he de-

velops the project are significantly below open-market rates. "No way would I sell rights before the thing is even published," says one writer. "They're preempting all the other scouts."

But such is the lure of Hollywood that most of the project's critics preferred anonymity. "It's a Trojan horse and everyone knows it," sneers one established novelist. "I'd like to see Francis do a little more for literature and a little less for Francis."

"He's treating writers like sharecroppers," says another author. "He's mining



In Coppola's new magazine, there are many authors—but only one auteur.

and exploiting this form, and in the process, he'll inevitably pervert it."

WITH THE COOLING OF THE INSANELY OVERHEATED spec-script market, movie executives have intensified their prospecting in New York, and Coppola's magazine is only one of a number of beachheads Hollywood has established here recently. Susan Lyne, former *Premiere* editor and now Disney VP, is commissioning journalists to write features on ideas Disney wants

developed, eliminating magazines from the equation. HBO has had an office here for the past year, HBO NYC, doing the same thing. The writer retains print rights to the story, and HBO owns the film rights. "It's like cloning," says HBO's director of literary affairs, Susan Israelson.

Hollywood has also made inroads into the New York theater market. A couple of years ago, Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment began to commission five plays a year from Playwrights Horizons, at \$10,000 each; Sigourney Weaver's production company, Goat Cay, forged a similar partnership with New Dramatists; and Wind Dancer, best known for creating *Roseanne* and *Home Improvement*, commissioned plays at over \$10,000 each. Though all three production companies retained right of first refusal, not one of the plays has been developed.

But perhaps the play *isn't* the thing. According to Tim Sanford, Playwrights Horizons' artistic director, Spielberg's real aim was to "connect with" playwrights, hoping to convert them into screenwriters. "Amblin hasn't developed [Nicky Silver's] play," he says. "But my God! He sure is writing a lot of screenplays."

AS A TROJAN HORSE AMONG NEW YORK literati, *Zoetrope* is surprisingly believable. Its editors speak stirringly of the cause of literature, and equally stirringly of the man who signs their paychecks. "It's an act of generosity in a time of relative starvation," says Rose Kernochan, a *Zoetrope* editor-at-large.

"We are strongly about the story," says Adrienne Brodeur, the magazine's New York editor. "If there's no touching-tasting-feeling the characters, we don't want it." At Coppola's behest, Brodeur (the two communicate by e-mail, so often that she's called him HAL) finds many contributors by asking writers for referrals—and is proud of recruiting what she calls "quality unknowns."

Although at 50,000 copies, *Zoetrope's* first print run is at least five times more than most literary magazines', the distribution plans strive to appear homey and grassroots: The editors call proposed launch parties "barn-raising," to be hosted at friends' houses across the country, the hope being that guests will bring copies of the magazine to whatever dark literary warren they "hang out in."

To make sure he has first dibs on what-

ever fruit *Zoetrope* may bear, Coppola wrote a one-year option for the contracts for all but two of the first issue's short stories before publication. "When you first see it, that clause is alarming and upsetting," says Judy Boals, an agent who has a play by her clients Joseph Chaikin and Sam Shepard in the first issue. "You want to be free to market [a piece] anywhere you damn well please," she says. "But it's a moot point. If you're interested in selling rights—and who isn't?—and Coppola approaches you, well, 'Coppola, sure.'"

Jim Lewis, whom *Zoetrope* commissioned to do its second on-spec project, agrees that it's not worth it to look in the gift horse's mouth. "Look, five grand is more than I'd get for a short story in *The New Yorker*," he says. "Coppola owns it, but there's more money if it's developed. So I lose out on film rights. What's the chance of [a film's being made] anyway?"

The chances aren't bad, actually. Coppola is after a certain story—simple, broad, with one big idea. "Stories come in a tidy little package," says Brodeur. "You can curl up with them at night."

Does she mean in bed? Or at Loews? ■

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Railroaded

The rail-yard deal was supposed to give Donald Trump sixteen luxury towers and the city a waterfront park. Too bad a highway runs through it.

TWO WEEKS AGO, DONALD TRUMP received what lesser men might have considered bad news: The wretched West Side Highway that blights his fabulous 52-acre Riverside South property will not be torn down and submerged at federal expense. Trump has city-approved plans to construct some 5,700 apartments and a public park on that land, and after years of proposals, counterproposals, and lawsuits, he was finally ready to go. Then the *New York Times* reported that neither Mayor Giuliani nor Governor Pataki would be going to bat for the project in Washington to bring home the \$200 mil-

mise with Trump were in cardiac arrest. These groups, including the venerable Municipal Arts Society, the Parks Council, and Westpride, had forced a number of concessions from Trump: shorter buildings, \$10 million to add an entrance to the 72nd Street IRT station, and a requirement that nearly 13 percent of the apartments be set aside for moderate-income housing.

But the highway-free park was the linchpin of the deal for the civics, and without it, a proposal that was hailed as the model for how civic groups and developers could collaborate on big projects that benefit the whole city suddenly looks like just another real-estate bo-

on shadows over Central Park; Westway was killed over a striped-bass habitat.

Jerry Nadler owes his political career to this culture, and it is no wonder that he has emerged as Trump's last and worst enemy on Riverside South. Nadler is doing everything in his power to block the highway-removal money in Congress, he's delighted that the HUD inspector general found several reasons to deny Trump a federal mortgage guarantee, and he is supporting a lawsuit charging that the city's sewage capacity is maxed out and cannot support a project of this size.

"Trump's propaganda is that the project is inevitable," says Nadler. "It's not. Maybe they do one building, and then we'll kill the whole thing with the sewage lawsuit."

Richard Kahan, the former head of the state Urban Development Corporation who brought the civics and Trump together, is baffled by Nadler. "Jerry thought that if he stopped the highway, he stopped the project," says Kahan. "But the project was approved by the City Planning Commission two ways—with the highway moved and without it moved. A year ago, Jerry claimed to be the Trump Killer. Now he's just the Park Killer."

Suddenly popular as the visionary behind the Giuliani-endorsed freight-tunnel proposal, Nadler has long objected to any development on Trump's property because he thinks the municipal government screwed up when the site first came on the market in the early eighties. Then zoned for manufacturing, the land could have been bought by the city for almost nothing and used, Nadler maintains, for a terminal to transfer freight from trucks to trains. By now, this seems like a quaint concept, but Nadler has refused to let it be forgotten. "The stupidest thing we can do in this city—and we do it all the time—is preclude major options without looking at them,"



Welcome to Diesel Park: The West Side Highway looms over Trump's riverfront property.

lion needed to bury the highway. This was sweet victory for Trump's long-time foe, Congressman Jerry Nadler.

Was Trump upset? Not at all, apparently. Days later, the first building, a 46-story luxury tower, was under way. "The pile drivers are on site," he gloated. "Things could not have worked out better for me—if not for the city." Trump insists that Nadler is "actually doing me a favor" because it's simpler for him to build with the highway right where it is.

Meanwhile, the five civic groups that had broken a time-honored tradition of opposing all manner of West Side redevelopment and hammered out a compro-

nanza. Essentially, the city ceded its interests in a valuable public resource to Trump, getting very little in return. This outcome is precisely what a sensible planning process, in which all voices are heard and consensus is reached, is *not* supposed to produce.

OF COURSE, A SENSIBLE PLANNING PROCESS is never what the West Side has excelled at. The animosity between developers and community groups goes back decades, along with a near-total lack of trust, and both sides have fought their battles by any means necessary. Zucker- man's Columbus Circle plan foundered

says Nadler. "I will oppose this project totally until we find out if a rail terminal is essential to our economy or not."

For Nadler, principle has been ground down into a vendetta. His current gambit—to make sure the federal government does not relinquish a penny for moving the highway—is coming to a head right now as Congress puts together a new transportation bill, which might be one of the last federal pork free-for-alls in a long while. Mayors, governors, and members of Congress are all submitting lists of projects they want funded.

The West Side Highway is, naturally, not on Nadler's wish list, and neither is it on Giuliani's or Pataki's. The mayor, who has essentially reneged on a promise the Dinkins administration made to pursue the money, would prefer funds for Nadler's freight tunnel and the rail link to the airport. The senators won't be any help, either. Both support the highway money in theory but can't be counted on to push for it. Given his druthers, D'Amato will throw his weight behind the Long Island Rail Road link to Grand Central. Moynihan has long showered his affections on the proposed conversion of the Farley Post Office into a new Penn Station. "Conceptually, I like Nadler's freight tunnel, and some of these other projects too," says Kahan. "But it'll take years to study and approve them. Ours is ready to go now. We should get the money."

So Kahan must rely on Susan Molinari, old Friend of Donald. She has some clout in Congress, and she has put the highway relocation on her list, which Kahan views as cause for big celebration. "At least there are still some visionaries on the federal level," he says. It should be entertaining to watch Molinari lobby to fund a project in someone else's district.

"I'm not threatening, but I'd like to see her try it," says Nadler. "I imagine I'd be spending a lot of time on the phone with the newspapers in her district, talking about why she's so interested in spending money in my district and whether she's able to get everything they want there."

It's hard to see exactly what Nadler is angling for now. The way the plan is set up, the park only has to be built incrementally—bit by bit as each building goes up—and the affordable housing doesn't have to kick in until midway through the project. So if, say, three of the sixteen towers end up getting built, there are no real benefits for anyone—except the developer.

THAT MEANS TRUMP CAN AFFORD TO SIT back and enjoy the whole spectacle. Everything, it seems, has broken his way.

Consider, for example, that when he first got his hands on the property, he proposed a megamaniacal scheme known as Television City, a massive collection of broadcast studios, a shopping mall, and office and condo towers (including what might have been the world's tallest building). Trump owes his current good fortune to those West Side anti-development radicals who told him to go to hell, because if he'd actually built that thing, it would have made Canary Wharf look like the deal of the century. He'd be giving that office space away now. But the residential market is booming, and guess what: Trump would have had 4,000 apartments in Television City; now he's looking at 5,700 in Riverside South.

Trump is unmoved by concerns that prospective tenants might not be won over by apartments that look out on a highway. "These are 40-, 50-story buildings built on a platform," says Trump. "They won't even notice the highway."

That's not the way Kahan's been talking. At one point, he said that if the highway wasn't moved, Trump would be left with "a terrible park and a terrible bunch of apartments."

But Kahan and the civics refuse to concede defeat. They believe that public outrage—over the idea that Trump gets his towers and the public gets nothing—will overcome Nadler's obstructionism. "I have to believe this will happen," says Brendan Sexton, the head of the Municipal Arts Society. "I'll stop coming to work in the morning if Jerry Nadler wins."

Nadler's larger point, however, bears some consideration. The first question asked of any big development should be, What, as a city, do we want? A phalanx of oversize towers lining a waterfront park hardly seems like the answer—particularly now that the park has a highway running through it—but perhaps this is the best that can be made out of a horribly distended process.

In a more rational world, another deal might be struck: The city could make good on its earlier promise to get the money to bury the highway in exchange for Trump's agreeing to build the entire park right away. Perhaps Giuliani's support of Nadler's freight tunnel has bought the mayor some leverage over him.

As for other big projects looming in the near distance, the city cannot afford to make the same mistakes. What are your ideas, Rudy? How come we've heard so little about what's going to happen to Governors Island, the Brooklyn piers, and the Staten Island Home Port? There are more developer wars in the offing if some leadership isn't shown now. ■

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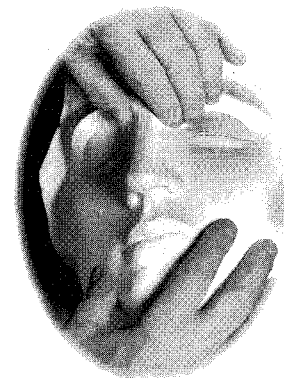
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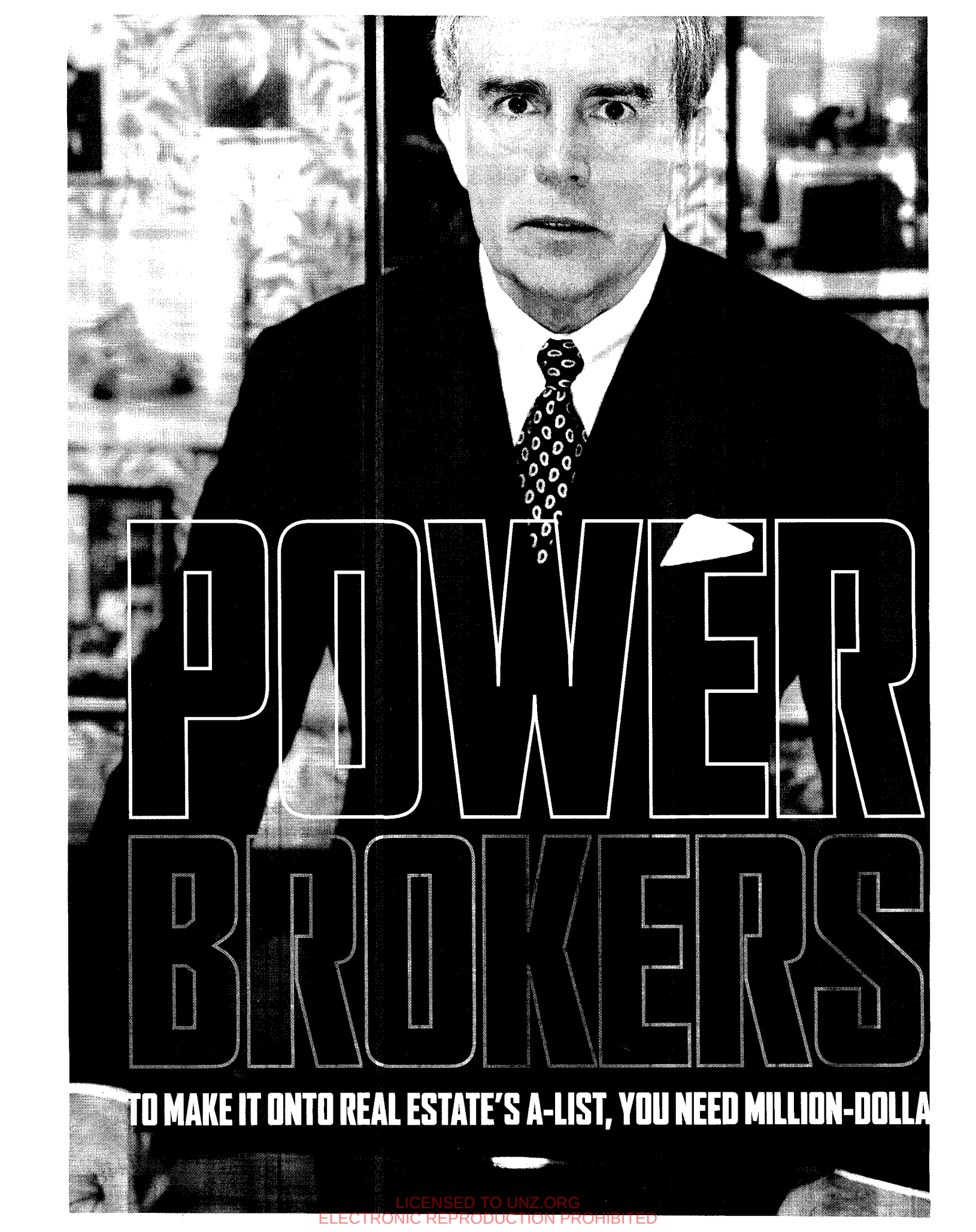
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SALES AND THE INSTINCTS OF A GREAT WHITE. BY PETER HELLMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANA LIXENBERG

FOR NEW YORK

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FOR MONTHS, CYNTHIA MCFADDEN HAD COVERED O.J. Simpson's criminal trial for ABC-TV. Now it was her turn to be the defendant. Tonight, she would stand before the board of directors at a co-op in the East Eighties, seeking their approval to sublet a two-bedroom penthouse (with an option to buy). One false step could result in more than just an embarrassing turn-down: It could taint her prospects at other buildings. ■ "They'll ask you one trick question," warned Roger Erickson, the top broker at William B. May and a master at shoehorning clients into the most selective co-ops. "Answer it wrong, and it's trouble." ■ The question—"Any questions?"—seemed innocent enough; a throwaway in most other circumstances. But the candidate who jumps in with a noodgy "Do you plan to renovate the lobby?"

would immediately be branded a potential troublemaker.

So the answer must be *no*. That's what McFadden said when the question was first posed, midway through the interview. At the end, the question was repeated. Only this time, McFadden said "Yes." A wary silence fell over the proceedings. "What's the best dry cleaner in the neighborhood?" Everyone smiled. McFadden was in.

In the perilous game of housing hopscotch in Manhattan, brokers loom all-important. They must be attuned, as Erickson was, to not only the etiquette but the Zen of board interviews. They must also be clairvoyant (or, at the very least, well-versed in the gossip columns), as they are often expected to know who will be turned down *before* an application is even filed—whose flamboyant stage career will sink them on Fifth Avenue, or

asked by the soon-to-be-ex-husband to find out when his wife was planning to vacate the premises, information his lawyer hadn't yet been able to shake out of her lawyer.

If only selling a home in Manhattan were as easy as it is in suburbia, where you can simply walk out the front door and hammer a FOR SALE picket into the lawn. But discretion governs Manhattan's high-end market. Certain boards refuse to allow their buildings to be advertised in brokers' glossy brochures, appalled by the down-market connotations. So how do such apartments get sold? Through a corps of elite brokers, mostly. Lesser brokers may never even know that prize apartment is available. Out-of-towners are often shocked to learn that New York has never had a citywide service that allows every broker to see what's available.

Brokers in New York rarely, if ever, pocket the standard 6 percent commission on a sale. Typically, brokers for seller and buyer each take half (unless one broker is lucky enough to represent both parties). And half of that—1.5 percent—goes to the firm (though big producers will negotiate larger cuts for themselves). So of the original fat-sounding 6 percent commission, only 1.5 percent may end up in a broker's pocket.

Most apartments today are sold as "exclusives"—meaning a single broker represents the seller. Appointments to show the apartment must be made through her. Today, a broker with an exclusive may keep it to herself for a week or more, so that she won't have to share the commission. Most often, she'll end up "co-broking" it out to other firms who may have a buyer. Some firms, like Stribling and Brown Harris Stevens, don't like to co-broke. Others, like the Corcoran Group, co-broke from the first day. And some brokers simply refuse to co-broke with certain others—Edward Cave, for example, won't fax his exclusives to Patricia Burnham (although she sends him hers).

With all the jostling for commissions, acts of perfidy have been known to occur. Cold-calling a colleague's clients to spur a defection may be unsportsmanlike, but it's also not unheard of. But even when things turn cutthroat, everyone forces a smile because they must work in tandem. Michele Kleier, co-owner of Gumley Haft Kleier, tells of calling another firm to make an appointment to show her client a \$3 million apartment. "Oh, the owner is out of town until after July 4," the exclusive broker said. "It can't be shown until he's back." Kleier called back July 5. "Oh, I'm sorry," said the other broker, "It's sold." That broker kept the entire commission by ultimately finding the buyer on her own. But Kleier points out the downside for the seller: "My client might have bid a higher price."

What makes a great broker? The pro-

In divorce-driven sales, the broker may be the only person who talks civilly to both combatants.

which investment banker once screwed the building's board chairman in a deal.

In no other city are brokers privy to such sensitive financial data, trafficking in information that might be shielded from the IRS but not from the city's most exacting co-op boards. In divorce-driven sales, the broker may be the only person who talks regularly and civilly to both combatants. When a magnificent Upper East Side apartment went on sale recently, one broker on this list was

The top dogs like it that way. Right now, each brokerage collects its own listings on an in-house computer system. But a whiff of change will be felt this spring, when twenty firms will finally go on-line (the choice apartments can still be held back, and probably will be).

In this ruthlessly competitive business, it's astonishing that the ten brokers on our list sold more than 250 properties in 1996. The average price of each hovered at about \$1 million.

fession has traditionally attracted Junior Leagues with preppy nicknames and Hermès scarves roped about the neck. But it also has served as the petri dish for such shamelessly flashy characters as Leona Helmsley, a Brown Harris Stevens broker in the seventies, and Linda Stein, ex-wife of Elektra Entertainment president Seymour Stein, who was fired from Sotheby's in 1996 for trashing clients in the *New York Times* and now works for Edward Cave. It helps, of course, to have



SHARON BAUM SHUTTLES CLIENTS AROUND TOWN IN HER NEW ROLLS.

connections to wealthy clients, as Cave did after years of hawking decorative art at Sotheby's. But the best brokers share the ability to zip up a deal. They need to know when to handhold and when to prod. And which board members to lobby. Finally, a top broker needs just plain oomph. "Even as a pro, you waste 99 percent of your energy," says Clark Halstead, founder of the Halstead Property Company. "You just have to keep going. It's next, next, next. The best have a little demon on the shoulder who keeps asking, 'Will I ever sell again?'"

SHARON BAUM

The Corcoran Group

SHARON BAUM THRUSTS SLIGHTLY FORWARD as she walks. The diamond stick pin on her lapel matches the vanity plate on the midnight blue Rolls Royce she recently bought to shepherd her clients around:

Both scream SOLD. This fast-talker with a helmet of blonde hair is so tenacious that if the Rolls ever broke down, you'd half expect her to jump out and push it to the next appointment.

After a board turnaround, a broker can do little except pep-talk her crushed clients and whisk them off to a friendlier building. Only an indomitable broker would agree to go back to the same building—and board—and try again. That's what Baum, at 57, the top co-op broker at the Corcoran Group, did after a turnaround last spring. The clients, an American couple living in London, had used a different broker the first time around. Then they came to Baum.

"I suggested that we look at other apartments," says Baum in her Jefferson City, Missouri, twang. "We looked all day. And they still had their hearts set on the apartment where they'd been rejected." Baum took a deep breath and agreed to wage a new battle.

Huddled with the seller's broker, Baum prepared a new board package

with much deeper financial data than before. Based on the first package, the board had turned down the applicant, sight unseen. This time, it granted an interview. The same day it was scheduled, Baum learned of "a big, big board turnaround" in another building. It threw a scare into her. The next morning, she heard from the couple that their interview had been a "disaster." They'd expected to meet with two or three interviewers. Instead, the entire twelve-member board had shown up and peppered them with questions. At the time, it seemed chaotic. But the couple was nevertheless approved.

Baum sells about three properties per month, almost all of them prewar co-ops or townhouses. Last year, her sales exceeded \$50 million. Incredibly, she's reached that level after only nine years as a broker.

Baum's class of 1965 at Harvard Business School was the first to admit women. After seventeen years at Chemical Bank, where she established herself as the firm's

first female vice-president, she shifted to real estate. "I saw downsizing coming," she explains. Baum believes that the reason so few women are top brokers (even though they outnumber men in the field) is because they lack business experience: "Men typically have it, but lots of women who come to this were housewives." Which isn't to say that Baum is *completely* clued-in. Recently, she sold to actor Dolph Lundgren, "only, the building's doorman had to tell me who he was."

ALICE MASON

Alice F. Mason, Ltd.

ALICE MASON'S ART-FILLED, RENT-STABILIZED apartment on East 72nd Street seems too small to seat 60 people at dinner. But six times a year, after 8 P.M. cocktails, the empress dowager of brokering circulates among her guests, her pocket Maltese, Fluffy, in her arms. She guides them to ten tables that the carefully synchronized help has swiftly unfolded in succession: first in the den, then in the living room, and finally in the dining room.

For Mason, 64, these parties are a tool to generate customers. Last December, she threw one catered by Daniel Boulud, at whose restaurant Mason is a fixture. Guests including Mike Wallace, David Koch, and Blaine and Robert Trump washed down white-truffle risotto and quail stuffed with foie gras with a rare white wine from Château Margaux. Society columnist Suzy was on hand taking notes for *W*. Decades ago, when Mason first hosted these parties, the menu was modest: "paella, a salad, and dessert." Even then, she always ordered out. "I make coffee, that's it," Mason says.

Mason's guest list favors journalists over socialites or Wall Streeters. In a red-beaded Galanos, she presided over Charlie Rose, Jim Hoge, and Howard Stringer at her table. Sprinkled about the house were lower-profile clients like Siri and Tony Mortimer (brother of Amanda Burden, who's here with Charlie Rose). The Mortimers have bought three apartments from her. Also here is Charles Stevenson and his wife, Loriann, who bought a huge duplex at 740 Park Avenue, where Mason knows the floor plans by heart—as she does at all the premier buildings: 820, 834, and 960 Fifth Avenue; 4 East 66th Street and 2 East 67th Street; 640, 760, and 778 Park Avenue.

While Mason, the Philadelphia-born daughter of a dentist, is aware of the old social order, she is not its guardian. As a young broker in the fifties, she says she began to quietly undermine restrictions in Waspy strongholds of the Upper East Side. "Every broker would keep a copy of the *Social Register* by her phone," says Mason, who founded her brokerage to

the blue bloods in 1958. "Firms would only hire from it, and they'd only take clients from it." The withering old snobbery knew no bounds. Mason says that when she took Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt to look at apartments, there were buildings that didn't want him. "They said he was 1880s money, whereas they were 1650s money." She would focus on getting clients into buildings where the board leaders, like Angier Biddle Duke, were progressive. "And I'd avoid somebody who was very conservative, like Jimmy van Alen." Her wedge into these buildings were what she calls "our-crowd Jews"—more acceptable to the old order, Mason insists, than anyone Irish. "People would say, 'My mother would turn over in her grave if we let them in.' But lineage started going downhill the moment JFK got elected."

While Mason sells plenty to Republicans, she was, for many years, a vigorous Democratic fund-raiser. Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale, and Bill Clinton have all popped in at her parties. At a single Mason dinner in 1992 attended by both Clinton and Gore, guests kicked in \$1.5 million for the Clinton campaign. Mason

PATRICIA BURNHAM SURVEYS FAMILIAR PARK AVENUE TURF.

rarely leaves Manhattan, but she does accept White House dinner invitations.

Mason has little tolerance for matrimony or being bored, the two of which she's inclined to equate. Her daughter Dominique, 36, greets guests at her mother's parties and has managed the Mason firm (eighteen brokers) for a decade. But Alice still keeps the really big deals for herself. Her deft touch with the boards is more necessary than ever. It shocks her to see high-end turndowns like the two Bruce Wasserstein recently suffered at 834 Fifth Avenue and 2 East 67th Street. "I don't know how someone who is rich and powerful can put his head in the hands of a broker who doesn't know what the board is thinking. And it's never what they were thinking last year. What counts is what they're thinking *this* year."

EDWARD CAVE

Edward Lee Cave, Inc.

AS A YOUNG AUCTIONEER FOR SOTHEY'S, Edward Cave took his gavel home to Vir-



ginia in 1975 to sell off the contents of 200-year-old Millwood Plantation. The sale went well enough, but Cave noticed that the more lucrative commission went to the agent who sold the house. "I said to myself, 'Hey, something's wrong here.'" When Sotheby's expanded into residential sales soon after, Cave was installed as chairman. He'd already bought himself a small East Side apartment building. "Southern people love real estate," he says. "We've got to get our roots in the ground." One of the division's first big sales was a historic estate in Massachusetts. "The commission went Sotheby's way, not my way," he laments. "That's why I went into business for myself."

Like Alice Mason, Cave keeps his boutique firm focused on the top shelf. The 57-year-old could cite his big sales over the years, but he only has to go back as far as Labor Day. In a feat equal to hitting four grand-slam home runs in a single game, Cave struck deals on four apartments at prices of \$10 million or more. Other brokers say he had both the buyer and seller of a \$10 million apartment at 834 Fifth Avenue. He also sold a new apartment to the seller, at 820 Fifth Avenue. That's three deals. The fourth was the sale of developer Marty Raynes's full-floor ramble at 4 East 66th Street for around \$14 million to Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen. Cave is considered one of the shrewdest in the business: One of his brokers always used to say, "Edward doesn't give ice away in the winter."

Cave understands old money—and how hard it is to keep it. Going from "riches to rags in three generations," as he explains it, is all too easy: "The first makes it, the second loses it, the third complains. So don't assume somebody's rich because he tripped over a tiara in the street. People who have maintained their wealth are the smartest." But not always smart enough to know what they truly need in their next apartment or townhouse. "They can't articulate what they want," says Cave. "I have to know for them: Are they public or private? Do they love their kids or do they

Royal, Virginia, his grandmother would periodically warn him—here, he assumes her deep Southern accent—"Edward, always remembah who you are." The problem, Cave says with a smile, "is that Grandma never explained to me who I was."

At this point, Cave looks to be Alice Mason's heir apparent as top society broker. He knows more dish on the Upper East Side upper crust than any man since Truman Capote. The difference is that he's kept it to himself—so far.

PATRICIA BURNHAM

P. S. Burnham, Inc.

AT 12:32 P.M. ON A TUESDAY, RONALD Perelman coasts into Harry Cipriani, assumes one of the coveted window seats, and sets an unlighted cigar-pacifier down on the table. At 12:35, his ex-wife Claudia Cohen strolls in, freshly coiffed and wearing a tulip-red suit. As she passes Perelman, their eyes lock for one long moment. Sitting at a nearby table, watching carefully, is Patricia Burnham, a slight woman dressed in charcoal cashmere and black stiletto-heeled pumps. She gives her chestnut mane a one-two flick behind her shoulders and smiles knowingly.

A story is told that Burnham once saw Perelman on Fifth Avenue and followed him into a jewelry store. "You look unhappy," she told the mogul, and she was right. More to the point, Perelman was ready to move out of the Park Avenue apartment he was then sharing with Cohen. Burnham found him a temporary place of his own. (He has since remarried.) Today, Perelman is joined at lunch by his partner, Howard Gittes. Burnham and Gittes were once engaged.

At her eponymous firm, the fortyish broker is pretty much the whole company, operating in large part out of her chauffeured Mercedes with tinted windows. As other brokerages frantically pump their marketing muscle, Burnham manages to go it alone successfully—sometimes audaciously so. Against all odds, she practically smuggled Elizabeth Arden spokeswoman Vendela into a

convincing the board president that his building "could use somebody young."

Two years ago, Burnham sold Chris and Priscilla Whittle's apartment at the Dakota, a ten-room spread decorated to museum standard by Peter Marino. The buyers were Connie Chung and Maury Povich. Burnham's exclusive on that apartment wasn't an easy sell because it was on a low floor and didn't face Central Park. That same year, Burnham also convinced Jerry Della Femina and his wife to buy a pre-war condo they'd been leasing at 817 Fifth Avenue. Then she got the couple to "flip" it—for \$5.15 million—to Steve Wynn, the Las Vegas titan who'd been turned down at 825 Fifth Avenue. "I knew it was right for him," she says of Wynn, who has a serious vision problem that requires maximum light. "This place had big windows on four sides."

Burnham, who grew up in Farmington, Connecticut, was a fledgling broker with the now defunct firm Whitbread Nolan when she scored a coup selling a Park Avenue triplex. But when the commission check bounced, she soon went solo. In 1988, she sold a house owned by Bill Cosby on East 71st Street to duty-free czar Robert Miller for \$11.5 million—one of the highest prices ever paid for a house in the city. Other brokers say her clients include Agnellis, Rothschilds, Mellons, and Hearsts. You won't find Burnham listed in the Yellow Pages, and she seldom advertises. It's strictly a referrals-only business. "If you're wealthy, do you get your lawyer from an ad?" she asks. "Or your doctor or baby-sitter? You wouldn't dream of it. So why would you buy an apartment that costs millions through an ad?"

NEIL GALLAGHER MACRAE PARKER

Brown Harris Stevens, Inc.

STRAIGHT OUT OF HARVARD IN 1949, NEIL Gallagher was initiated as a broker in times that now seem quaint beyond imagining. The firm was Douglas Elliman, where the boss once sent one of Gallagher's co-workers home on a sweltering

Patricia Burnham practically smuggled the model Vendela into a starchy East Side co-op.

want them at boarding school? Some buildings love kids and others don't want them around. And it's so important to know if the woman likes to be in the kitchen." Here's what Cave knows about moneyed Europeans: They don't want fireplaces and a lot of paneling. They have plenty of that at home. They want to know they're in New York City."

When Cave was a boy in rural Front

starchy East Side co-op, even though models are considered the NIMBY-est of neighbors. At the time, Vendela was dating Hollywood producer-with-a-past Jon Peters. "Don't you even think of being in a photo with him," Burnham instructed her; the three of them were attending a benefit for Lenox Hill Hospital. "If necessary, I'll personally come and destroy the film." Meanwhile, Burnham was busily

summer day because the fellow was wearing a seersucker suit: "Mr. Elliman said that if he'd wanted a Good Humor man, he would have hired one." No smoking was allowed in the office, not as a harbinger of current custom but because Elliman thought it was unseemly. In those days, explains Gallagher, a reserved yet witty man, women wore white gloves to apartment showings. Today "they wear jogging suits."

The first sale Gallagher ever made, in 1953, was a ten-room floor-through at 180 East 79th Street for well under \$30,000. Nobody knows the long, upward march of Fifth Avenue prices better than Gallagher. "I remember when an apartment sold for \$100,000, when it sold for \$1 million, and then when I sold it for \$4 million," he says. And if that apartment were put on the block today? "It would go for \$10 million."

In those days, it was unthinkable for a board to ask for a buyer's tax returns. It sufficed to produce a banker's letter simply stating that the applicant was a "valued client." Gallagher, 69, traces board snooping back to the early seventies, when mortgage-financed co-op sales were first permitted; before that, all deals were cash. "Of course, the boards wanted to be sure you could carry the mortgage," says Gallagher. Their decisions rested entirely on the paperwork; they never used to bother with knee-knocking personal interrogations. "If the board didn't want somebody in the building," says Gallagher, "then they definitely didn't want to meet them."

After 46 years of brokering, Gallagher is still an agile deal-maker. A foreign couple found that out last year when they approached the broker with a seemingly impossible request. Unwilling to disclose financial data to a co-op board, the couple wanted a condo in the Seventies on Fifth Avenue with park views and wood-burning fireplaces. It sounded great—except that no such condo existed. But Gallagher knew of a co-op where he thought the pair might slip in without full disclosure. "I really had to get the concept preapproved by the board," he says. How'd he do that? "I picked up the phone and called the board president."

Gallagher's is not the grayest head at Brown Harris—that title belongs to MacRae Parker. Big, friendly, and shambling, with a thatch of unruly hair brushing his forehead, Parker looks like he could be a farmer headed for the barn—

grandparents were in the first *Social Register*. He's listed in the current edition—along with his membership in the "Society of the Cincinnati," which requires ancestry tracing back to officers on General George Washington's staff. Parker was banished to the West Side, he insists, because other brokers in the firm felt threatened by how much harder he worked than they did.

"Only a country doctor is lucky enough to have relationships with families the way I do," says Parker. He's been known to dress up as Santa Claus for the children of his clients (he's always been a bachelor). But he's mum about who they are, though sources say he has bought for Barbra Streisand at the Ardsley and sold Nureyev's Dakota apartment after the dancer's death in 1993. The top brokers at Brown Harris are usually accoladed at the firm's annual party. But prickly Parker says, "I told [Brown Harris president] Hall Wilkie that if he ever announces I'm No. 1, I'll walk out. So now he announces, 'The No. 2 broker is . . .'" How long has Parker been brokering on Central Park West? Let's just say that another seasoned broker, Ronnie Lane, remembers holding her mother's hand as a little girl when Parker rented the family a place at the San Remo. "He seemed so big to me," says Lane. And now she's a grandmother. You can still call Parker if you want an apartment at the San Remo.

MICHELE KLEIER

Gumley Haft Kleier, Inc.

YOU CAN GET A READ ON MICHELE KLEIER by taking stock of what's on her cluttered desk—and what isn't. A large crystallized stone, "for good vibes," she says, was a gift from broker Roger Erickson. "Roger and I do three or more deals a year together." What's missing is a listings computer—ubiquitous on the desks of lesser brokers. Computer literacy isn't the issue here: When Kleier first came to New York

found what the buyer wanted."

Though Kleier lives on Park Avenue, her idea of mingling with society is watching a soccer game at Horace Mann, which her three children have all attended. Her desk faces that of her husband, Ian, who is co-president of the firm. On the wall is a photo of Kleier with former mayor John Lindsay, receiving the "Social Worker of the Year" award in the seventies. "I loved the job," she says, "But it was too emotionally exhausting. A client was jailed after he pointed a gun at me. In real estate, clients get mad. But they won't point a gun at you." In 1976, after the sale of her own apartment went awry, she decided to take a more proactive role, ultimately landing at Phyllis Koch Realty on the West Side as a newly minted broker.

Kleier is not a townhouse specialist, but last year, she sold the two priciest addresses in Manhattan. One, at 11 East 71st Street, sold for \$6.5 million. The other, at 11 East 82nd Street, had staggered into the market at \$18 million just over a year ago; Kleier sold it at the end of 1996 for \$10.2 million. It was purchased by Ronald Perelman for Scott Gasso, the newly named chief of Marvel Comics.

Though she oversees 35 brokers, Kleier still found time to personally sell 30 properties in 1996. There are no shortcuts when it comes to closing deals. Last summer, she took playwright David Henry Hwang and his pregnant wife on a turbocharged browsathon: twelve apartments one day, ten the next time, with ten more scheduled for the third day. At the first appointment of that third day, Kleier told the couple, "This is the one you'll buy." They did: It was a duplex owned by Kevin Kline and Phoebe Cates at 45 West 67th Street.

Why hadn't Kleier simply waltzed them by that apartment first? "It was pricier than they wanted to go," she explains. "I don't like to go higher than what they first suggest. My philosophy is to keep showing them places until they see they must go higher to reach their taste level. Even

"I took Arnold Scaasi to 1 Beekman Place, and he's a garmento, a Jew, and gay," says Robby Browne.

his family owned one in Virginia. How's the co-op market, Mac? "As frisky as a newborn lamb after you've dunked it in a pale of warm water," he answers.

Central Park West's most renowned broker, Parker remembers when imposing buildings like the San Remo, Beresford, Majestic, and Dakota were rentals. Some brokers say that Brown Harris sent Parker to the West Side because he lacked the social credentials once required to sell on the East Side. Not true, says the Yale-educated 74-year-old: "My

from Pittsburgh, she was an IBM programmer. It's just that the majority of brokers on this list prefer to keep it all in their heads. Besides, the computer can trip people up, as the 51-year-old broker knows: "I was working with a Douglas Eliman broker whose customer only wanted a Central Park West building. Her computer didn't show anything available at the Beresford because it only showed the Central Park West address. But I knew the building had three addresses, including 7 West 81st Street. That's where I

when I'm negotiating a big deal, I resent it when the other broker says, 'What's the big deal, we're only \$100,000 apart?' This isn't Monopoly money."

Kleier can't always push things through. The board at 834 Fifth Avenue recently turned away her client, Bruce Wasserstein, in his bid to buy a \$10.4 million apartment. She once spent four years apartment-shopping—unsuccessfully—with Al Pacino. They'd travel to showings, as Pacino wished, by bus. Wasn't he recognized? "Naaah," says Kleier, "He looked



**BROWN HARRIS'S NEIL GALLAGHER
KNOWS THE MOST COOPERATIVE CO-OPS.**

like a building super." When Pacino wanted to get a feeling for how it would be to live in one Park Avenue co-op under consideration, he shared a box lunch there with Kleier. The actor eventually got a place out of town. Two years ago, Kleier saw Pacino at the restaurant Sette Mezzo. "Michele, I promise you," said the actor, "I never bought from anyone else."

ROBBY BROWNE

Douglas Elliman, Inc.

THESE DAYS, IT TAKES MORE THAN WILD prices or embarrassing board turndowns to make the brokerage community hyperventilate. What did titillate in 1996 was a most unlikely board approval: Whoopi Goldberg's purchase of a \$2.9 million duplex on East 79th Street. That's a staid address. Most brokers wouldn't have dared to show an apartment there to a single, black, female movie star with a penchant for high-profile romances, the latest with Frank Langella.

"The only broker with the nerve to take

Whoopi to that building," says a colleague, "is Robby Browne."

Browne, the top-producing broker at Douglas Elliman, takes pleasure in bringing new life to uptight buildings. "I took Arnold Scaasi to 1 Beekman Place," he says, "and he's a garmento, a Jew, and gay." (Browne won two gold medals in springboard diving at 1994's Gay Games in New York.)

Goldberg had been apartment hunting for two years when she signed on with Browne. He soon found her an apartment on Fifth Avenue in a building that isn't allergic to movie stars; Kevin Kline already lives there, and Bette Midler and her family are soon moving in. While Browne won't comment about Goldberg, he does dispute gossip-column reports that she was turned down for a terraced apartment under Midler's. Before Goldberg's board package was even submitted, it seems one board member's spouse merely let it be known that the application "probably wouldn't work out." Browne apparently wasted no time sulking. He arranged for the apartment's owner—an investment banker who was also president of the building's board—to meet

with Goldberg. The two ended up exchanging favorite books. Other brokers pooh-poohed the sale, saying Goldberg sealed the deal by overpaying. She did, indeed, meet the full asking price of \$2.9 million, then a record for the building. But that looked like a bargain a few months later when another apartment in the same line went for \$3.2 million.

Though the Goldberg deal had the year's highest profile, it wasn't even Browne's biggest deal. In January, he sold an apartment at the Beresford that was listed at \$6.5 million. He won't reveal the final figure, but Brown says it was a record price per square foot for a West Side apartment.

Browne, 49, turned to real estate in 1986 after a spate of restless career turns: He'd been a Harvard proctor, medical student, teacher at Andover, Olympic Village director, tour-packager, and downtown theater packager. There's a boyishness about Browne, with his tussled blond hair and quick laugh. He pedals a battered bike between appointments, even in winter.

A gifted broker can re-jigger a client's vision, as Browne did with a *Time* magazine executive who wanted an East Side apartment with a great view. Confounding her, he took her to an East 79th Street apartment that was only on the third floor. In place of the conventional sweep of empty sky and sooty rooftops, here was a view of trees and nice brownstone details. "I explained to her," says Browne, "that when I lived in a second-floor apartment in L.A., I could lie in my bed and look out at the jacaranda bushes in flower. Higher up, I'd have missed them." Sold.

DOLLY LENZ

Sotheby's International Realty

"THERE'S A BROKER AT SOTHEBY'S WHO sells incredibly," says Edward Cave. "I just can't think of her name . . ."

It's more likely that Cave doesn't deign to remember the name of Dolly Lenz, a former accountant who has been Sotheby's highest-grossing broker in each of her eight years at the firm. She may have even beaten out Cave on a high-priced sale or two. But society brokers still think of Lenz, fortyish, as an upstart who's elbowed her way to the top. Unlike other Sotheby's stars like Brucie Boalt and Patricia Patterson, she's not in the *Social Register*. "It's not something I aspire to," she says frostily. Surely the only broker on the list who noisily chews gum while showing off a \$3 million penthouse, she's proud to admit she was a supermarket check-out clerk as a teenager in the Bronx.

Lenz mainly sells condos to people who shy away from snippy, old-line co-ops. No broker has ridden the thumpy, wind-sliced construction elevator up the cop-

pery skin of Donald Trump's new International Hotel & Tower more than Lenz. Her 40-plus sales at the building are tops for any broker. One apartment on the fiftieth floor went for \$8 million. It has, along with jetliner views of the city, what she calls a "baronial" 1,300-square-foot living room, larger than some two-bedroom apartments. One floor up, Lenz has also sold a \$6.3 million apartment next to Trump's own. Before the bid was even placed, Trump insisted on checking out his prospective neighbor.

Remarkably, Lenz has built up a large Asian clientele despite not being able to speak any of their languages. "I schlep them to see everything," she says. "Only then are they confident in making a decision." Lenz spends up to 40 days a year in Hong Kong, scouting clients. She gets a leg up on other brokers by setting up a booth at Sotheby's Hong Kong art auctions.

Lenz isn't universally admired among her colleagues. Brucie Boalt was reported to have affixed a huge Club-like lock to her file cabinet because she didn't trust Lenz. (Boalt insists "Dolly and I have a very close professional relationship. Everyone in the office locks their desks because of confidentiality agreements with our clients.") Lenz is also a defendant in a suit claiming that she sabotaged a \$6 million sale at 1049 Fifth Avenue by convincing the purchaser to buy elsewhere. But it's hard not to be awed by her ecumenical client roster, ranging from Rush Limbaugh to Richard Fisher, chairman of Morgan Stanley, to Barry and Fran Weissler, producers of the hit revival *Chicago*. Donald Trump calls her for advice—most recently about his plans to convert the Mayfair-Regent Hotel on Park Avenue into condos. What kind of questions did he ask? "Important things," answers Lenz. "Like, should there be only one \$7 million apartment per floor?"

Lenz is a deal-making dervish. Her cellular phone once rang when she was in a bathroom stall at the Waldorf-Astoria. Five minutes later, having nailed a sale, she walked out and discovered that the woman in the next stall was Diane Ramirez, head broker at Halstead. Said Ramirez: "Dolly, don't you *ever* stop?"

ROGER ERICKSON

William B. May Real Estate Company, Inc.

WHAT MAKES ROGER ERICKSON A SELLING turbine, with ten apartment deals and eleven townhouse sales last year? Tact, chutzpa, and direct-mail campaigns all help. After selling the newly divorced Edgar Bronfman Jr. a townhouse on East 73rd Street a few years ago, for example, Erickson blanketed nearby homeowners



with a mailing announcing the sale. Art dealer Larry Gagosian, who lives on East 69th Street, phoned Erickson.

"I get so much junk mail from you," complained Gagosian. "But since you've bothered me again, I'll ask you if Bronfman wants to sell his house in Amagansett."

Toad Hall, designed by Charles Gwathmey and François de Menil and set on fourteen acres, was the gem of the twee East End town. Bronfman told Erickson he wasn't interested in selling. But the broker gently persisted until Bronfman said, "Okay, but only on two conditions: I don't have to show the house and he has to pay my price."

Erickson called Gagosian, who said, "I don't need to see the house, because I was the underbidder when Bronfman bought it." But Bronfman's price was now \$8.15 million. When Gagosian heard it, there was "an interminable pause," says Erickson. Then Gagosian said, "Okay, let's do it."

"I was then driving an Alfa Romeo Spyder convertible," says Erickson. "Once the deal was done, I felt like I deserved a treat. So I bought myself a Porsche 911 convertible."

Erickson, 43, left CBS Records to become a broker at William B. May in 1985 after failing to get support for a TV-show idea he'd concocted. "I looked corporate, but I didn't think corporate," he says. His new career was jump-started by contacts he'd made at CBS: Both Walter Yetnikoff, ex-CEO of the record company, and Winton Marsalis bought townhouses from him. In 1994, Erickson sold one of the city's largest apartments—the 30-room

WITH ROBBY BROWNE'S HELP, WHOOPI GOLDBERG GOT HER DUPLEX.

pad at 120 East End Avenue first occupied by Vincent Astor, who parked his yacht behind the building. In that still-depressed time for apartment sales, the place went for a mere \$5.85 million. The seller was conglomerateur Asher Edelman.

Rarer even than dinosaur apartments on the the Upper East Side is an empty lot suitable for building a townhouse. But Erickson has recently managed to sell double lots at *two* different prime locations. So what if four houses already stood on the properties? The clients simply leveled them. One site, on East 72nd Street, went to Jerry Speyer, chief of Tishman-Speyer Properties, for his new townhouse. "He'd told me he'd been looking for a long time and it was unlikely I'd find him anything. But I recalled that a doctor owned those two houses." The other site, on East 63rd Street, had been owned by David Geffen and was bought by labor lawyer Ted Kheel.

Erickson, an Upper West Sider, is up at five every morning to exercise and meditate. "Roger is the most organized person I've ever met," says his wife, the music publicist Susan Blond. "Last week, he decided that he'd think of one thing to do each week that would make him a better father to our son and one thing to make our marriage better." His idea for being a better father was to take 5-year-old Jack to the Coney Island Aquarium. What about the better marriage idea? "I can't tell you that," says Blond, "but it was good."

NO. 1 IN THEIR NICHE

UPPER EAST SIDE TOWNHOUSES

LESLIE GARFIELD

Leslie J. Garfield & Company, Inc.

AFTER 35 YEARS OF SELLING TOWNHOUSES, LESLIE GARFIELD CAN point out where five widows live on a single 93rd Street block. The 60-year-old broker knows (because he sold it) which house Barbra Streisand once quietly bought on East 80th Street but never lived in. He can tell you which three contiguous backyards (one is Eli Zabar's) on East 92nd Street are currently being dug up and replanted to create one uninterrupted, perfectly landscaped, fully strollable garden.

Scarce as classic prewar apartments are, townhouses are even scarcer. Unfriendly tax laws, paid-down mortgages, and good memories keep older folks from being in any hurry to move. Ironically, declining crime only makes matters worse. "If people didn't feel safe in their houses," says Garfield, "they'd move to doorman buildings." Townhouse prices have been spiking up even faster than apartment prices. Garfield points to one on East 92nd Street that he sold for \$1.6 million just four years ago. "My gosh, I could get \$2.4 million today," he laments.

HARLEM

LANA TURNER

Christopher J. Infante International Real Estate, Inc.

INTERESTED IN A HANDSOME TOWNHOUSE WITH FIVE FLOORS OF original 1898 detailing for \$500,000? Lana Turner, born on her namesake's birthday in 1950, would lead you to a stretch of West 121st Street off Mount Morris Park. The same house in the West Nineties, Turner estimates, would cost \$1.7 million.

Turner sells all over town, but her heart—as well as her own home—is in Harlem. The reservoir of Manhattan neighborhoods with modestly priced townhouses has gone dry. Only Harlem remains a rich source, and Turner knows where they are, who owns them, and their history.

CONDOMINIUMS

CARRIE CHIANG

The Corcoran Group

TINY, NO-NONSENSE CARRIE CHIANG IS the fiercely proud, self-styled "condo queen" of the Corcoran Group. "Carrie marched into my office at the end of the year," says Barbara Corcoran, "and said, 'I sold \$18 million last month. Who else around here did that?'"

Chiang does bulk deals, including one in which she unloaded 24 apartments at once to Chinese investors. She also projects rental income for the owners, and leases and manages the condos for them. After a court tangle with Donald Trump over bail-out financing she helped secure for the Riverside South site, Chiang and another broker recently got their

multi-million-dollar commission. "But we're friends now," says Chiang. "We just had lunch."

In last year's most daunting task, Chiang sold three newly created quadruplex condos in a small building at 813 Park Avenue. Though the location, at East 74th Street, is prime, the building had been empty for years. Some brokers even called it cursed. Chiang has now rented all three units for the owners at \$18,000 to \$20,000 per month.

Born into a prominent Shanghai family, Chiang, fiftyish, speaks "all Chinese dialects," plus Portuguese—her first husband was Brazilian. She became a broker, she says tartly, because "I didn't have a good résumé. I'd been a housewife." Chiang predicts that by spring, she'll surpass last year's personal best of \$50 million in condo sales. "Whoever makes seven figures is a top broker," she says definitively. "Whoever doesn't make seven figures is not a top broker."

EAST VILLAGE

GREGORY SALGADO

Real Renters, Ltd.

EVEN THOUGH THE EAST VILLAGE IS HIP, FEW UPTOWN BROKERS will set foot there, convinced that the mind-set is *Rent*, not "Buy." That suits Havana-born Gregory Salgado just fine. He values the unexpected fabulousness tucked away in the depths of Alphabet City. Real Renters, started by Salgado in 1992, still does mainly rentals. But a funny thing is happening: "When I advertise an apartment for sale," says Salgado, "I get twice as many calls as for a rental." A property deed to East Village funk is no longer a bargain. Salgado, 37, recently sold a 400-square-foot studio on Avenue B for \$135,000—about what a similar space would cost in many Upper East Side buildings. In another sign of the East Village's coming of age, Salgado's sale of a \$225,000 apartment at 160 East 3rd Street required a \$5,000 "flip tax"—an uptown custom requiring the seller to pay a fee to the co-op corporation.

LOFTS

BARRIE MANDEL

The Corcoran Group

"I'M A STREET WALKER," INSISTS BARRIE Mandel. "I resist being promoted; I resist being a manager." The 44-year-old is the top loft broker in the area of SoHo and TriBeCa. Last year, she sold out the condo conversion of the Dietz Lantern Building (built in 1880) on Greenwich Street in TriBeCa. Its 28 units were priced from \$550,000 to \$2.5 million. Along with Wall Streeters aplenty, purchasers include chef David Bouley. "These people could easily live anywhere else in the city or beyond," says Mandel. "They prefer to live in a building that had a life before them." A sign of TriBeCa's small-towniness, Mandel notes, is that the Lantern Building is only the second loft residence in the neighborhood to have a doorman.



IN 1996, CONDO QUEEN CARRIE CHIANG DID \$50 MILLION IN SALES.

COULD WE MAYBE GET THIS STRAIGHT? LIKE, ONCE and for all? Julie Kavner is not a New Yorker. Never has been. Never will be. "Does that freak you out or something?" asks Kavner, 46, in a weary rasp that's more New York than New York itself. She was born, for Heaven's sake, in Los Angeles. She did time in Beverly Hills High with the Rob Reiners of the world. And these days, with her boyfriend of 22 years, she chooses to live, as do millions of other Americans, in Southern California. "If you're into cities, I guess New York's the place," Kavner says. "I'm just not a city person." She shrugs. And then, in the purr Marge Simpson reserves for life lessons, she adds: "Some people are like that, I suppose."

This from the only human to have played Woody Allen's girlfriend (in *New York Stories*), his ex-fiancée (in *Shadows and Fog*), and his mother (in *Radio Days*)? From Brenda Morgenstern, *Rhoda*'s dating-and-dieting bank teller, who lived (in a doorman building!) at 332 West 64th Street? From Marge, the very emblem of nineties maternity, whose blue hair and adenoids would win her a permanent seat at Tavern on the Green?

Here Julie Kavner is anyway, deep within Central Park, trudging through the rush-hour cold. A few minutes ago, she emerged from her three-month Park Avenue rental, thinner than you might expect and layered with sensible dark things. She wears a tidy, fezlike hat. Her stringy hair, now tinged with gray, hangs to her shoulders. Sunglasses, with teensy green lenses, reflect taxis and joggers.

She's walking to work.

Specifically, to Lincoln Center Theater, where, for the first time in sixteen years, the shy, intensely private actress is giving New York theater another try—in *God's Heart*, another dream-scape from Craig (Prelude to a Kiss) Lucas. Until May 25, she is contractually obligated to play a lesbian activist. Or, more precisely, a lesbian activist from Maine. A lesbian activist from Maine with a heart of gold—and a dying (black) lover.

Kavner says her performance (it is funny, angry, and utterly magnificent) is based somewhat on Midge Dexter, the lesbian golfer she's perfected on Tracey Ullman's HBO series. "I've basically got one lesbian in me," Kavner says simply. "One to a customer." But Midge's fans can expect shifts in tone—and nuance. The Lincoln Center lesbian, for instance, faced with the imminent death of her longtime companion, says "Fuck you" to God.

"I guess people might have certain expectations of my private life, like who I am and where I live, based on the characters I've played," says Kavner, pausing at Bethesda Fountain. "And, yes, I've done a lot of New Yorkers. But it's certainly not my goal or ambition or anything. That'd be sort of weird, don't you think?"

Penny Marshall, for whom Kavner played a Bronx nurse in *Awakenings*, says, "The New York thing does freak people out about Julie." Over the phone, between mouthfuls of something, Marshall adds: "They think she's from New York like they think I'm Jewish."

If Kavner fears being typed (she treasures her four years on *Rhoda* but has vowed never, except for *The Simpsons* and

sketches with Ullman, to do a regular series again), her new play is a step in the right direction. The show, an ensemble piece, fuses the dreams (or are they?) of three disparate couples—black and white, straight and gay, teenage and thirtysomething—over the course of one surreal evening. A tragicomedy, it occurs, Lucas says, "after dark." The set features a twelve-foot-high video screen and elaborate computer imagery.

"I'm not totally sure what this play's about," says Kavner, blinking at the Dakota. "But I love it. You've read it, right? Do you know what it's about? I think it's about how we all believe we're separate and not connected but that we really aren't separate and are connected."

She coughs.

"You know?"

But why live theater now?

"I'm also not totally sure about that," Kavner says. "I asked my boyfriend [David Davis, who helped develop *Rhoda* and became a producer on the show], 'David, why am I doing this?'"

And he said, 'Because you're doing it.' Which is as good a reason as any."

Kavner's only other New York play, in 1981, ended miserably, in a tiny theater on Astor Place. There, in a melodrama called *Particular Friendships*, she played a Gimbel's salesclerk with theatrical aspirations who pined for a handsome, gay waiter. Complications ensued, as did Frank Rich, who, savaging the play, wrote: "Miss Kavner, a minor delight as Valerie Harper's nasal-voiced sister in television's *Rhoda*, hasn't broken out of the sitcom habit of punching every joke."

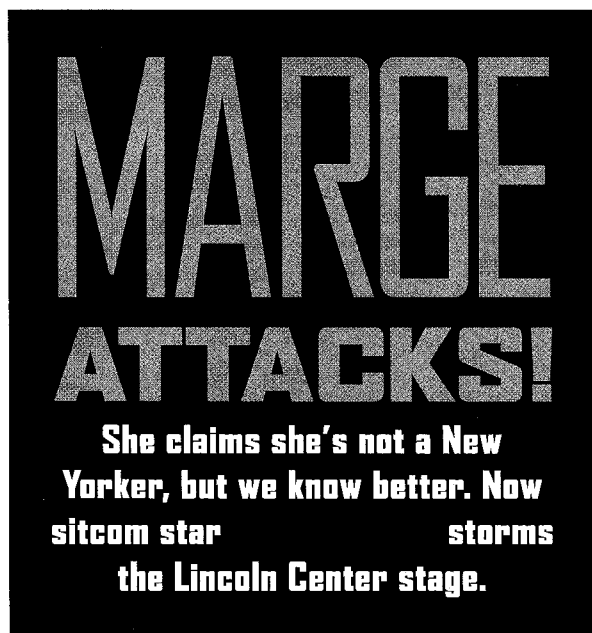
She had high hopes for the part—when hired, she'd been doing dinner

theater in Canada. *Western Canada*. And with Kavner, who'd won an Emmy for *Rhoda* in 1978, as a draw, the show had been playing to sellout—and, Kavner says, adoring—crowds. Two weeks after Rich's review, it closed. And Kavner entered what she calls "a less-than-fantastic period in my life."

"That really hurt her, really knocked her flat," remembers Luke Reilly, her co-star in *Particular Friendships*. "We'd been having such a wonderful time in rehearsals, and she was so up for a theatrical success. She's a perfectionist. It's her training, you know." Kavner studied theater at San Diego State, where she developed a reputation for painstaking research and devout loyalty to her characters. In this, she persists. "We were playing our Meg and Tina characters one week," says Ullman, "and the scene called for us to slug it out in a bar. I thought I was reasonably in character, until I saw Julie—who came at me like a wild buffalo. Mercifully, she sent a masseuse to my home the next day."

Matt Groening, who created *The Simpsons*, says: "Julie is fiercely loyal to Marge. I remember a show in which Marge lost her necklace. I thought it would be funny if the missing necklace loosened her throat, changed her voice in some way. But Julie wouldn't do the joke. She said it wasn't true to Marge. And she was right."

Marge, of course, is vintage Kavner: the muddling-through caregiver, the wife, the mother, the sis- (continued on page 85)



BY BOB ICKES

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEN IRISH
FOR NEW YORK

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CHILD S



SUPPORT

Sisters Mary Paul and Geraldine don't traffic in miracles. But the sort of small family center they run in Sunset Park is the city's biggest hope for keeping children out of danger—and in their parents' lives. By Michael Shapiro

ANNE OFFERS HER DAUGHTER A BEATIFIC smile and reaches to touch her. The child tenses. She draws in her shoulders. She looks down and leans close to the table where they sit, side by side, in their social worker's office. Anne tries to stop herself from touching her child but cannot.

"She's being cautious with me," says Anne. "She's remembering about being separated. Sometimes I see pain. She wants me near her, and then she'll say, 'Go away.'"

Anne was gone for four years. She lived in homeless shelters. Her child, Jane, was twice placed in foster care. Jane's father lived in a residential treatment program for alcoholics and drug addicts. Now he is clean and working and supports his daughter and his elderly mother. On

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL
FOR NEW YORK

Thanksgiving, Anne visited their apartment, and he and Jane asked her to stay.

Anne talks of not allowing her "emotions to overcome the reality of the situation." She measures her words, searching for carefully learned therapeutic euphemisms.

The first time the city took her child, four years ago, Anne and her family were living in an apartment empty of all furniture except for two beds placed side-by-side—for Jane, who was 7, and for the parents—a television, and a Soloflex machine. Anne had thrown away everything she believed had not been given "with love." She had stripped the wallpaper off the walls and removed all the doors. A city case worker interviewed Anne, her husband, and their daughter separately, and when he was finished, he left with the child.

Anne lost Jane for the second time nine months later, in the very office where she and her daughter now sit. Jane had been locking herself in the bathroom because her mother's behavior frightened her. Anne stood between her social worker and her daughter and said, "You're not taking my kid." The social worker told Anne that if she didn't surrender the child, she would call the police. Anne refused. The police took the child. "You can't imagine the fear it puts in a mother's heart," Anne says. "A complete stranger has your child. How would they know what a child needs?"

NOW ANNE—HER NAME AND HER DAUGHTER'S NAME HAVE BEEN changed in the interests of confidentiality—has come back to assume the role of mother. After years of refusal, she has been taking her psychotropic medication. For the family's social worker, Gretchen Lord, and the Brooklyn agency for which she works, the Center for Family Life, monitoring Anne's return to her child is like watching someone skipping along the edge of a cliff. This is not to suggest that Anne is about to fall—only that it would be foolish and naïve to assume she will not.

As the Giuliani administration undertakes profound changes

in its child-welfare system, Anne's story is a parable of sorts, of what is possible and what is not in the relationship between the state and the families it regards as failures. It is a story not only of a mother's struggle to stay in her child's life but the parallel struggle of the Center for Family Life to protect the child and still keep her relationship with her mother alive.

Of the 41,000 children now in the city's care, a small percentage have parents who show virtually no interest in their lost children. A similarly small number manage to become effective enough parents to care for their children without continuing intervention or support. The overwhelming majority, however, are, in the words of a lawyer who defends them, the "screw-ups"—parents who love their children but cannot seem to accomplish the basic tasks of keeping them fed, housed, clothed, schooled, and safe. Parents like Anne.

Since the death of Elisa Izquierdo at the hands of her mother in November 1995, Mayor Giuliani has openly acknowledged the city's record of failure in protecting children. He appointed a new commissioner, Nicholas Scoppetta, to preside over a newly renamed and independent department, the Administration for Children's Services. In December, the mayor and Scoppetta, himself a former foster child, introduced a plan for reform.

The plan calls for the city to decentralize its vast central bureaucracy and bolster satellite offices around the city. The approach, which has gained popularity at child-welfare agencies across the country, has been touted as a way to reduce the single greatest cost in child welfare, to the state and to children: prolonged care in a succession of foster homes.

Proponents of plans like the city's insist that the work of salvaging families and helping children cannot be done by strangers—by caseworkers arriving from distant offices with 60 other equally troubled families on their caseload. It can only be accomplished by workers who know those families, who understand the manifold problems with which they live and the needs of those children. And that knowledge, in turn, comes only to people who spend their days in the neighborhood.



THE CENTER FOR FAMILY LIFE sits in the shadow of the Gowanus Expressway, in the Sunset Park section of Brooklyn, on a street of bland and sagging two-story homes. It is housed in a mustard-yellow brick

building that was once a home for seminarians. It is a place of many small offices with white walls, endlessly repainted dark-brown trim, and, on the bulletin boards, pictures drawn by children. The phones ring constantly. The center opens at eight in the morning and closes at eleven at night. Emergency calls after hours go to the apartments on the top floor, where its founders, Sisters Mary Paul and Geraldine, live.

Sisters Mary Paul and Geraldine have lived and worked in the neighborhood for eighteen years. They supervise a staff of 25 social workers. Last year, the center provided free "preventive services"—designed to keep children out of foster care—to 949 children in 423 families. They will accept only families who live in Sunset Park. The neighborhood is a square mile filled with some 100,000 people, most of them Hispanic, black, or, in growing numbers, Chinese. It is a poor

Caseworker Gretchen Lord coaches mothers in the tasks of parenting.

Sunset Park, where the sisters work, is poor but not blighted.

neighborhood but not a blighted one.

The center, a division of St. Christopher-Ottile, one of the large private foster-care agencies with which the city contracts, does not do "family preservation," the increasingly discredited six- or eight-week short course on parenting skills that was supposed to keep children out of foster care. Instead, the sisters and the social workers will hold the hand of a struggling parent for months or even, as they have with Anne, for years.

The center will recommend foster care if necessary, but with the understanding that the children remain in the neighborhood—in contact with both the center and with their parents.

The center's reputation is such that it receives visitors from child-welfare agencies across the country and around the world. Success in child welfare, however, is measured incrementally, over years, and—in the words of Peg Hess, the associate dean of the School of Social Work at Columbia University—the work "is often disappointing." Children burdened by growing up in profoundly troubled homes do not easily, if ever, escape that past. Sisters Mary Paul and Geraldine would never say that the state is stuck with those endlessly struggling parents. But that is precisely the case.

"We don't have a choice about extricating that mother from that child's mind or reality," says Sister Mary Paul. This means that the parent, if he or she chooses to remain a part of her child's life—and most do, with varying degrees of success—cannot be willed away by a well-intentioned caseworker who wishes only to "save" a child.

Mary Paul and Geraldine are sisters of the Good Shepherd, an order founded in seventeenth-century France to assist poor women. It was years of working at residential treatment centers for teenage girls, Sister Geraldine says, that persuaded them that work with children in troubled homes was best begun well before the state needed to take them from their parents. "We were the end of the road for many adolescents," Geraldine says. "I don't know how I could ever go back to that work." They started a small social-service agency in Park Slope, then moved to Sunset Park and opened the center in 1978.

The sisters are a striking pair. Geraldine is 56, a tall woman, direct in her speech and manner. Mary Paul is tiny. She speaks



in a small, calm voice, dismissing questions about her age by saying, "We don't go in for that mushy stuff."

Life within the order is based equally on service and on contemplation. "It is not," Mary Paul says, "a bifurcated life." Their faith is so essential that "it's not necessary to preach about it," she says. "You don't sit down with your son every day and tell him, 'You're my son and I love you.' You just *love* him.

"These are not clients. Our caring for them comes out of a very strong sense of their meaning, of their importance. I don't look at them as clients. They are people I love and work with. We are engaged together."

Sister Geraldine oversees the center's array of programs—among them summer jobs for teenagers, day care, an evening teen center, a family learning center, and parenting classes. Mary Paul remains the first person at the center a troubled parent meets. Some families come to the center because the city has taken a child and assigned the case to the center. Families also come to the center's attention without referral from the city. A guidance counselor might call to alert the sisters about problems in a home; a neighbor might call, as one did, to report a 10-year-old sleeping on top of a car. Half the parents the center sees simply walk in and ask for help.

"A person, on the surface of things, has failed her children miserably and seems to be denying the effects on the children," Mary Paul says. She believes she must learn how this apparent failure came to be. So she sits with a parent at a table in the center's bright but threadbare family room and, in a manner that is both gentle and insistent, begins her inquiry into what she calls the "degradations" in that parent's life. "Case records superficially capture the 'problem' and not the feelings," Mary Paul says, "not the relationships, not whether there is something that has held that mother and child together in spite of anger, in spite of feelings of futility."

ANNE'S CHILD WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM HER THE FIRST TIME, IN 1992, after her husband told his addiction counselor that he was afraid to leave his daughter alone with Anne. The counselor, who was required to report cases of abuse, abandonment, or neglect, contacted the city's Child Welfare Administration (the agency's former name), which sent a caseworker to the apartment with the side-by-side beds, the exercise machine, and the doors missing. Anne later told Gretchen Lord that she was "renovating."

Anne came voluntarily to the center the next day. She met with Sister Mary Paul and with Gretchen Lord, a former actress who had returned to school, gotten a degree in social work, and just been hired. Anne was one of her first cases.

The sisters would never say that the state is stuck with these troubled and endlessly struggling parents. But that is precisely the case.

Mary Paul and Lord believed that the city had been right to take away Anne's child. But they also saw in Anne's shielding her daughter from her rage a sign of promise—evidence that this mother possessed a devotion to her child, limited as it was. Lord and Sister Mary Paul told Anne that her child was in a foster home in the neighborhood and that she could see her immediately at the center and have a visit with her there every week. "I felt that my absence from her life would somehow destroy her life," Anne says.

When Lord first came to Anne's home, she says, "all the wallpaper had been systematically peeled off. The plates around the electrical sockets had been removed. There were no curtains, no shades, no furniture. There were no doors in the doorways. There was no privacy." That day, Lord recalls, she listened as Anne talked about "her fear, guilt, and anger about what had happened to the child."

Jane, meanwhile, was withdrawn to the point of silence. She responded with shrugs. When she did speak, she did so in baby talk. Lord came to understand that Jane believed it was good to talk like a baby because people did not get angry at babies. She would continue doing this for years.

Lord asked Jane to help her build a house out of cardboard

Fathers call from jail, and mothers arrive late for visits and tell their child's foster mother, "He's not dressed as nicely as when I dress him."

and wood. The child did not understand that in other homes there were separate places for children and grown-ups, and curtains on the windows. She did not have friends. After a while, in foster care, she began making friends. She appeared in school plays, where, she said, she liked making believe that she was someone else.

Jane lived with a foster mother in the neighborhood, an easy-going woman who was patient with Anne. "She sensed Anne's fear that she would lose her connection with her daughter," Lord says. After Anne had managed to compose herself on visiting days for two months, Lord and Sister Mary Paul agreed to let her come to Jane's foster home and walk her daughter to school. She met Jane at school at the end of the day to walk her back to her foster home. "Except she wouldn't want to separate from the child," Lord says. Lord found out she was staying for supper at the foster home, and explained to Anne that she had to leave after returning Jane. "She had a very strong will," she says, "and would manipulate the situation."

Jane spent nine months in foster care and then went home to her father, who was living with Anne after having been through his own recovery. After a few months, he called Lord and said, "You've got to do something." The relationship between the parents had grown poisonous. Jane was depressed. She told Lord, "I don't want to go to foster care. But I'd like to go live with my friend." Then she said, "I hate my life."

Lord arranged for the family to come for what the workers

call a "removal" meeting with herself and Sister Mary Paul. Mary Paul explained to Anne that it would be necessary for the child to go back into foster care. "It saddens me so much that things have fallen apart," she told Anne. Finally, after Lord called the police and Jane, crying and frightened, was escorted away, Anne's brother came and took her home.

Anne sank. She had once worked as a secretary, but now she lived in shelters, where she met other women who had lost their children. "People didn't want to raise it," she says. Asking a woman about her child might lead to a fight. The women did not see their children very much. They felt helpless, Anne believes, because they understood that they would not get their children back. "I would take long walks," she says. "I had a lot of doctor appointments." Her life, she says, was like "a wheel that doesn't stop spinning."

Yet Anne almost never missed a weekly visit with her daughter. The center provided individual counseling for Jane and for Anne, as well as family therapy. Jane attended one of the center's after-school programs. Anne sometimes came to the center in the morning and lingered in the hallways and bathroom all day because she had nowhere else to go.

Lord met every week with Sister Mary Paul. "She would guide me in the moments when I felt I wasn't being any help at all," Lord says. These moments became more common as the symptoms of Anne's illness worsened. She would launch into angry tirades. She would complain about, say, a bus driver who was not nice to her, or about her welfare caseworker. She would appear not to comprehend the simplest instructions.

Mary Paul would tell Lord, "I know it's hard, but this is where she visits her child; she needs us."

Lord tried to get Anne and Jane to do projects together. One time, they made Jell-O. But Anne got upset and started to ask Jane whether this was what she did with her foster mother. "I think at times I would compare myself to the foster mother," Anne says. "The foster mothers are very strong-willed. You have to be, to become attached to other people's children."

AT ANY ONE TIME, 25 CHILDREN IN SUNSET PARK ARE IN ONE OF THE center's foster homes. As often as is possible and advisable, they see the parents from whom they were taken.

The workers call these mothers "the bio moms," the biological mothers. "These are damaged people," Gretchen Lord says. "They were abused kids, and you become the idealized parent for them." She tells of one parent who vanished for more than a year, only to call on her child's birthday and tell Lord, "I want to be a parent." Then she disappeared again. Fathers call from jail, and mothers arrive late for visits and tell their child's foster mother, "He's not dressed as nicely as when I dress him." When the bio moms do not come on visiting day, the children get angry not at their mothers but at their social workers. They say, "You should have found Mommy by now."

The foster mothers, who are paid about \$100 a week, are asked to accept the bio moms in their lives. They understand that when the bio moms are invited to the Christmas party in the center's family room, they will want to have their pictures taken with the children they have lost.

Because the sisters believe in separating parents and children only as a last resort, they will usually keep the children at home, with the understanding that the worker will be a constant presence. Some parents, of course, refuse this assistance, and if they do, the center may well refer the case back to the city. But, the sisters say, most parents will accept the help.

When Lord first comes into a home, she says, she listens to the parent tell about her life. She guides her with questions: "How did you struggle in school? How did your parents punish you?" It begins to give them permission to say that things weren't their fault. Then comes the connection to the child. "When your father beat you for getting Fs, and you felt so



Half the parents the center sees simply walk in and ask for help.

ished in his recovery. It was to him that the child was returned, Lord says; without him, it is highly questionable whether the center would have ever returned Jane to Anne.

Anne, however, improved. She visited Jane and her former husband in their home. Finally, after Thanksgiving, Lord says, "Dad and the child said they wanted her back."

THE CENTER FOR FAMILY LIFE WORKS, PEG Hess says, for the same reasons that terrific schools, companies, and other model social-service agencies work: It has two leaders with a clear and unshakable vision that is embraced by the people they hire. Conservative thinkers look at the center and argue that it represents a powerful argument for getting government out of the

ashamed that you dropped out of school, can you see how your daughter feels when you deny her things, month after month?"

She will try to encourage them to do the essential tasks of being a parent. She will say, "Good parents get their children tested for HIV." Or, "Good parents take their children to the dentist."

The social workers tell of parents who must learn to cook and budget their money and help their children when they are hurt—like the mother who set off a firecracker that landed on her child and thought the best way to treat the burn was with toothpaste. The workers talk to children about how to talk politely to their parents, and to parents about not threatening their children with a return to foster care.

There are the redeeming moments, like the times when a parent who has demonstrated virtually no ability to care for her child will nonetheless come to the center and manage to tell her child what he most needs to hear: "I want you to know that I never stopped thinking about you."

JANE WOULD BE SO NERVOUS BEFORE SHE SAW HER MOTHER that she would throw up. Anne looked forward to the visits. "It was hard when I had to leave," she says.

When Lord went on vacation, Anne was devastated; Jane would not see her without Lord present. "I wanted to do well," she says, "to please myself, to please my daughter, to please the nuns, and to please Gretchen." But sometimes she would display so much anger that they worried she would get herself killed on the streets. She refused to be medicated.

Anne's return from homelessness began on the day she most frightened Lord. "We were in the hallway, and I just felt she wasn't able to hear me," Lord said. "There was an intensity behind her anger." They happened to be outside Sister Geraldine's office. Geraldine invited them in and closed the door. "She said how sad she felt after all this time of working together that Anne wasn't able to take her medication," Lord says. "She put her hand on Anne's shoulder, and Anne began to cry and talk about how unhappy she was with her life."

Geraldine told Anne the story of another parent who had troubles much like Anne's and how that parent slowly began trying to take medication. "It was another voice," Lord says, "because at that moment I was the object of hatred."

Soon afterward, Anne agreed to start trying medication. She entered a six-month residential treatment program. Through it all, she kept up her visits. Jane's father, in the meantime, flour-

ished in his recovery. It was to him that the child was returned, Lord says; without him, it is highly questionable whether the center would have ever returned Jane to Anne.

Critics argue that the city's plan for reform will be too expensive, that it risks the sorts of abuses that have plagued community-controlled programs, and that there will be no way of knowing whether money is being well spent.

The city spends \$1.3 billion a year on child welfare, more than half of which goes to foster care and group homes. It costs the city about \$50 a day to keep a child in foster care, and that does not include the many services those children are judged to need. The federal government pays half the foster-care fee in virtually all of the cases. But the law does not allow for shifting any of that money to the preventive services that are designed to keep children out of foster care. Ultimately, says Fred Wulczyn, the director of the state task force that studied a managed-care approach to child welfare, "if you're going to change the system, you have to change what you buy."

What you buy depends on what you want to see happen.

Rather than trying to dictate guidelines for dealing with families, reformers argue, Washington would do better to allocate funds on the condition that agencies meet certain goals: Reduce the number of children in foster care; reduce the time spent in foster care and the number of children who leave care and then return. It is up to the agency to decide how it gets there.

ANNE TAKES GREAT JOY IN ONCE AGAIN BEING ABLE TO GO SHOPPING for clothes at Macy's with her daughter. And now they shop for household things for an apartment with a new computer, an eat-in kitchen, and a room for Jane. It is important, she says, that the center help her "keep myself at a level that is presentable and that is safe for the child." Sometimes, she admits, she tries too hard. When Jane told her that she and her friends were going to get manicures, Anne panicked and ended up looking for her in all the nail salons on Fifth Avenue in Sunset Park because she felt Jane wasn't old enough for a manicure.

Over her Christmas vacation, Lord had a dream that Anne had gone off her medication. A few weeks later, Anne called. She said she was feeling good. She did not like the way her medication made her feel. She felt she was doing much better. She told Lord that she had stopped taking her medication.

Lord tells this story, and then sighs. All that is certain in the story of Anne is that it will not soon be over, not for Lord, or for the center, or for Jane, who once told her grandmother in the midst of an argument, "The reason I get so sensitive is because I had to be separated from my parents."

IRON MEN

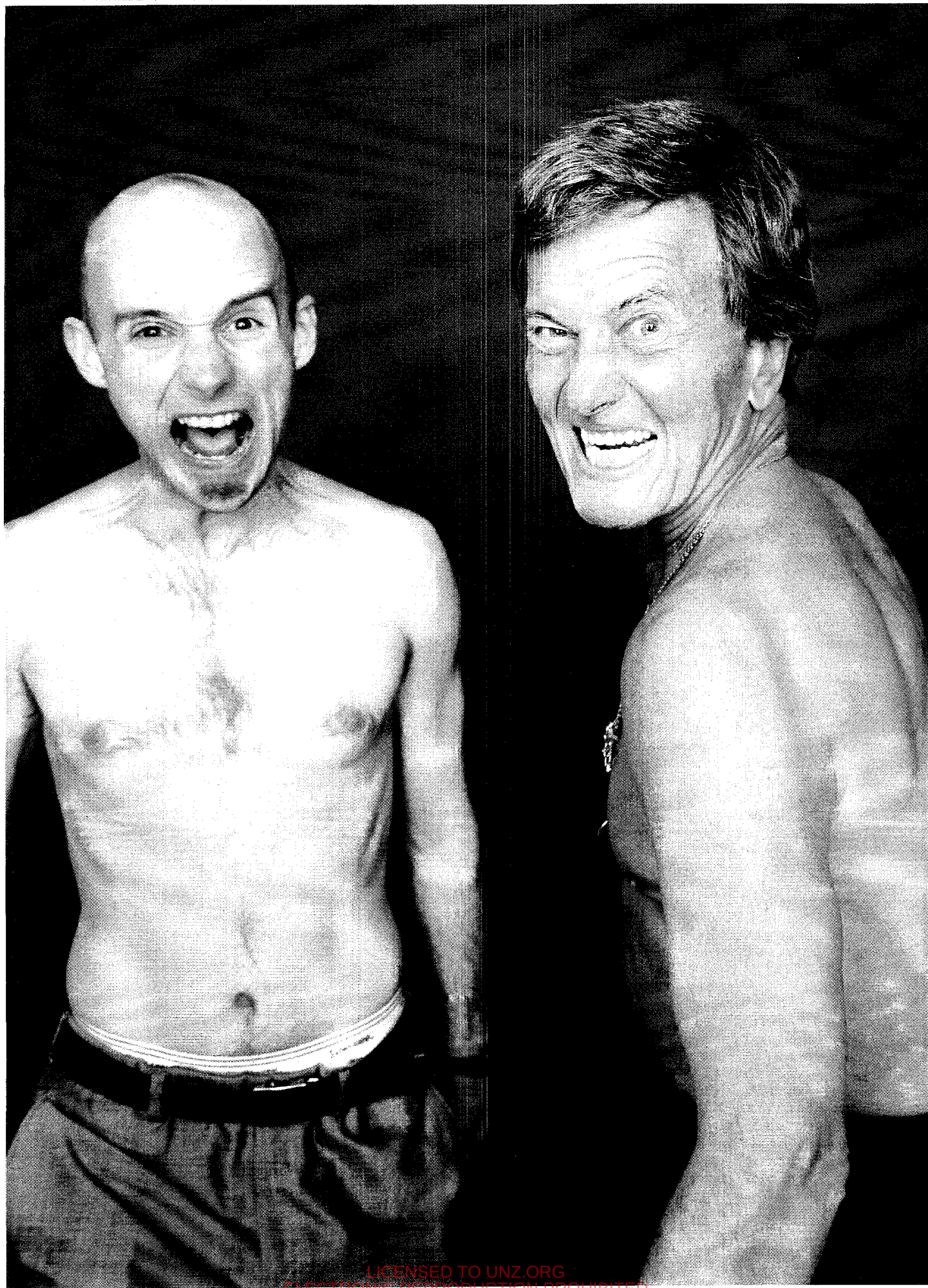
Newly minted metal-head **Moby** and balladeer-cum-headbanger **Pat Boone** on crooning vs. screaming, Metallica vs. Mariah, and the meaning of Jesus Christ. **BY ETHAN SMITH**

BARE-CHESTED IN A CENTRAL PARK SOUTH hotel room, Pat Boone and Moby are confessing insecurities to each other. "I'm so pale," says Moby, "I look like some kind of subterranean creature." That's not so far from the truth: To achieve his status as a boundary-shattering techno-pop innovator, producer, D.J., and critical darling, the 31-year-old Manhattanite has spent a lot of time in recording studios—if not underground *per se*. Stepping out of the bathroom, where he had to readjust his "coif" after shucking his black turtleneck, Boone charitably observes, "Well, you've got a lot more hair on your chest." Plucking at something invisible on his own, deeply bronzed bosom, the 62-year-old adds, "I've never grown more than one or two of 'em."

Moby has just released *Animal Rights*, an album that flies in the face of everything critics and fans have come to expect from him. Heavy on distorted guitars, an-

guished vocals, and huge-sounding drums, it's pretty much a metal album. That's exactly why he's talking to Boone, who has just released *Pat Boone in a Metal Mood: No More Mr. Nice Guy*, making these two America's only high-profile musicians brazen enough, or contrary enough, to inaugurate 1997 with a blast of heavy metal (both also happen to be descended from American icons—Boone from Daniel Boone, Moby from Herman Melville). Boone's collection of big-band versions of male-adolescent perennials like Ozzy Osbourne's "Crazy Train" and Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven" is a novelty record in the purest sense: He recorded it because, after he'd built a career on sanitizing R&B and country tunes for mainstream ears and singing pop-ified gospel songs for fellow born-again, heavy metal was one of the few genres that Boone had never tackled. (It is also a genre that, commercially and artistically, the music industry currently regards as beneath contempt: just a hazy, spandex-clad memory from the indulgent eighties. Which

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR NEW YORK



makes the freshness, energy, and originality that both CDs exude all the more surprising.) *No More Mr. Nice Guy* was Boone's first album to crack *Billboard's* top 200 in over 30 years; it also landed him in a lot of hot water with his current constituency. Last month, reacting to Boone's leather-clad appearance with Alice Cooper on the American Music Awards, the Christian Trinity Broadcasting Network announced it was dropping his weekly television program, *Gospel America*, until he goes on the air to "explain" the episode. *New York's* Ethan Smith met up with the pair last week.

Pat Boone: Can I start by saying that I'm really delighted to meet you, and I've been listening to *Animal Rights* a lot, a good bit.

Moby: It's a strange record.

P.B.: It's strange, but very impressive. I love those songs. I got very emotional listening to "Love Song for My Mom."

Moby: The other day, I saw my mom for the first time in a couple of months. I'd sent her a copy of the CD, and I thought *she'd* be moved by that song. I imagined her, like, vacuuming the living room, listening to it and getting choked up. And instead she was like, "Oh, that's nice." Maybe it will hit her later.

Ethan Smith: It's sort of remarkable that you've both come out with these heavy-metal-themed albums when that's not exactly what's topping the charts right now.

Moby: I kind of missed it when it was happening. I was a punk-rocker in the late seventies-early eighties, and the notion of paying attention to heavy metal was sort of anathema from an ideological point of view. Coming back to it now, I think, aside from the kitsch factor, there's more substance there than I had imagined.

P.B.: Well, that's a discovery I made, too, in spades [laughs]. Because I was even more ignorant than you. In the past, I criticized a lot of these people out of my ignorance. But I've found there's something really nice, even admirable, about Alice Cooper, Ozzy, Rolling Stones, Metallica, Madonna, Cher. I thought they were bad influences on young people, not using their positions responsibly. Now I'm being lumped in with them. Religious people are saying, "You're a leper; get out of here."

So what changed for each of you?

P.B.: What got me into heavy metal was my musicians saying, "Let's go into the studio and do something different." I said, "What do you think I could do I haven't done a dozen times? I've done gospel, folk, R&B, movie themes, country." And they said, "You never did any heavy metal." So we just laughed. It was a joke! Then my conductor gave me a tape, and I felt like I'd stumbled into King Solomon's mine. Every one of these songs was tremendous, and I could hear it being done with the big-band arrangement.

Moby: Doing electronic music live gets really tiresome. The songs are exactly the same every night. And I had to admit to myself that as much as I love electronic music, there is something profoundly satisfying about a guy playing guitar and singing. When I was writing *Animal Rights*, I was taking my basic emotional states really seriously, which is ultimately how I define adolescence. You never feel more intensely in your life than when you're an adolescent.

P.B.: Well, man, I hope I never grow up. My poor wife has despaired of me ever growing up! We're both 62, and she feels like she's 62. But I feel and think pretty much like a kid.



So you started getting into Guns N' Roses, Metallica . . .

P.B.: Right. But I couldn't bring the CDs home—I couldn't let my wife see the covers. That would've been the end! Moby, let me ask you about the singing. You sing in a way that seems like it would absolutely strip your gears. If I tried to sing with the—I don't know if it's intensity, or rage, or whether it's just desperation. But it seems to me that you just throw all technique to the wind.

Moby: I think that's because I'm not a good singer. The only thing I can do is shout.

P.B.: Now, when you're through a few takes of something, are you hoarse? Can you talk?

Moby: The more I do it, the easier it becomes. Like, right now if I was to try and go record something, my voice would go like *that* because I haven't screamed in a couple of months.

P.B.: So you actually *develop* the scream.

Moby: Yes. On tour, when you're doing six shows in a week.

P.B.: So you were crooning, opening for Soundgarden.

Moby: I wish—I'm so jealous of people who can sing well. That's such a remarkable ability. I had to learn how to scream, because I recognize my limitations. I can't croon.

P.B.: [Laughs.] That's funny, because right now, so many critics are putting me down mercilessly because I don't sound like Axl Rose. As if that's what I was going for! These critics—I won't name names, because they are dull-witted and senile, and they deserve sympathy, not censure. But it baffles me that they are comparing me to the originals—as if they thought listeners are going to do that, too.

Moby: Not when your reinterpretations are so completely different. I can't imagine anyone in their right mind would compare your version to the original. And I thought the vocals on the album were amazing. But then again, it's just that I have this reverence for people who can croon.

P.B.: If the song called for a little growl or a little whatever, I would try to do it. Harry Connick, Tom Jones, maybe even Frank—I think any of them could've done what I did, if they'd thought of it . . .

Moby: People are not nearly as prejudiced in their tastes as they're made out to be. The average listener will respond to

anything as long as it affects them—be it Metallica or the Macarena, or the Monks of Santo Domingo or Mariah Carey . . .

P.B.: Right.

Moby: As long as it affects them on some emotional level, they'll buy the record, regardless of whether it's, you know, a white artist or a bunch of monks or a black artist or . . .

P.B.: I think performers today have to take risks—we have to be fighters, or we get nowhere. In the old days, Perry Como and Bing Crosby just sang and people loved them. They didn't have to do anything but show up once in a while and perform, and then go play golf. But these days, you have to be a pit bull and say, "Look, this is the way I hear it; this is the way it's going to be." And so you've proven that you know what you can do, and now people will defer to you.

I understand you're both Christians.

P.B.: I think that is correct. I sure am! I'm guilty.

And, Pat, you seem to be at odds with the mainstream Christian Establishment right now.

P.B.: Yes. The mess I'm in currently is because for the last twenty years, I've been praying and asking God to show me Jesus' formula. Not only did he go into the homes of the social outcasts of his day, the sinners, and even prostitutes—I mean, the bikers and the metal-heads of his day—I suddenly now find myself, having identified with metal and metal-heads and bikers, I'm being criticized and ostracized in the same way Jesus was.

Moby: I've had magazines that don't want to talk to me because of the word *Christian*. I was signing autographs once, and someone said, "Well, I think it's really interesting that you're a Christian," and some guy standing right next to her said, "You're a *Christian*?" and just walked away.

P.B.: If you're George Harrison and you write "My Sweet Lord" and promote Krishna, it's perfectly all right. Radio stations didn't stop playing it for a second. If you're Seals & Crofts, and you want to promote the Baha'i religion, it's perfectly okay. If you're Richard Gere and follow the Dalai Lama . . .

Moby: But call yourself a Christian and—

P.B.: Boom! You're out of the business. There's nothing less commercial, as Bob Dylan sure found out! [*Laughs.*]

Moby: Black artists have it a lot easier. On the liner notes of almost every R&B and hip-hop record, it's all "Thanks to God, thanks to God," and whatever.

P.B.: Yeah.

Moby: I find that kind of patronizing. You might have some relatively erudite white journalists or record-company executives saying, "Oh, it's okay if the blacks are Christians; that's their little folk religion. But for our own people, it's unacceptable."

And the Trinity Broadcasting Network mess?

P.B.: I'll tell you exactly what it's like: Years ago, when I was doing my own television show on ABC, we booked all kinds of performers, and I'd do duets with them. I sang "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" with Ella Fitzgerald. I had Nat King Cole on, the Mills Brothers, Johnny Mathis, Harry Belafonte. And my grandparents, who grew up in the redneck South, wrote me and said, "Why do you have to have so many niggers on your show?" Here I am, so thrilled to be able to sing with these legends. And my relatives, all they see are black people, and they wonder why I want to mess around with them. I didn't get upset; I was shocked that this is my flesh and blood. But I realized they flat-out don't know any better.

That's the way it is now. These little old ladies who support TBN with their \$10-a-month contributions, they see "that nice Pat Boone; we thought he would always be a nice Christian, but now look at him—he looks like a freak and he's got those [fake] tattoos, and he's singing heavy metal! Get him off the air! He's gone berserk!" It's going to be two months before I'm on the air to explain, and they'll probably get their highest ratings ever!

Moby: It's something I deal with a lot, too: "As a Christian, how can you be involved in all this hedonism and debauch-

ery?" Well, if I were Satan, I wouldn't spend my time with guys who wear black leather and listen to metal. I would spend my time with CEOs!

P.B.: One day I was at the Sands in Las Vegas, in the steam room with this guy I knew, his name was Chick—a Jewish pornographer. He sold pornographic equipment and all kinds of devices to entertainers. And one day he said to me, "Hey, you're really serious about this Jesus business, aren't you?" And I said, "Yeah." He said, "You know, I need you to pray for me." He said, "I'm going to have to have gall-bladder surgery, and I'm scared to death, and I want you to pray for me."

I said, "Look, I will pray for you because you've asked me to. But I want you to pray. And I am going to ask God to show you in some way that he hears you." I didn't see him after that for a while, but on my last night at the Sands, the attendant brought the phone into the steam room, and it was Chick. He was so excited I could hardly understand him. He says, "Hey! I prayed. I thought God was going to strike me dead. But I went in today for the pre-operation exam, and they said they can't find the stones. They're gone!" And I said, "Hey, God knew how to get through to you, didn't he?" He says, "Yeah. What do I do now?" Then I said, "Well, get yourself a Bible." He said, "I can dig it, I can dig it!" and he hung up the phone.

[The photographer arrives and sets up the first pose, for which he gets Boone and Moby to sit slumped down on the couch.]

You guys look like Beavis and Butt-head.

P.B.: I'm Butt-head! [*Grunting*] Huh. Huh. Huh.

Moby: Have you seen the Beavis and Butt-head movie?

P.B.: No, but I probably should. I love stupid stuff!

Moby: Hey, that would make a great pull-quote for your story.

P.B.: [*Slumping further down*] I'm in a kind of hash stupor, myself. I've got white powder around my nostrils, but it's evaporated milk. Pat Boone, the Carnation dope fiend!

[Moby laughs so hard he almost falls off the couch.]

P.B.: Did you know you're talking to a guy that once had a nude scene in a movie?

Moby: You did?

P.B.: Not only was I nude, I was with a sheep! At the end of *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, I got blown out of a volcano and landed on some little Mediterranean island. Along come

Moby: If I were Satan, I
wouldn't spend my time with
metal-heads in black leather.
I'd spend it with CEOs!

these little Italian nuns; all my clothes have been blown off, and I'm covering myself with the sheep, and I'm waving at them, yelling, "Signora! Pantaloni, per favore!" [*Long silence.*] So, Moby, is there a way I can get in touch with you?

Moby: Sure. Here's all the relevant information.

P.B.: Because I've got this version of Queen's "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" that the label didn't want me to put on the album. I did it like—what's that guy's name? Bobby McFerrin. It's six tracks of my voice, with nothing else.

Moby: That sounds amazing!

P.B.: I think it's the most commercially viable thing I recorded for this. We could do a remix.

Any ideas for your next album, Pat?

P.B.: Yeah, how about *Macho Man*! Pat Boone Does the Village People? Goodbye, Christian audience!

BEST BETS

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BY CORKY POLLAN

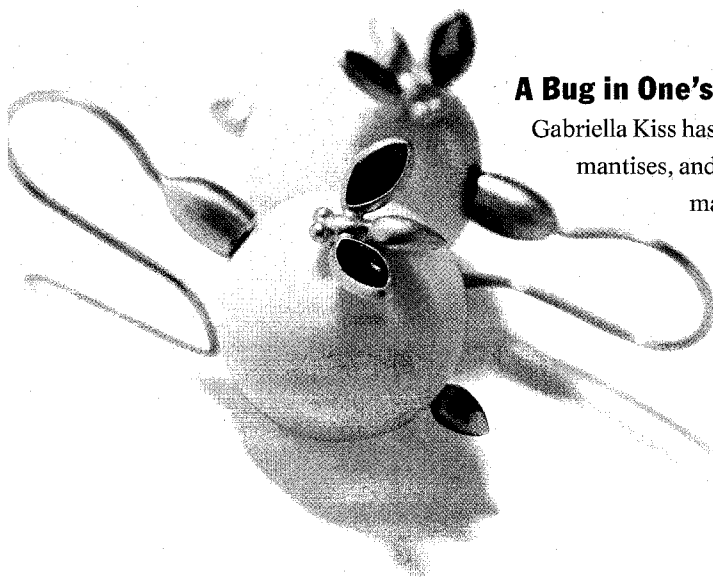


Resin d'Être

Lee Grimsbo put his art studies to good use when he was a partner in Manhattan Fruitier, creating fruit baskets that were reminiscent of Flemish still lifes. Now he's left the company to pursue the decorative arts. His frames are a take on French marouflage (a technique of applying paper to canvas), though the exact process is more complicated than most of us care to know. It involves hand-blocked and printed papers, wood, and resin: The results are these richly patterned beauties (from \$28 to \$96).

MANHATTAN FRUITIER/105 East 29th Street/686-0404

MASCOT STUDIO/328 East 9th Street/228-9090



A Bug in One's Ear

Gabriella Kiss has a thing for insects and botanicals. But the wasps, flies, praying mantises, and leaves that this New York jewelry designer handcrafts are made of gold, often set with precious and semiprecious stones.

Obviously, Kiss is a student of the natural world, but one who is also a skilled and meticulous artisan with a highly developed sense of whimsy (from \$650 for ivy-leaf earrings to \$7,500 for a necklace of gold leaves; lemon-chrysoprase-and-ruby earrings shown, \$1,950).

J. MAVEC & COMPANY, LTD./946 Madison Avenue,
near 74th Street/517-7665

Hello Kitschy

Michael Sears and Hushi Robot (his adopted, not given, name) are largely responsible for New Yorkers' ongoing craze for Japanese kitsch. They're the suppliers of Astro Boy knickknacks to such ultrahip stores as Patricia Field. Now the pair, who also design clothing wildly printed with Japanese- and American-inspired pop-culture graphics, have opened a silvery, shoe-box-size variety store of their own filled with their wares. There are vintage robots, of course, and the designers' threads (T-shirts, pants, skirts, and dresses) along with Japanese-speaking Sailor Moon clocks, Hello Kitty bath sets, Astro Boy glasses, Winky flight bags, and Popi Jet lunch boxes (from \$1 for a Popi Jet eraser to \$50 for a vintage robot to \$400 for one-of-a-kind custom-printed overalls).

SEARS AND ROBOT/
120 East 7th Street/253-8719



The Milky Way

Milk paint—which has been traced back to King Tut's tomb—was widely used during Colonial times. Though their popularity waned with the introduction of chemical binders and varnishes, the paints are now in the midst of a revival: They're eco-safe and so are ideally suited to our environmentally scrupulous modern age. Tulip, a line of arts-and-crafts products, has a version that duplicates the traditional formula (a mix of ground limestone, milk proteins, clays, and earth pigments). But the packaging—plastic milk bottles—attests to the brand's folksy crafts roots. The paints are fast-drying, odor-free, and come in 22 shades (\$5.99; one bottle mixed with water produces enough paint to cover twenty square feet).

GRACIOUS HOME/1220 Third Avenue, at 70th Street/517-6300

Globe Trotting

The Italian take on reading specs; an Indian interpretation of the lunch special; and American art's version of a tag sale.

THOSE ON THE BRINK OF connubial bliss have fortunate timing: This season's Vera Wang sample sale offers more than 750 dresses (some non-bridal), such as: ivory off-the-shoulder, was \$2,425, now \$1,050; pink satin Empire-bodice, was \$3,025, now \$750. *Hotel Pennsylvania, Penntop Ballroom, eighteenth floor, 401 Seventh Ave., near 33rd St. (575-6400); A.E., M.C., V., and N.Y. State checks with I.D.; Sat. 9-5; 3/15.*

Art of the Deal

YOU RARELY HEAR THE WORDS *fine art* and *bargain* together, unless you factor in a good cause like the Community Research Initiative on AIDS. The annual CRIA Unframed benefit sale has pieces from artists whose work typically sells for \$10,000 to \$1 million—such as Cindy Sherman, Donald Sultan, and Ross Bleckner—all except one priced at the flat rate of \$200. The presale queue forms early, but Sotheby's is providing free coffee and doughnuts. *Charles Cowles Gallery, 420 West Broadway (924-3934); M.C., V., and checks with I.D.; Sat. 10-4; 3/15.*

A Pressing Need

NOT ONLY IS THE TASK INTIMIDATING TO some, but getting someone else to do it for you runs you about \$5 a pop. The Corby Electric Trousers Press—one of those stand-up, hotel-room contraptions—does the deed in a jiffy. Hammacher Schlemmer charges \$329.95, but the distributor is now offering it for \$139 (plus \$15 shipping). *Call 800-222-2306; 3/10-5/1, or while supplies last.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Must Have It was at an optical show in Mido, Italy, that shop owner Sheera Gluck stumbled upon these handsome reading glasses. At \$35 (\$40 for the shades that don't leave a tan line), you can tote them to the beach and not worry if you lose them to a wave. (SheerOptics, 1268 Madison Avenue; 987-9898.)

City Council

A BRIEF FORAY INTO THE COUNCIL THRIFT Shop's new 84th Street location yielded an APC wool mini with a \$4 price tag—just the sort of yard-sale steal you can always find here. But this Thursday, out comes the spring inventory, with vintage couture like a Pucci bag, a seventies Yves Saint Laurent silk dress, and a Judith Leiber purse, as well as designerwear: Donna Karan pantsuit, \$345; Calvin Klein gown, \$245. *Council Thrift Shop, 246 E. 84th St. (439-8373); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 5, Sun. noon-5; 3/13-4/14.*

The Spice Guys

A HALF-PRICE LUNCH MENU ADDS SERIOUS spice to Baluchi's Indian fare. The restaurant's four outposts, which Zagat puts in the "top Indian" category, price

their entire menu at 50 percent off between noon and 3 for those who eat in. *Baluchi's, 1565 Second Ave., near 81st St. (288-4810); 193 Spring St. (226-2828); 361 Sixth Ave., near Washington Pl. (929-2441); 283 Columbus Ave., near 73rd St. (579-3900); A.E., M.C., V., and checks.*

Simon Says

SIMON'S HARDWARE & BATH, purveyors of the finest breeds of hardware, is discounting its Omnia Industries merchandise by 35 to 70 percent: colored-glass cabinet knob, was \$13.50, now \$8.10; brass toilet-tissue holder, was \$46.50, now \$30.22. *Simon's Hardware & Bath, 421 Third Ave., at 29th St. (532-9220); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Mon.-Fri. 8-5:30, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10-6; 3/10-29.*

Going Down

THE DOWNTOWN SAMPLE SALE snips 50 to 75 percent off the retail price of labels such as

Fendissime (by Fendi), Boneville, 2B!, Stone Island, Jussara Lee, Pixie Yates, and others. And downtown trendmeister Steven Alan is pitching in some of his threads as well. For example, Rebecca Danenberg pants, were \$120, now \$35; Fendissime top, was \$110, now \$45. *The Downtown Sample Sale, 212 W. 35th St., penthouse (620-8180); A.E., M.C., V; Mon.-Fri. 10-7; 3/10-14.*

The Cole Mine

R. V. COLE, A STORE FILLED WITH SIMPLE, contemporary wood furniture, is putting many of its handcrafted pieces on sale: Italian walnut mini-armoire, was \$1,375, now \$1,030; solid-ash twin bed, was \$700, now \$399; oak desk, was \$820, now \$499. *R. V. Cole, 114 E. 32nd St. (481-5566); M.C., V; Mon.-Sat. 10-6, Thurs. till 8, Sun. noon-5; 3/15-29.*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

The Sting

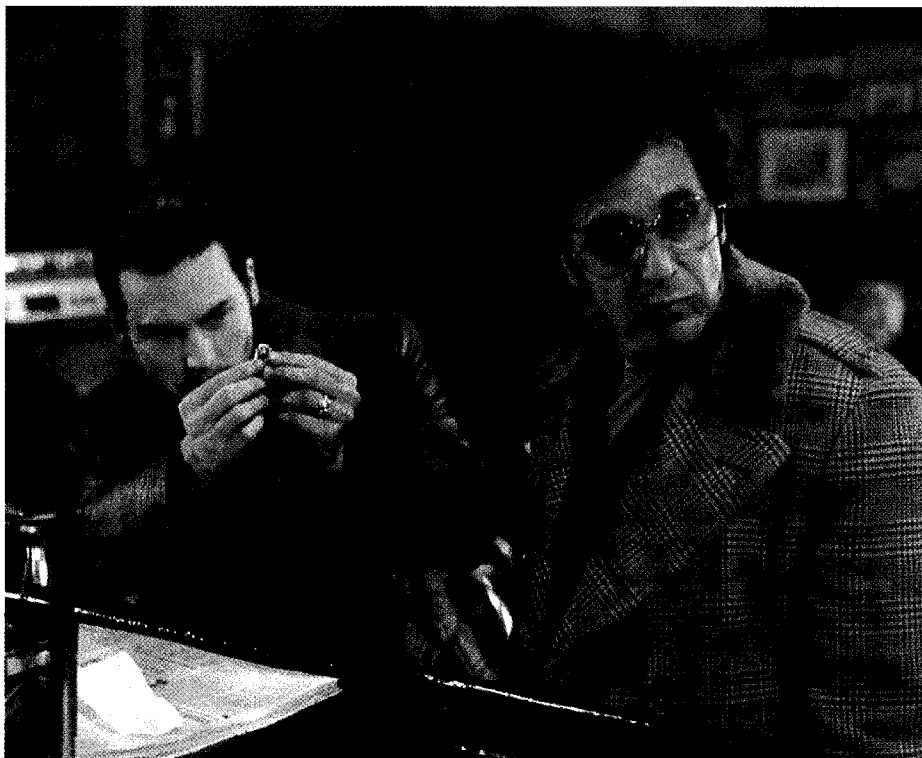
As a fading hit man and his suspiciously eager protégé, Pacino and Depp deftly balance melancholy and Mafia swagger in 'Donnie Brasco.'

WHAT AM I GONNA DO with a truckload of razor blades?" wails one of the minor thugs in **Donnie Brasco**, the serious and touching new film about the Mafia directed by Mike Newell.

Set in the late seventies and early eighties, and based on a true story, *Donnie Brasco* catches the mob at a period of confusion and relative decline. In Brooklyn, a crew of "soldiers" (made men, but nowhere near the top) hang out in the back of their dark little social club and play cards and struggle to meet the weekly "vig"—the \$50,000 owed regularly to higher-ups for granting the boys control of the territory. These men are not crime lords but thieves and murderers imprisoned by myths that have long since worn out. When one of the great chiefs goes by, the men's jaws drop; they are as awestruck as real soldiers might have been by, say, the appearance of Douglas MacArthur. God walks the earth—with a cigar, no less. But God, it turns out, regards the believers as mere fodder. The men are part of a machine, held in place by medieval codes of loyalty that are both absolute and incomprehensible. Betrayal seems an inevitable part of "loyalty." You are loyal up to the moment at which you murder the friend you've been working with for years.

Donnie Brasco isn't a satire, nor is it nostalgic for the great old days of the mob (nostalgia made Martin Scorsese's last mob movie, *Casino*, seem a little off). *Donnie Brasco* is a bloody gangster film about corrupt and stupid men, but it has the honesty to avoid inflating its subject. The ace screenwriter Paul Attanasio (*Quiz Show*, *Disclosure*) examines all the fascinating ambiguities of "loyalty," and he's acute on minor details of protocol and linguistic etiquette, such as the difference, when introducing a new man to mob elders, between the phrases "This is a friend of mine" and "This is a friend of ours." An insider patiently explains to outsiders the five separate meanings of "Fuhgedaboudit!" Such niceties are paramount in closed societies, though in this particular society blood threats linger around the words. And Attanasio has built a wonderful emblematic figure—a new movie icon of failure—out of the mobster Lefty Ruggiero (Al Pacino).

Lefty is a longtime hit man, but his authority is now dwindling; he's been repeatedly passed over, and he grumbles like a corporate hotshot who got a corner office when young but somehow never made vice-president. Everyone has heard his complaints, and no one



cares. When Lefty meets an outsider, the svelte young jewel thief Donnie Brasco (Johnny Depp), who listens to him and seems to admire him, he warms to Donnie immediately. Lefty desperately needs a protégé, and Donnie seems to have all the right instincts. Lefty sets about getting the young man accepted into the mob. What he doesn't realize is that Donnie is an FBI agent.

Donnie Brasco is based on the adventures of the real-life FBI mole Joe Pistone, and the material is not altogether fresh. We've seen these mole stories before, and we're familiar with their tensions and conflicts. The picture isn't an event or a work of art; it's just a very solid and entertaining movie. It sticks to its business, it's well-acted, the milieu seems true—so true that it's funny—and the details are closely observed and startling. Donnie, wearing a tape recorder in his boot, refuses to take off his shoes at a tradition-bound Japanese restaurant and stands by while his mob friends beat up a persistent *maitre d'* who wants the shoes removed. What's horrifying about the moment is its ambiguity: Johnny Depp, with a few glances, manages to suggest that Donnie, a cop, enjoys his power in the mob, even the power to get an innocent waiter beaten up.

At the heart of the movie is the relationship between two characters, and two actors. Pacino wears an awful little hat—a small-timer's porkpie—and he

Fodder for the mob: Mafia soldiers Johnny Depp and Al Pacino in Mike Newell's *Donnie Brasco*.



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looks exhausted, with sunken but glittering eyes and a hoarse voice. His Lefty blusters a lot, but he's a frightened man. He may kill people (on orders), but he knows that the day will come when he will be whacked himself. "When you're called for, you go," he explains to Donnie, as if that were all there is to say. Pacino's performance is a beautiful piece of work—moving, in part, because it is offered utterly without irony or condescension. Lefty may be a murdering fool, but Pacino knows that even a fool longs for dignity and tries to justify himself. At some level, Lefty senses that everyone in the mob is finally out for himself, but he's stuck—he's got to believe in the myths because he's got nowhere to go (turning informer like Joe Valachi or Henry Hill is not possible for him). If he can get Donnie to believe with him, then he will feel he isn't a failure. Pacino makes Lefty a pathetic but almost lovable man—a murderer who refuses to be cynical. The performance is perhaps the most melancholy of his career, the most convincingly fatalistic.

Johnny Depp's handsome, Kabuki-mask face has held our interest in weird or preposterous roles in *Edward Scissorhands*, *Benny & Joon*, and *Don Juan DeMarco*. In this film, he says good-bye to his gentle-

flower act, which is a relief. This actor can move: As Donnie, he's very graceful, with a knifelike speed in violent moments. We can believe that the mob might take him for a tough, ambitious young hood—he has the wariness and the self-confidence that creates an aura. And Depp's emotional reticence works for the role. We can't tell after a while whether Donnie wants to nail these hoods or become one of them. He's in very deep, caught in the stupid but mesmerizing tangle of betrayal and violence. The rubouts, the beatings, the eroticized power—it tops anything his family, even his sexy wife (Anne Heche), can offer him. Donnie doesn't want to live without that danger and excitement, and he turns his family feelings to Lefty, who needs him.

Who is Mike Newell? It's a pleasant mystery. The talented British director has given us the ice-cold, blue-shadowed erotophobia of *Dance With a Stranger*, the anguished realism of *The Good Father*, the stumbling, ramshackle cheerfulness of *Four Weddings and a Funeral*: all good films, but each in a different style. Newell may be a master without a style—for critics and filmgoers, an anti-auteurist's auteur. In *Donnie Brasco*, Newell doesn't take many risks with the camera. There are no wild flights, no outbreaks of Scorsesean poetry. But his movie is coherent and emotionally satisfying—a good, realistic gangster film, just when everyone thought the genre was exhausted.

MOVIES

BOOKS MIM UDOVITCH

The Evil Dads

The hurt suffered by Kathryn Harrison and Mia Farrow at the hands of the men in their life is unimaginable—and, apparently, undescribable.

The Kiss

BY KATHRYN HARRISON
Random House; 224 pages; \$20

What Falls Away

BY MIA FARROW
Doubleday; 370 pages; \$25

OKAY. LET IT FIRST BE SAID THAT IF KATHRYN Harrison, whose memoir *The Kiss* tells the story of the incestuous relationship she had with her father between the ages of 20 and 24, wants to make this experience the centerpiece of her published work, be it fictional, nonfictional, pictographic, or a series of rhyming billboards on the Garden State Parkway, the emotional, moral, and financial implications of this decision are nobody's business but hers. She has in fact told virtually the same story in fictional form with her debut novel, the pleasantly readable *Thicker Than Water*, as well as a variation on the theme in her second, the abrasively unreadable *Exposure*. (In her third book, a historical novel called *Poison*, the narrator sleeps with a priest, a father of a different kind.)

But mine is a minority opinion, if the several prominent prepublication dissections of the author's possible motives for writing this book are any indication of consensus. There's been a lot of hand-wringing about the impact *The Kiss* might have on Harrison's children, and while no one has gone so far as to suggest outright that Harrison had sex with her father in her twenties in order to advance her career at a later date, this was definitely the subtext of at least one editorial on the subject. That the publications in which these chastisements appeared themselves routinely tell stories as scandalous as Harrison's raises a very nineties question: Who controls the narrative? Well, Oprah. Let's move on.

So, *The Kiss* is a book that seems destined to be received mostly for its extraliterary entertainment value, perhaps because it is a rather pallid piece of work. Harrison is the child of teenage parents who separated in her infancy. She was raised primarily by her maternal grandparents, and had just enough involvement with her negligent, se-

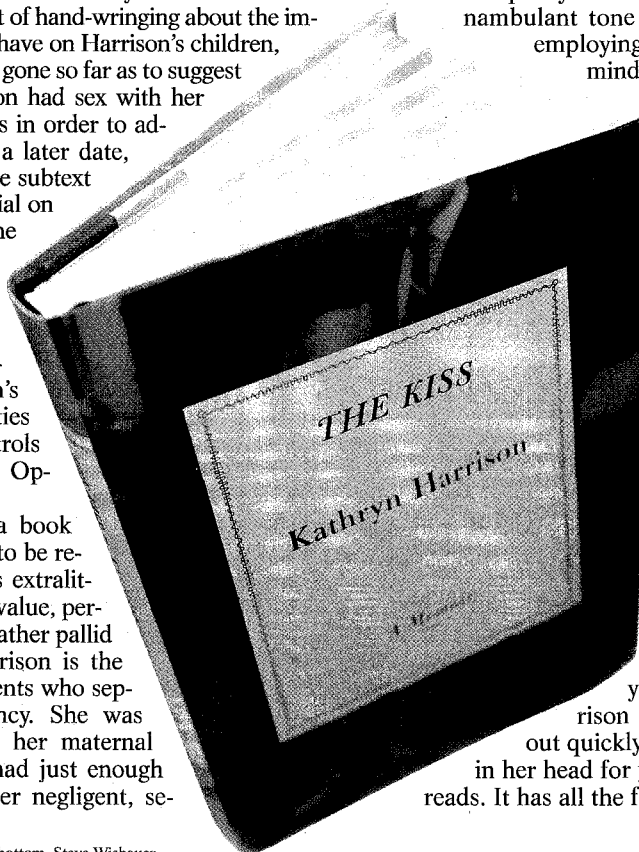
ductive mother to establish a longing for more that must have amounted to a permanent low-boil torture. Although she saw her father on two or three occasions in childhood, they were more or less estranged until the author was 20, when the titular kiss, involving tongue, occurred.

The period of sexual involvement that followed was in many ways typical of father-daughter incest, with the emotional coercion made possible, despite Harrison's nominally having reached an age of independence, by the profundity of her parentless neediness. (And, I think it fair to say—since the sex ended with the death of her mother, who suspected the affair—by the extremity of her anger at her other parent.)

This is obviously an awful story in life; but in art, even gothic and dreadful pain is only as interesting as what the artist brings to it. Harrison brings a mannered, accomplished technique, which, though not my cup of tea, is executed with precision and grace. What she fails to bring is any sense of rigorous engagement with her material.

This is partly because of the remote, almost somnambulant tone I imagine she's intentionally employing to convey her then-state of mind. But *The Kiss* is also padded

with questions that are not really questions, anecdotes that are burnished to a little too high a literary gloss to retain their human complexity, and artful, thoughtless writing. "I'm always trudging after him over expanses of stained carpet and dull linoleum" goes one typically ominous example. "The walls around us warn of illegal transport. Arrows point to baggage claims and taxi stands. Everywhere there are small blue signs bearing international symbols for food, first aid, toilets." This is an awful lot of breath to waste unless your subject is the trauma to which you were subjected in your youth by an airport. Harrison has said that this book came out quickly because she'd been writing it in her head for years, and that's finally how it reads. It has all the facility, in both its positive and



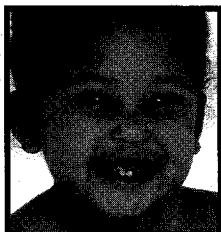
Kathryn Harrison can't get her incestuous relationship with her father out of her head—or on the page.

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negative connotations, of (to cop a line from Joan Didion) a story you tell yourself in order to live.

There has not been much hand-wringing about the potential impact Mia Farrow's book *What Falls Away* might have on her children, although she's got plenty of them, and I believe that this is because (a) the potential negative impact of this or that on Mia Farrow's children is yesterday's news and (b) Oprah. Like Harrison, Farrow adopts a dreamy, remote voice that is soothingly compatible with her on-screen air of placid drama. Like Harrison, but with far less reason for it, she gives the impression of being a remarkably passive presence in her own life. And her accounts of her motivations and personal agency in the messier parts of her life are a shade too pat to be compelling.

Of course, unlike Harrison, she was married to Frank Sinatra and was one of the central players in a tabloid drama that obsessed the nation. Not coincidentally, *What Falls Away* is a best-seller, and as high-class dish, it's a lot of fun, especially the icy sweet insincerity with which Farrow dices, cubes, and disposes of Allen, daintily hurling the book's appendix—an excoriating judgment against him in the New York State Supreme Court custody suit reprinted in its entirety—in his general direction on her way out the door.

As Farrow represents it, Allen was an unmitigated, self-serving creep from day one. It's easy to believe in the objective truth of this assertion: Even if one leaves aside such contested issues as his affair with Farrow's adopted teenage daughter Soon-Yi Previn and the allegations that he molested his own adopted daughter, any man of Allen's age and appearance who is capable of casting Julia Roberts as his own love interest is clearly flying blind from self-regard.

However, shame though it seems to take so fabulously effective and enjoyable a piece of sentimental propaganda as *What Falls Away* seriously, it is frankly not credible that the way Farrow calls it in this book is the only way she ever saw it; she stayed with the man for twelve years. Likewise, it seems implausible that Farrow, a great beauty all her life, really perceived Allen's affair with Soon-Yi solely as an "atrocious . . . committed against our family" without also experiencing it as an act of sexual rejection that must have been so painful that springs were coming out of her head. Finally, though it hardly dilutes the voyeuristic pleasures to be derived from Farrow's—or Allen's—various public facsimiles of self-examination to know this, *What Falls Away* is as predictable as a stump speech, and about as revealing.

Really, the only person in this particular narrative of the American family that it might be interesting to hear from is the silent Soon-Yi. Oprah?

BOOKS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

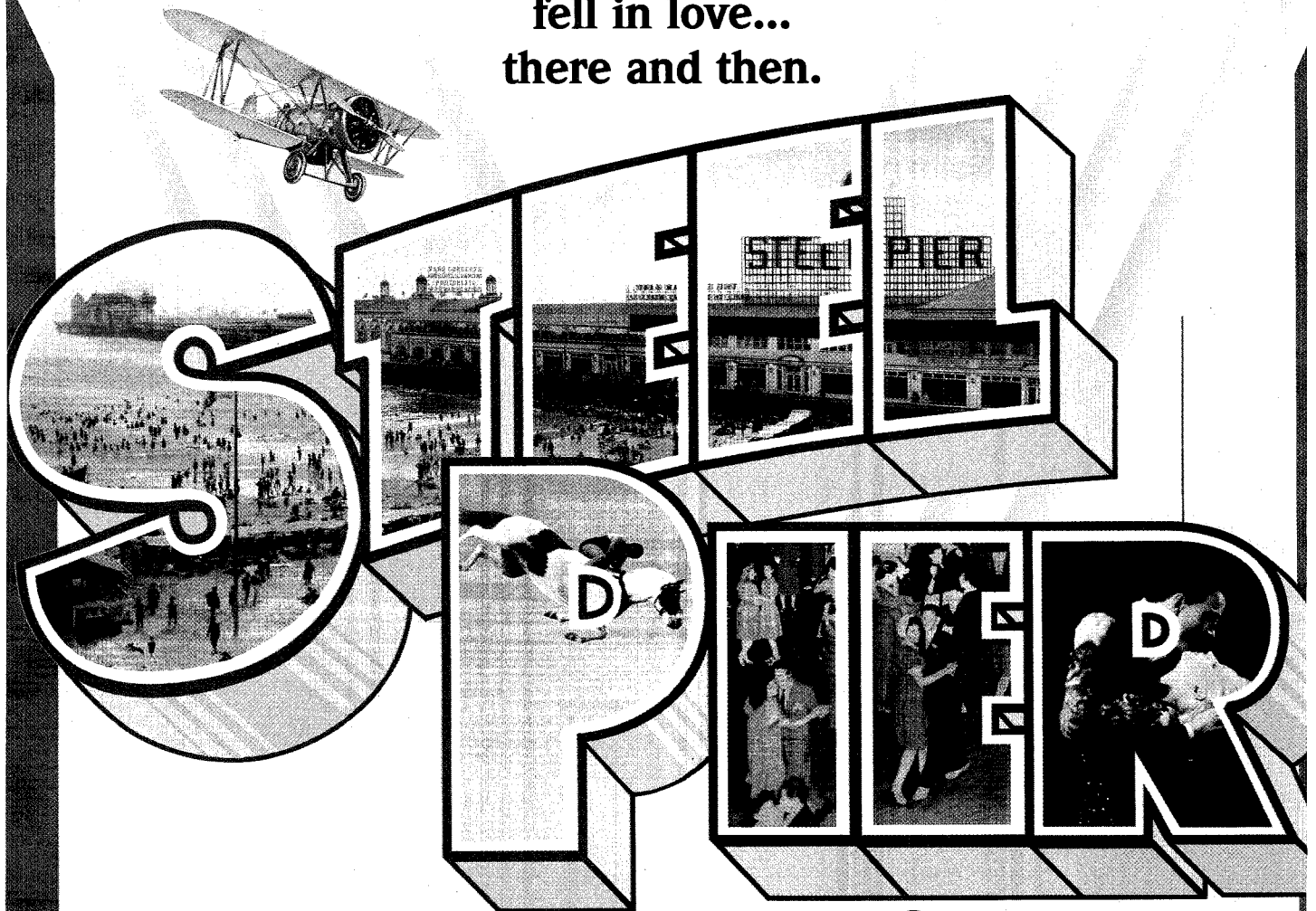
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Dream

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Photography Carol Rosegg

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ANNIE

Who doesn't adore that little red-headed orphan? Well, now she's back to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the show's opening in New York. The big news is that Nell Carter (pictured far right) will be joining the cast as the wickedly funny Miss Hannigan. In her typically over-the-top fashion, Carter guarantees to bring tremendous energy, sass, and humor to the role. In honor of the show's 20th anniversary, the production features a brand-new song to showcase the talents of the devilish Miss Hannigan. The original Broadway production won seven Tony Awards, and ran for 2,377 performances. It became the 11th longest-running show in Broadway history. For its anniversary celebration, *Annie* is brought back to Broadway by its original creators: Martin Charnin (director/lyricist), Charles Strouse (music), Thomas Meehan (book), and Peter Gennaro (choreographer).



Annie

Martin Beck Theatre
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ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

Based on Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*, the musical comedy *Once Upon A Mattress* is adapted for Broadway, starring Sarah Jessica Parker in the role of Princess Winnifred. This family show, originally developed in 1959, with music by Mary Rodgers and lyrics by Marshall Barer, finds a royal kingdom in the midst of a desperate search to find a suitable bride for Prince Dauntless. The Prince's mother, Queen Aggravain, has devised a series of impossible tests which suitors, including the unstoppable Princess Winnifred, must overcome in order to win the Prince's hand. Parker's Princess Winnifred is joined by Mary Lou Rosato as Queen Aggravain, David Aaron Baker as Prince Dauntless, and Heath Lamberts as King Sextimus. Book by Jay Thompson, Marshall Barer, and Dean Fuller. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez.

Photography (this page) Carol Rosegg/Joan Marcus

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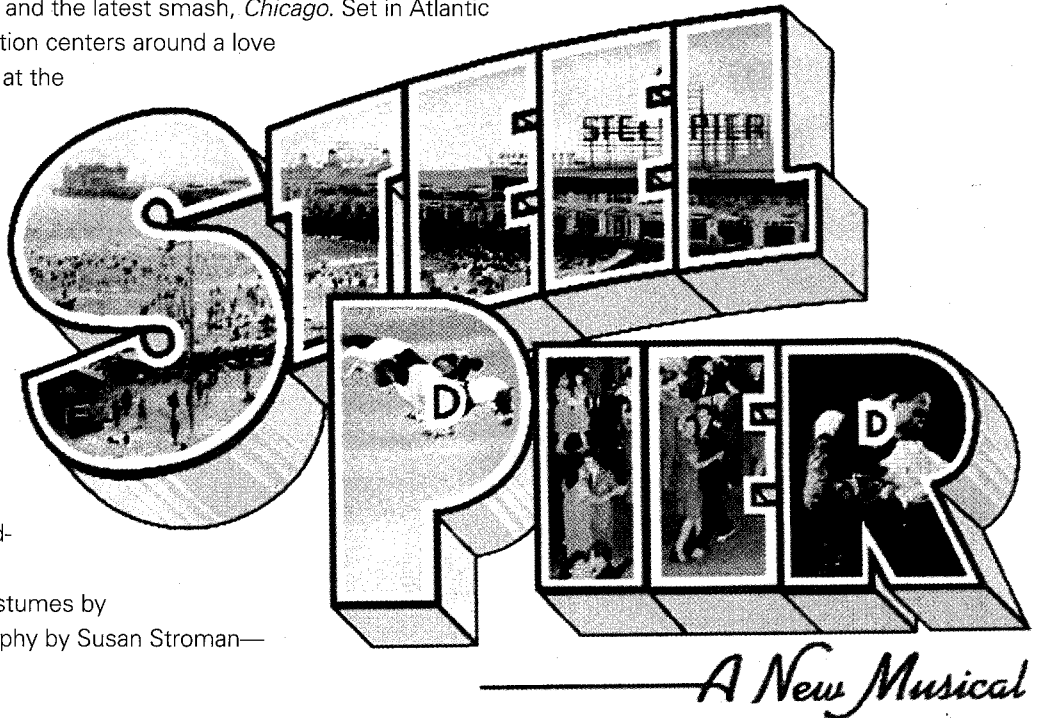
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STEEL PIER

Expectations are running high for *Steel Pier*, the new musical extravaganza created by John Kander and Fred Ebb, the dynamic duo behind *Cabaret*, *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, and the latest smash, *Chicago*. Set in Atlantic City in the 1930s, much of the action centers around a love that blooms at a dance marathon at the legendary boardwalk dubbed the Steel Pier. The elaborate \$7.5 million production, based on the book by David Thompson, pulls out all the stops on April 24. The show recreates an era when dance marathons, beauty pageants, and top performers, including Benny Goodman and Guy Lombardo, made Atlantic City's Steel Pier a hub of excitement. Directed by Scott Ellis, the show features a cast of 30, including Gregory Harrison and Karen Ziemba. Sets by Tony Walton, costumes by William Ivey Long, and choreography by Susan Stroman—all Tony Award-winners.



Steel Pier

Richard Rodgers Theatre
226 West 46th Street
Previews March 27, Opens April 24
Tickets are available through Ticketmaster 212/307-4100



MINOR DEMONS

Minor Demons, a modern morality tale by Bruce Graham, inaugurates Off-Broadway's new Century Theatre on March 16. Set in a small town, the play is about a high-powered lawyer who is thrust into the limelight when he accepts a controversial murder case. He represents a 16-year-old boy accused of murdering a female classmate and is forced into an adversarial role with his childhood friend, the chief of police. The case hangs on the improper collection of evidence and begs the question: Should an accused murderer be released on a technicality? In light of the evidence-tampering charges made in the O.J. Simpson murder case, the conflict of *Minor Demons* is eerily apropos.

Minor Demons

Century Theatre
111 East 15th Street
Previews March 4, Opens March 16
Tickets are available through Telecharge 212/239-6200

Photography Carol Rosegg

9A

When

it

comes

to

great

songs,

Johnny Mercer

wrote

the

book.

DREAM

starring

LESLEY ANN WARREN

also starring

John Pizzarelli

and

Margaret Whiting

Based on the lyrics of

Johnny Mercer

Music by

Harold Arlen Rube Bloom
Hoagy Carmichael Walter Donaldson
Duke Ellington Ziggy Elman
Bernie Hanighen Jerome Kern
Matt Malneck Henry Mancini
Johnny Mercer David Raskin
Victor Schertzinger Billy Strayhorn
James Van Heusen Harry Warren
Richard Whiting

Directed and Choreographed by

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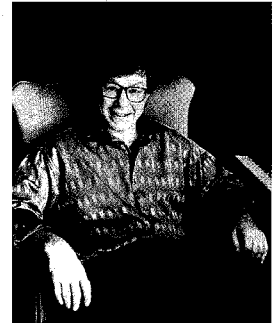
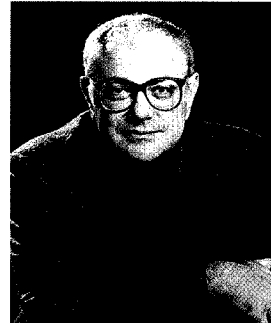
A new musical

TITANIC

Eighty-five years after the Titanic first sailed into history, the story behind the legendary maiden voyage surfaces on Broadway as a new musical entitled *Titanic*. The story and book are by Academy Award and Tony Award-winner Peter Stone (photo near right). Music and lyrics are by Tony Award-winner Maury Yeston (photo far right). The itinerary took the great ship, the R.M.S. Titanic, from Southampton, England to Cherbourg, France, then to Queenstown, Ireland, and finally out to sea where it intended to break the world's record for crossing the Atlantic. The story focuses on the characters—rich and poor, devoted parents, exhausted servants, experienced crew, ecstatic lovers, and desperate dreamers. The backdrop of grandeur and glamour that made every American multi-millionaire reserve a first-class state-room on the Titanic comes alive on stage. The music and melody help to create the feeling that during the four-day voyage, life was carefree, the crossing perfectly smooth, the passengers eager for their arrival in New York, until the fateful evening of April 14th. . . .

Titanic

Lunt-Fontanne Theatre
205 West 46th Street
Previews March 27, Opens April 23
Tickets are available through Ticketmaster 212/307-4100



THE LIFE

Taking place in the early 1980s, Cy Coleman's *The Life* is the heroic tale of a New York City prostitute who struggles to free herself from the seedy world of streetwalkers and hustlers. Coleman, a leading Broadway composer for 40 years, reunites with director Michael Blakemore (*City of Angels*) and raises the curtain on 42nd Street in the days when Times Square was known as the sex center of the city—with porn shops, "live shows," topless bars and, of course, pimps and prostitutes. And yet, behind the flashy facade of that world, real human dramas took place, and real love stories played out. *The Life* provides a bluesy glimpse into the lives of 11 Times Square "citizens," including (from left to right) Bellamy Young, Sam Harris, Pamela Isaacs, and Lillias White. It is a haunting musical depiction of their sheer determination to survive the streets and rise above trying circumstances.

The Life

Barrymore Theatre
243 West 47th Street
Previews begin April 8, Opens April 26
Tickets are available through
Telecharge 212/239-6200



Photography Anna Palma



"EVERYBODY LOVES SARAH JESSICA!"

-Liz Smith, Syndicated Columnist

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- Clive Barnes, NY Post

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THE KING and I



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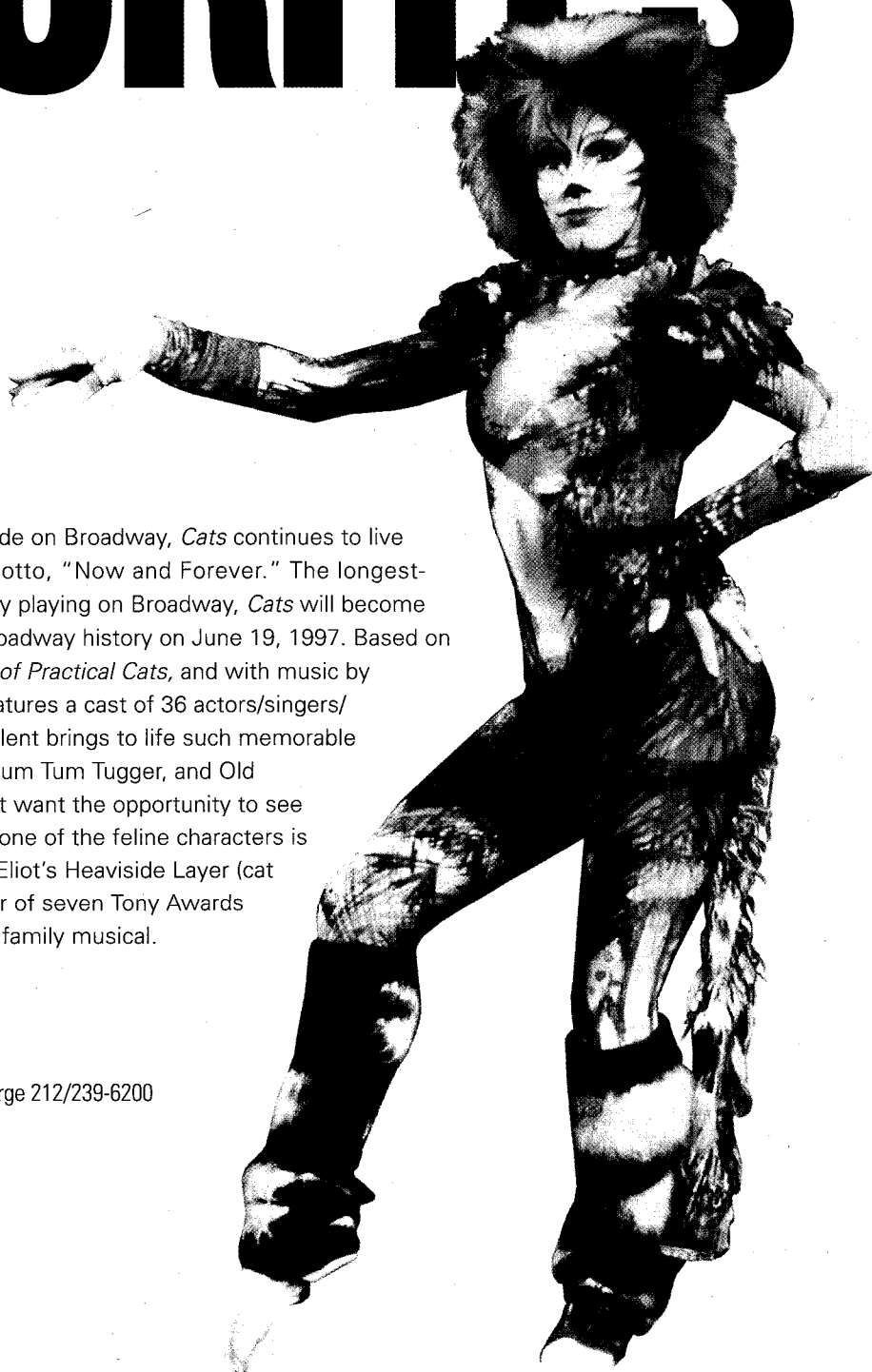
OLD FAVORITES

CATS

Now in its second decade on Broadway, *Cats* continues to live up to its legendary motto, "Now and Forever." The longest-running show currently playing on Broadway, *Cats* will become the longest-running show in Broadway history on June 19, 1997. Based on T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, and with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, *Cats* features a cast of 36 actors/singers/dancers. This combination of talent brings to life such memorable Eliot characters as Grizabella, Rum Tum Tugger, and Old Deuteronomy. And who doesn't want the opportunity to see *Cats'* climactic moment, when one of the feline characters is chosen to magically ascend to Eliot's Heaviside Layer (cat heaven). No wonder this winner of seven Tony Awards has become America's favorite family musical.

Cats

Winter Garden Theatre
1634 Broadway
Ongoing
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Photography Martha Swope

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A black and white photograph of Whoopi Goldberg dressed as a cat, with long dark dreadlocks and a white cat mask. She is wearing a white sweater with a dark collar and is making a hand gesture. To her right are three wooden signs. The top sign reads "BROADWAY'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER!" with "Joel Siegel, WABC-TV" below it. The middle sign reads "WHOOPI GOLDBERG in A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM". The bottom sign provides ticket information: "FOR EXACT SEAT LOCATIONS Tele-charge (212) 239-6200 Outside Metro NY: (800) 432-7250 Groups: (212) 302-7000/(800) 677-1164 Tues. Sat. at 8, Wed. & Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 ST. JAMES THEATRE 246 West 44th Street Cast recording available on Broadway Angel Records".

Photo: Joan Marcus

"BROADWAY'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER!"
Joel Siegel, WABC-TV

WHOOPI GOLDBERG
in
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED
ON THE WAY TO THE
FORUM

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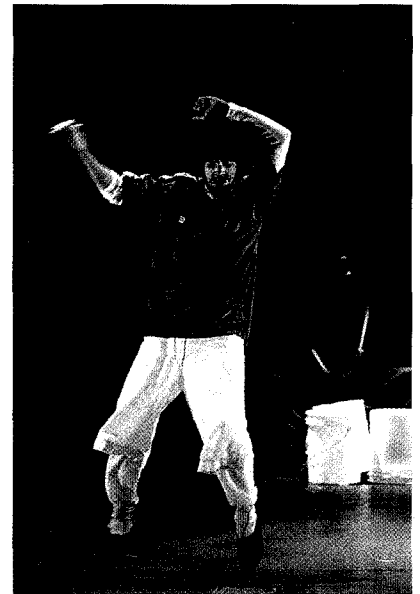
BRING IN 'DA NOISE, BRING IN 'DA FUNK

Winning the 1996 Tony Award for best choreography, Savion Glover, star of *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk*, developed the high-spirited musical with George C. Wolfe (Tony Award-winner for Best Direction). Through the rhythms of tap, the show celebrates the history of the "beat" and black America. Glover teams up with fellow tap dancers Omar A. Edwards, Dulé Hill, Jimmy Tate, Joe Webb, and New York City's famed subway bucket drummers Jared "J.R." Crawford and Raymond King, among others. Combining text and original songs performed by Ann Duquesnay, the show recreates the origin of tap, and takes audiences on an historical journey. With primal energy, the cast transports audiences from the era of slavery through emancipation. It is an exhilarating experience.

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk

Ambassador Theatre
219 West 49th Street
Ongoing

Tickets are available through Telecharge 212/239-6200



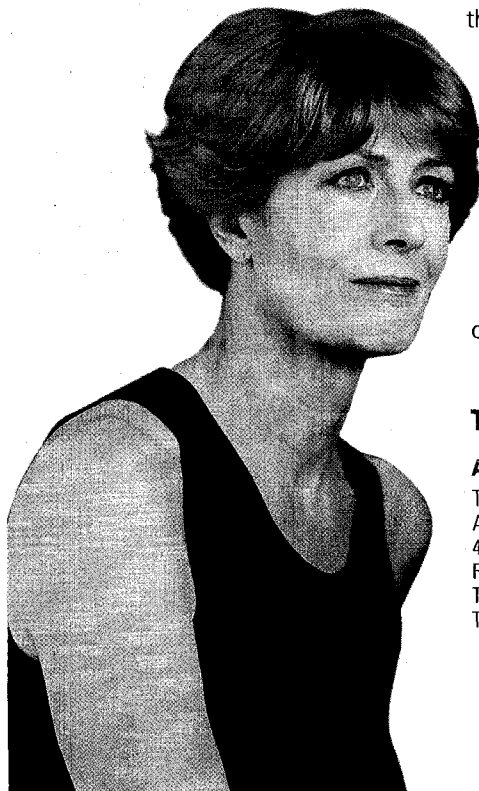
THE PUBLIC THEATER

This spring, The Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival nears completion of its ongoing Shakespeare Marathon with production No. 35—*Antony and Cleopatra*—directed by Vanessa Redgrave in The Public's Anspacher Theater. Ms. Redgrave and British actor David Harewood are featured in the title roles. The Shakespeare Marathon will conclude this summer with *Henry VIII* at The Public's Delacorte Theater in Central Park. Upon completion of the marathon, created by Joseph Papp in 1987, the New York Shakespeare Festival will have produced all of the Bard's plays in the order that they were written.

Naomi Wallace's new play, *One Flea Spare*, is making its New York debut at The Public's Martinson Hall. Set in 1665, *Flea* tells the story of a 12-year-old waif and a vagrant sailor who, fleeing the plague in the city streets, steal indoors and find themselves quarantined for a month with the wealthy couple of the house. *One Flea Spare* is directed by Ron Daniels and features the Academy Award-winner Dianne Wiest. Wiest is best known for her appearance in five Woody Allen films, including *September*, *Bullets Over Broadway*, and *Hannah and Her Sisters*.

In April, stage legend Irene Worth returns to The Public Theater in her new solo play based on The Prosper Merimée tale *The Gypsy and the Yellow Canary* (which also inspired Bizet's opera *Carmen*). Previews begin on April 15.

And in an extended run, *A Huey P. Newton Story*, Roger Gueveneur Smith's one-man show about the co-founder of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense, will continue through March 16 in the Public's LuEsther Hall.



The Public Theater

Antony and Cleopatra

The Public Theater/
Anspacher Theater
425 Lafayette Street
Runs through March 30
Tickets are available through
Telecharge 212/239-6200

One Flea Spare

The Public Theater/Martinson Hall
425 Lafayette Street
Runs through March 29
Tickets are available through
Telecharge 212/239-6200

The Gypsy and the Yellow Canary

The Public Theater
425 Lafayette Street
Previews begin April 15
Runs through May 4
Tickets are available through
Telecharge 212/239-6200

Photography (top) Misha Daniel, (bottom) Albert Watson



"SHEER GENIUS!"
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Joel Siegel, WABC-TV

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DIANNE WUEST
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EXTENDED!
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NOW PLAYING!
THROUGH MARCH 30!

THE GYPSY & THE YELLOW CANARY

Based on Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen"
Adapted and Performed By IRENE WORTH

COMING THIS SPRING!

VICTOR/VICTORIA

Julie Andrews returned to her role as Victoria Grant in the musical hit, *Victor/Victoria* on February 4, bringing audiences to their feet nightly. Andrews will continue in her widely acclaimed role until the end of May. (No word yet who will take on the role at that time, but Andrews is a tough act to follow.) Written and directed by *Pink Panther* and *10* creator Blake Edwards with choreography by Rob Marshall, *Victor/Victoria* is the story of Victoria Grant, a singer down on her luck who is persuaded by a kind but struggling cabaret emcee (Tony Roberts) to present herself as a man performing as a woman. Ironically, after becoming the toast of the nightclub circuit, Grant falls in love with a handsome Chicago gangster (Michael Nouri) and, as you might imagine, hilarious antics ensue.



Victor/Victoria

Marquis Theatre
1535 Broadway
Ongoing
Tickets are available through Ticketmaster
212/397-4100



Photography (top) Francesco Scavullo, (bottom) Carol Rosegg/Joan Marcus



The King And I

Neil Simon Theatre
250 West 52nd Street
Ongoing
Tickets are available through Ticketmaster 212/307-4100

Photography Joan Marcus

THE KING AND I

The acclaimed new production of Rodgers & Hammerstein's *The King and I* continues to reign on Broadway, winning the 1996 Tony Award for Best Musical Revival. In addition, the musical has won Tonys for Best Actress in a Musical, Best Sets, and Best Costume Design. The new staging of the beloved classic stars Tony Award-winning actress Donna Murphy and film star Lou Diamond Phillips. Beginning the week of March 17, Donna Murphy will be replaced by Tony Award-winner Faith Prince. Set in Bangkok in the 1860s, *The King and I* tells the story of an adventurous Englishwoman, Anna Leonowens, who becomes governess to the many children of the autocratic and stubborn King of Siam. The choreography is by Jerome Robbins, world renowned for his work in theater, movies, and television. Robbins' Broadway credits include *West Side Story*, *Gypsy*, *Peter Pan*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *Jerome Robbins' Broadway*.

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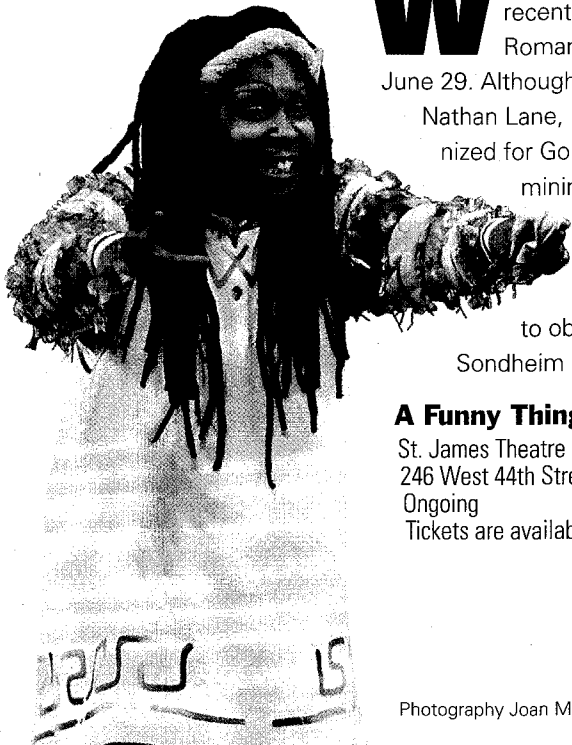
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ON STAGE AT THE CENTURY THEATRE 111 EAST 15TH STREET

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM



With much fanfare, *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* recently welcomed Whoopi Goldberg to the cast in the role of Pseudolus, a Roman slave. Goldberg will be adding her flair and humor to the show until June 29. Although such performers as Zero Mostel, Mickey Rooney, and most recently Nathan Lane, have brought a male Pseudolus to audiences, the role has been feminized for Goldberg's portrayal. To meet this challenge, the musical was adjusted minimally—most of the "he" references were changed to "she." *Forum* is a hilarious return to ancient Rome when the ruins were spanking new, the chariots were fast, and the concubines were faster. Pseudolus undertakes a journey filled with limitless obstacles in order to obtain freedom from her master. *Forum* includes such Stephen Sondheim songs as "Comedy Tonight" and "Everybody Ought to Have A Maid."

A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum

St. James Theatre
246 West 44th Street
Ongoing
Tickets are available through Telecharge 212/239-6200

Photography Joan Marcus

"JULIE'S BACK

and all's right
with the world!"
—Cunningham, WCBS-TV

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TONY ROBERTS MICHAEL NOURI
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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Family Affairs

'Not Waving . . . ' is a dizzying portrait of a relationship between a mother and sick daughter; 'Good as New' is a fallible play about a failing marriage.



Weary women:
Kyra Sedgwick
and Sloane
Shelton in *Not
Waving . . .*

IF THERE IS A SUBJECT WORRIED TO DEATH IN THE American theater, it is fathers and sons, followed at a respectful distance by mothers and sons, with mothers and daughters well behind. Now Gen LeRoy gives us **Not Waving . . .**, in which the mother-daughter symbiosis takes on epic dimensions. I use *epic* advisedly, because this play is more like a novel: longitudinal, reaching far back through extensive reminiscences, and racing forward via numerous short scenes wherein a host of shadowy minor characters flit by, while Gabby, the widowed mother, and Nicole, the schizophrenic daughter, compete in a dead heat for center stage.

Nicole left home 22 years ago, first to live on her own, then to become institutionalized for a long time. Released into her mother's care, Nicole must make peace with Gabby, though the women have become strangers. But parental and filial love soon reassert themselves between two beings who, except for mutual affection, have nothing in common. An interesting enough situation, and Miss LeRoy handles it with charm, wit, and a fair share of originality.

But there is also a good deal of archness, and rather fey whimsy to gloss over the seamier realities. And after a while the play becomes a trifle cloying; certainly Nicole ends up more wearisome than, I think, was intended. It's all a bit too calculated in its symmetrical alternation of the heartwarming and heart-stopping, a little too winsomely zany. This is not the fault of the ex-

cellent principals. Under Chris Smith's apt direction, Sloane Shelton makes Gabby as unsappy and unsoggy as the writing permits, and Kyra Sedgwick's Nicole is a marvelously judged characterization on the cusp between tenacity and fragility. The lesser characters are well taken by Nancy Jo Carpenter and Tim Michael, but they are kept rather too subaltern.

In the end, the play turns cleverly but cutesily into a shaggy-cat story, as possession of a feline brings ex-spouses to loggerheads and the plotting to legerdemain. Miss LeRoy's husband, Tony Walton, designed the simple but unusual scenery, and the title comes from the famous poem by Stevie Smith, with whom Miss LeRoy evinces more than a titular kinship.

PETER HEDGES'S **Good As New**

places 16-year-old Maggie, exasperated by the perceived perfection of her lawyer father, Dennis, and her do-gooder mother, Jan, into the turbulent middle of what becomes the unraveling of their marriage, whose inadvertent cause she is.

Jan comes out of the hospital where she has undergone a face-lift, intended to lift her marriage out of the doldrums, on the same day Dennis flies to St. Louis to deliver his standard talk about his one moment of glory before the Supreme Court, and also to have one off with a much younger girlfriend whom he has so far managed to keep hidden. The first act takes place entirely in the front seat of the car in which Maggie drives Dad to the airport, then bandaged Mom home from the hospital, and, finally, Dad back home from the airport. This proves rather too constricting a situation for a whole act, but the second, in the parental bedroom, makes up for it, with all three characters flailing and rattling about in overdrive. Dad's current "wandering" tops the revelation of Mom's past escapade, itself topped by Maggie's revelation of a rich and varied sex life of her own, and a tattoo on her butt.

Hedges can be quite funny and also stingingly incisive, but there is something rather pat about the way things come tumbling down and each character puts in equal time in the doghouse. John Spencer carries off Dennis with the right mixture of bravado and contrition, but Laura Esterman froths and fidgets far too much and never allows us to see anything either out-

wardly or inwardly appealing about Jan. Jennifer Dundas has the standard problem of mature actresses playing teenagers: Every juvenile mannerism is aped to perfection and, alas, then some.

Brian Mertes has directed cogently in Rob Odorisio's canny décor. Interestingly, both LeRoy's and Hedges's plays end inconclusively on an open question. In the former, though, we wonder what would happen next; in the latter, we don't care.

ROBERT WOODRUFF HAS ACHIEVED THE IMPOSSIBLE. He has taken one of the greatest English plays, Middleton and Rowley's **The Changeling**, and made it unbearable even before it begins. In the program, by way of introduction, he quotes an irrelevant passage from a trashy modern novel and tells us that he has cut the play but added scenes from Webster's *The White Devil*—which is like improving *Hamlet* with a few scenes from *Doctor Faustus*. From the program synopsis, we can deduce further damnable changes, and the addition of four female lunatics and one male one, the latter perhaps—in emulation of Renaissance painting—a sneaked-in self-portrait.

The director foisted this travesty on the already beleaguered people of Israel, where he first staged it, and has brought along the Israeli choreographer with whose inane dance prologue the production begins. The set and to some extent the dance are steals from Cheek by Jowl's misbegotten *Duchess of Malfi*, with some ideas stolen from that vulgar British director Steven Berkoff thrown in. At the end of the dance—part flamenco, part tap, part climbing on chairs—the female asylum inmates have epileptic seizures, are stripped, and are locked into a row of phone-booth-like cells upstage. This much rubbish, and the play proper hasn't even started yet!

When it does, we see a black actor, his hair dyed blond, making his way between rows of ropes strung across the stage, a notion cribbed from Richard Foreman. Stealing from three such abject sources is worse than thievery, it's stupidity. Then to hear Marin Hinkle recite Beatrice's lines like a schoolgirl regurgitating her lesson; Thom Christopher declaim Vermandero's lines with a gauntlet on one hand (a proleptic tribute to Michael Jackson?); and Christopher McCann turn DeFlores, one of drama's greatest villains, into a mincing pipsqueak . . . Well, after *un mauvais quart d'heure* of this, I ran for my sanity, pursued by something more foul than the hounds of hell: Robert Woodruff's wholesale butchery of a work that, according to T. S. Eliot, "stands above every tragic play of its time, except those of Shakespeare." Already a fixture in Chicago, Woodruff should take over directing its stockyards. ■

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A public service of this magazine

ART MARK STEVENS

Sailing to Byzantium

*At the Met's giant exhibit of art from the Byzantine Empire,
the colors intoxicate and the saints stare you right in the eye.*

Equal parts
stone and light:
The twelfth-
century *Saint
Andrew*.

The *Glory of Byzantium*, AT THE METROPOLITAN Museum of Art, is this year's treasure chest, a sumptuous display of more than 350 works of art. Created from the mid-ninth to the mid-thirteenth century—the "Middle Byzantine" era—the works on view include icons, ivories, frescoes, mosaics, jewelry, liturgical and secular objects, stone carvings, enamels, silks, and illuminated manuscripts. (No one would lend the kitchen sink.) They come to the Met from 119 collections in 24 countries: Assembling the show was clearly a diplomatic tour de force. The acknowledgments in the catalogue contain enough names to populate a medieval city.



A blockbuster like "Byzantium," which was organized by Helen C. Evans and William D. Wixom, invariably arouses in me a wary ambivalence—the result of intense pleasure mixed with exasperation. The best shows of this kind stimulate serious scholarship and include works of the highest spiritual and aesthetic authority; you would be foolish to miss them. Yet their scale is so vast (last year's survey of Chinese art was in the same class) that much of the art itself cannot be taken in, except at a glance; the works tend, then, to become illustrations to an introductory history lesson and the occasion for snobbish spectacle.

At once superficial and profound, pedantic and illuminating, such exhibitions are highly idiosyncratic products of our own time. People pay to stick wires in their ears and then bob along on a tide of scholarly chitchat, listening to the disembodied voice of Philippe de Montebello discussing, say, an icon in which the faithful once discerned a different kind of immanence—the divine incarnate. Very odd. Nonetheless, this exhibit is unusually useful, both because Byzantine art embodies values rarely found today and because many people have only the dimmest notions about the subject, on the order of "Isn't Byzantium that murky morass somewhere vaguely *over there*, before and to the right of the Italian Renaissance?"

Founded in A.D. 324 when the capital of the Roman Empire was transferred to Constantinople—the Byzantines believed they were perpetuating the Roman state—this Christian empire flourished until a civil war erupted in 723 over the religious use of icons. In 843, the veneration of icons was restored, leading to a second "golden age" for Byzantium, which continued until Crusaders took Constantinople in the thirteenth century. The second golden age is the period covered by the show. During much of this time, Byzantium was immensely powerful. Its heart lay in what is now Turkey and Greece, but its influence stretched north into Kievan Russia and south and west into Christian communities along or near the Mediterranean. Even Islamic Baghdad, far to the east, paid attention to Byzantine art.

During this time, Constantinople was celebrated far and wide for its opulence. A tenth-century Lombard described his meeting with the emperor in this way: "Before the emperor's seat stood a tree, made of bronze gilded over, whose branches were filled with birds, also made of gilded bronze, which uttered different cries, each according to its various species. The throne itself was so marvelously fashioned that at one moment it seemed a low structure, and at another it rose high into the air. It was of immense size and guarded by lions, made either of bronze or wood covered over with gold, who beat the ground with their tails and gave a dreadful roar with open mouth and quivering tongue."

Supported by two eunuchs, the Lombard prostrated

himself three times as the lions roared and the birds cried out. "I lifted my head," he wrote, "and behold! the man who just before I had seen sitting on a moderately elevated seat had now changed his raiment and was sitting on the level of the ceiling. How it was done I could not imagine."

The exhibition contains secular objects—among them beautiful pieces of jewelry—suitable for the lavish ceremonies of the Byzantine court. But the greatest interest of the show lies in its religious objects. In the catalogue, Thomas Mathews makes a point of contrasting the Byzantine and Western approaches to Christianity. Instead of centering attention upon the painful sacrifice of crucifixion, as a Western church would, the Byzantine church was designed as an "intimate vessel" that fostered a personal assimilation into God. Icons were essential to this assimilation. They were kissed, spoken to, and, during times of war, borne into battle. They became, one contemporaneous writer said, "living beings."

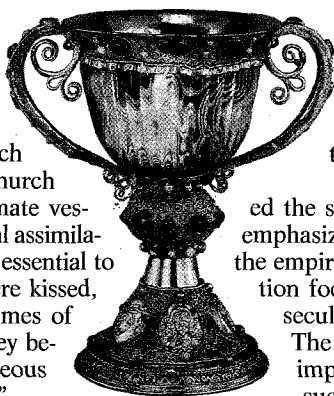
In a Byzantine church, the images of the saints seem immediately at hand. The viewer's "space and the space in which the holy persons exist and act are identical," a major art historian once wrote. "The beholder feels himself witnessing the holy events and conversing with the holy persons." Typically, the life of Christ is presented higher up in the church, and a larger-than-life Christ who observes all who are in the building appears in the dome itself. Everything contributes to a paradoxical sensation of intimate majesty.

Most great Byzantine art depends upon this kind of paradox for its powerful spiritual character. The twelfth-century mosaic of *Saint Andrew*, to give one example, appears made of equal parts stone and light. Once joined to a larger ensemble of saints in a Macedonian church, the figure has a detached, austere, almost static quality that suggests the timeless. Yet the saint also seems to catch your eye in a highly personal way, and the vivid, rhythmic movement of color and shape adds zest to the propriety of line. The golden shimmering lightens the weight of form.

Oddly enough, the flatness of Byzantine art also contributes to its immediacy. It is a mistake to suppose that the illusion of deep or three-dimensional space renders religious experience more "realistic"; more often, it merely overemphasizes the worldly. Whatever is abstract in Byzantine art enhances its otherworldly reach. Yet the flatness also thrusts the figures outward from the wall or panel, making them astonishingly "present."

You cannot help but come face to face with the saints or the Virgin. This deepens the uncanny stare of Byzantine art.

An earthy pungency also stimulates the senses, opening the way to a kind of spiritual intoxication. There is wine in the color, Mediterranean light in the gold, glistening oils in the painted surfaces. In even the most delicate reliquary, such as *The Esztergom Staurotheke*, something muscular, even brawny, lends strength to the design. This is true, too, of the show's many extraordinary ivories, which, for all their brilliant workmanship, never become effete, overfine, or merely aristocratic.



Chalice of Abbot Suger of Saint-Denis.

one small ivory, the face and breasts of the Virgin have actually been worn smooth from devotional kissing.

The organizers have divided the show into four sections, to emphasize the rippling outward of the empire's influence. The first section focuses on the religious and secular art of Byzantium itself.

The second demonstrates its impact upon its neighbors, such as the Slavs, and upon other Christian powers—such as the Copts in Egypt. (A remote but important monas-

tery in Sinai contributed a remarkable wall of icons to the show.) The last two sections examine the still more far-flung influences of Byzantium upon the Islamic East and the Latin West.

As a result, some viewers will come away from this show with a fresh appreciation for "multiculturalism." Not in its current, vogueish form, which treats our culture as an archipelago of fortified islands each ruled by a different tribe, but in its looser, more amorphous form, in which the awkward rub of cultures stimulates fresh thinking. Along the margins and borders of a great civilization that contains many different ethnic groups, artists often specialize in certain facets of art—as the Bulgarians did with tiles—in order to make something their own. They may tinker with, reject, surprise, renew, and refresh flagging traditions.

My favorite example of this in the show is the *Chalice of Abbot Suger of Saint-Denis*. The bowl itself is Egyptian, from the second-first century B.C., and is carved from a piece of smoky-looking sardonyx, a stone aswirl with red and dark hues; the stone looks steeped in the memory of wine and incense. The silver-gilt decorative details are, in turn, Western. And the overall form, as William Wixom suggests, is Byzantine. For Abbot Suger, who delighted in the tales of travelers who had seen the treasures of Constantinople, the chalice represented a dream, not just a reflection, of Byzantium.

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Illustration by Steven Salerno

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Playing Out the String

*Paul Taylor can still dazzle with his craft, but is he,
as his City Center season suggests, tiring of the game?*

Not all
numbers
are *Prime*:
Taylor's
Eventide.

DID Paul Taylor CHOOSE THE REVIVAL OF *Brandenburgs* to open his two-week season at the City Center in order to reassure us? To tell us that, despite the various follies passing for dance we may have been subjected to recently, we were now in capable hands? Created in 1988 to selections of the Bach concertos, *Brandenburgs* is not top-notch Taylor. It's not even top-notch Taylor-to-Bach. (For that, we must look to *Musical Offering*.) *Brandenburgs* contains too many Taylorisms—from time to time, brief passages look like Taylor wallpaper—but it offers clear evidence of an adept at work.

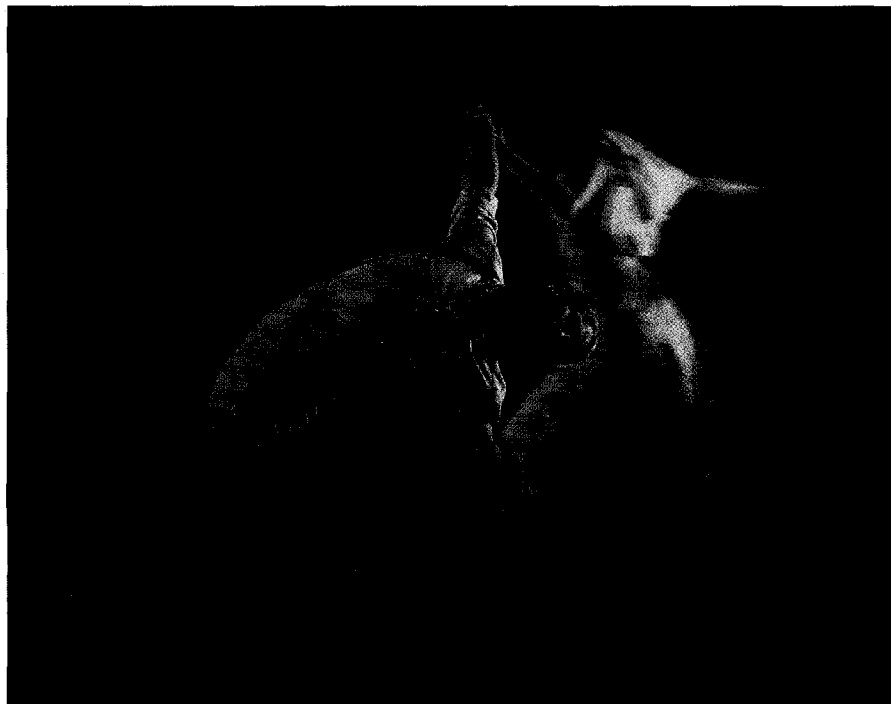
The craft is masterly (you might even say suave, since in this work, Taylor gives himself no threatening challenges). The overall structure as well as the shifting stage patterns hit that magic mark between sublime architectural logic and the maverick virtues: variety, oddity, surprise. All irrelevancies, loose ends, and red herrings were, obviously, excised from this dance before the public was allowed to lay eyes on it. Never is the viewer left to wonder plaintively, *Why is this happening, and how does it relate to the whole?* The piece confidently sets up a complete, self-contained world possessed of an energy source that infallibly impels and buoys its existence, shutting off at the end with everything necessary said. Wit—a significant part of Taylor's dance intelligence—is ever-present, changing its tone

from wicked to genial and back again. Taylor's subtle rhythmic sense pervades the work, too, preventing him from mickey-mousing the music, a desperate and all too familiar ploy that, when exercised to Bach, makes Valium seem like an upper.

I happened to have had a particularly trying 48 hours before the performance—life is not easy; life in New York is definitely not easy—and several minutes after the curtain rose on *Brandenburgs*, I felt healed. What's more, the sensation of comfort, joy, and regeneration even this middling Taylor provided was not primarily visual or intellectual but visceral. This ability to speak to the soul through the body is one of dancing's main attractions.

So much for feeling good. The new *Eventide* offered an experience so pallid as to be baffling. It's set to a pair of lyric works by Ralph Vaughan Williams that are infused with the presence of nature and tender, nostalgic feeling. Taylor responds to the music's mood but not its depth. He offers a work of wan romance, presenting five couples for whom love is a matter of prettified longing in a setting of genteel behavior. (Think Merchant Ivory and their period teacups.) At first, you assume Santo Loquasto's backdrop of after-Corot trees in a misty sunset and loose, pale costumes—to say nothing of the wistful, limp, submissive gestures Taylor gives to his sweethearts—are the setup for some violent, aberrant events or, at least, feelings. But no. An obligatory element of contrast is provided in the form of childlike romps that, by their very nature, forbid full-blooded eroticism or raw lust. Apart from these playful excursions, the yearning is all there is.

At the center of the piece lies an enigmatic duet for Andrew Asnes, the troupe's unofficial leading man, and Rachel Berman, a dancer of great brio whom Taylor is in the process of promoting to eternal-feminine roles. It opens with Berman in a downstage corner gazing into space, dreaming her private dreams. Asnes appears behind her, at the other end of an imaginary diagonal—in other words, far off but tied to her by fate. He makes some masterful gestures, attracts her attention; she succumbs, all passive and melting. Again and again, he has to make the first move; again and again, she's his. For reasons the dance fails to make clear, he gets tired of this scenario and walks out of her life. She folds gracefully into a fetal heap of sorrow. But just before giving us that final, forsaken image, she repeats



her initial pose of solitary reverie. I thought, *Maybe she really likes that better than having a guy.* Pity the pas de deux that seems to need the help of an advice columnist from *Cosmopolitan*.

All of *Eventide* is unsatisfying, not just this duet. Can Taylor possibly believe in such an anemic vision of love? His other works—even the most nakedly idealized, like *Roses*—emphatically say no. Does Taylor really think spectators past puberty will believe in it, if only for the duration of the dance? *Eventide* is so lacking in force, including the force of conviction, I would think not. This dance looks like nothing so much as the workmanlike effort of a formidable artist who is, at the moment, exceedingly weary.

The season's other piece new to New York was a bagatelle called *Prime Numbers*, to an intriguing score for solo cello by David Israël. It's clever all the way through, beginning with the fact that Taylor plunks the cellist down in the middle of the stage and never once treats musician (here, Alexis Pia Gerlach, accomplished and dancer-gorgeous), chair, music stand, and bulky instrument as an obstacle. Technically, the choreography is in suite form, with discrete episodes for one, two, five, seven, and eleven (prime numbers all). But by its close, with the seated, swaying dancers ritualistically ringing the cellist, you feel the piece has created a society of which you've been given revelatory glimpses that, added up, describe it completely.

The vocabulary is basic Taylor ornamented with motifs from Indian dance (the work had its premiere in New Delhi): elegantly flexed feet, eloquently gestulating fingers, the kind of fluidity in the hip joint that calls to mind the *Kama Sutra*. Santo Loquasto complements this tongue-in-cheek local color with his costumes: unitards and tights in flamboyant pink, green, gold, and violet banded by glittering ankle bracelets, the gaudiness overlaid with sheer white capes. The two finest segments in the dance are a long solo for Rachel Berman and the central duet for Andrew Asnes and Caryn Heilman, whose chaste, moon-goddess air has never been so well employed and appealing. Berman's number, studded with mudra-like phrases and glamorous poses, is a delicious portrait of svelte self-satisfaction; it makes her look like a cross between an exotic feline and a high-ranking courtesan—and then, astonishingly, a figure of heroic mourning. The duet shows us the pair who rule this imaginary kingdom. They are stately and remote—as demigods should be—very much equal in power and very deeply in love. Their serene authority and mutual devotion appear to be the axis upon which their realm is balanced; theirs is the poise of perfection. ■

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

American Classics

A tribute at Carnegie Hall pays homage to Marian Anderson's amazing grace; the Metropolitan's 'Billy Budd' does justice to a Melville masterpiece.

The Morgan State University Choir, conducted by former Anderson collaborator Robert Shaw.

CARNEGIE HALL'S ONE HUNDREDTH-ANNIVERSARY tribute to Marian Anderson fell on a good day for singers: February 27, the birthday of Lotte Lehmann, Mattia Battistini, and Mirella Freni—not bad company for any musician to keep, and Anderson fits in proudly. It was a subdued event as galas go, appropriately so for this disarmingly modest woman, but the guest list was choice: Robert Shaw conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the Morgan State University Choir; soloists Denyce Graves, Sylvia McNair, Jessye Norman, and Florence Quivar; and spoken commentary from Betty Allen, James DePriest, Rita Dove, Roberta Peters, Isaac Stern, and William Warfield—each with an important connection to Anderson's long life and career. Best of all, we heard from Anderson herself, a recording from her prime years (1928); an excerpt from the famous open-air concert at the Lincoln Memorial after the DAR barred her from singing in Constitution Hall (1939); and a spiritual recorded near the end of her career (1961), when the voice was tremulous but the spirit as strong as ever.

It was salutary to have these reminders of Anderson's voice, especially now that the singer is in danger of becoming lost in her own legend. That even threatened to happen during her lifetime as Anderson increasingly became a symbol and beloved icon who, quietly and with grace, removed one racial barrier after

another in the classical-music community. That must never be forgotten, but neither should that extraordinary voice and the musical spirit that motivated it, the two most potent weapons that made all those walls come tumbling down.

For most people, Marian Anderson remains the quintessential singer of spirituals, although that scarcely represents her full vocal capacities. Everything she sang after she gained full control over her voice and found her self-confidence—a heroic struggle in itself—came from the very center of her being, radiating a rocklike sense of security in both the technical management of her instrument and the emotional message she delivered. Perhaps that quality did register most directly and powerfully in her performances of spirituals, which she always sang with eyes closed and hands clasped, creating an effect that seemed to dissolve racial barriers simply through the naked honesty, concentrated intensity, and sheer beauty of her singing. The serene simplicity of her style conveyed a quiet, almost elemental dramatic force that audiences found not only irresistible but positively hypnotic.

There was much more to Anderson's art than that, though, probably more than we will ever know. She made many recordings, mostly as the deep contralto she always said she was. But on the surviving transcriptions of the many radio broadcasts she made during the forties, she is unmistakably a singer in easy possession of a

huge workable range that resists categorization. Few would question the contralto label after hearing the powerful, solid low-chest register she used to characterize a spiritual like "Tramping." But when Anderson sings a Sibelius song or a Handel aria, one hears an entirely different sound as she lightens her voice to produce head tones that take her without apparent effort into soprano territory. There are also fascinating examples of Anderson's functioning as a dramatic soprano and tackling some of opera's most demanding arias. Her "Pace, pace, mio Dio," from Verdi's *La Forza del Destino*, and "Casta diva," from Bellini's *Norma*, may be unidiomatic, but the sheer vocal splendor raises speculations over what her operatic persona might have been like, had she been allowed to develop one—those token appearances at the Metropolitan in 1955 came much too late.



All the singers appearing in Carnegie Hall's tribute benefited at one time from this remarkable singer, either through her example or from the foundation established in her name. Inevitably, none of the performers fully measures up to the model—how could they if we endorse Toscanini's famous pronouncement about Anderson as "a voice that one hears only once in a century"? Jessye Norman probably comes closest in terms of vocal character and range, although her self-consciously manufactured grand-diva persona could hardly be further removed from Anderson's naturally warm, giving presence. I also doubt that Anderson ever had to perform Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody* with the score in her hands. The high point of the evening in any case was Copland's *Lincoln Portrait*. Seldom have Abraham Lincoln's words sounded more apt or eloquent than as read by Robert Shaw, who relinquished the podium to André Raphael Smith—a young conductor we'll be hearing more from if this powerfully inflected performance was typical of his work.

I'VE YET TO SEE A LESS-THAN-FIRST-RATE performance of *Billy Budd* at the Metropolitan since the opera first arrived there nineteen years ago, but the current revival tops them all. This *Budd* is for you—and will be for those who can't see it in person, since the Met is filming the performance. Based on Herman Melville's novel of a tragic struggle between good and evil at sea, the opera is Benjamin Britten's most compassionately eloquent variation on the provocative theme of corrupted innocence that haunted him all his life, and the late John Dexter's lyrically precise production illuminates every heart-stopping moment in a series of riveting stage pictures. The romantic grandeur of William Dudley's set—the cutaway stern of the *H.M.S. Indomitable* from foretop mast down to dungeon keep—also serves the opera brilliantly as it rises and falls in rhythm with the drama.

Dwayne Croft is the new Billy, and his creamy-textured baritone has never sounded more gorgeous, whether merrily caroling a chantey or quietly spinning out a poignant vision of his approaching death. Not even Peter Pears, for whom the role of Captain Vere was tailored, depicted this tortured man's moral dilemma with more twisting anguish or sang the music with more plangent beauty than Philip Langridge does right now. As Claggart, James Morris wraps his mellow bass around the notes like a seductive velvet glove, and the understated, studied elegance of his drenched-in-evil characterization chills the air each time he steps onstage. The large all-male cast is just about flawless, and conductor Stuart Bedford finds lyrical undercurrents in the score that escaped even Britten himself. A triumph indeed. ■

Ickes continued from page 41

ter, the nurse, the straight man whose expert timing and emotional truth make someone else shine. She is so comforting, so enveloping, in these roles that she invites, however unwittingly, an intense identification from her audience. Her utter ordinariness, what the critic Pauline Kael has called a "transcendent plainness," appears to spring not from technique but from some offscreen persona. She is, in a sense, a prisoner of her own skill. Every week during *Rhoda's* run, the letters would pour in: "Dear Julie, thank you so much, blah, blah, blah, for making me more comfortable with myself. Could you please recommend a psychiatrist?"

Remembering this, Kavner frowns. Despite her impossibly varied roles over the years, from the ambitious Queens comedienne in Nora Ephron's *This Is My Life* to the heinous, wheelchair-bound ballet instructor on *The Tracey Ullman Show*, she can still be perceived as a best friend waiting to happen. "I felt very sorry for those letter-writers," she says. "But I'm not Brenda. I'm not Marge. People ask me, 'Do you ever wonder what would have become of Brenda? Do you think the bank would have downsized her by now?' And I say, 'I never think about it. It was only a job for me. And it's over.'"

Who, then, is she? Is she, for instance, funny? Well, on the set of the *Tracey Ullman Show*, she once mortified a Fox publicist by telling her, in perfect deadpan, that she'd happily do *Hollywood Squares*—but only if she could sit in a corner square, with her "head up ALF's ass." Still, Kavner would rather laugh (or pretend to laugh, in a Beavis and Butt-head *heh-heh-heh*) at your lame jokes than tell any of her own. She is an ex-traordinary, childlike listener, pressing her face forward, widening her eyes, cocking her chin for the most mundane of details. Passing three youngsters on a basketball court, Kavner stops and walks toward the fence. "Why aren't those kids in school?" she asks no one in particular. "Is this some holiday I don't know about?" They turn toward Kavner, and then, dismissing her as an Upper West Side busybody, continue playing. She throws up her arms, and walks into a pharmacy on West 72nd Street. Popping a cough drop into her mouth as she exits, she announces, "I care about people, but I'm really slow to get to know them. And I think that surprises them. Especially when they come toward me and I shrink back, terrified, thinking, *Who are you, I don't know you, get away from me.*"

Kavner is sincerely shocked that people want to rush toward her. She has yet to deduce that her warmth and humility

(and an ego that has permitted her to disappear behind a cartoon character for eight seasons) are partly to blame. "She's the quietest institution we have," says James L. Brooks, who created *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and has directed and/or produced nearly every one of Kavner's series. "But she's always willing to go beyond herself in her work. Every week on *The Tracey Ullman Show*, I had to talk her out of playing some new lesbian character." When her Lincoln Center character is explained to Brooks, he falls silent. Then he says: "Oh, my God."

Kavner rarely speaks to the press. "I really don't see myself as an interesting person," she reports. "I hate talking about myself." She is, in this regard, a kindred spirit with Woody Allen, of whom she is "very protective" and will say only, "I'm a comedian, and no one can get laughs like him. What else do you want to know?"

Penny Marshall, still chewing, says Kavner "doesn't go in for Hollywood garbage." Kavner would not, for instance, attend the *Awakenings* premiere. "Julie saw the movie like a regular person, in a regular theater, then called me from a pay phone. She keeps what they call a low profile." Lorenzo Music, the actor who played Carlton, *Rhoda's* doorman, agrees. "But for someone who keeps a low profile, she has the highest low profile in the business," drones Music, who, with Kavner's boyfriend, developed *Rhoda* and wrote the pilot. "She has more talent in her little finger than most people have in their ring finger."

He giggles.

It is simply inconceivable that *Rhoda* ended nearly twenty years ago—and that Kavner was 24 when it began. She has spent her career distancing herself from Brenda. But sometimes, there's no escape. The program, now part of the Nick at Nite roster, airs nightly. And Kavner's Lincoln Center rehearsal space, on West 65th Street, is no more than 500 feet from Brenda's fictional address.

Nearing the theater, she stops. An elderly man, perhaps 85, is inching his way up Amsterdam Avenue. He is pitifully hunched, his back almost parallel to the ground. "Do you see that?" Kavner whispers. "That man? That's an example of emotional truth, the kind of truth I want to convey. But it's not what people want to see. Or expect. Or believe. You play that man, with that hunch, and people tell you that you're crazy, that you're Tim Conway, you're not getting it right. But it is right."

The man fades from sight. Kavner tightens her scarf. As *Rhoda* said every Monday evening at 9:32: New York, this is your last chance. ■

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD Ring My Chimes

Though Mandy Patinkin and Richard Harris don't sing in 'The Hunchback,' this Quasimodo and Dom Frollo make very strange music together.

Clapper-trap:
Mandy Patinkin
plays Victor
Hugo's
misshapen hero
in TNT's *The
Hunchback*.

CALL HIM HUNCH. QUASIMODO RESONATES. Though the embodiment of medieval freakishness, humped like a camel and sort of Cubist—with that free-floating, fried-egg eye—could even be a Picasso, a graft of impotent acrobat on mutilated *demoiselle*. After Lon Chaney (1923), Charles Laughton (1939), Anthony Quinn (1957), Anthony Hopkins (1982), and Tom Hulce (1996), why *not* Mandy Patinkin as *The Hunchback* (Sunday, March 16; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT)? If we sat still during Disney's animation for a pair of gargoyles, Victor and Hugo, cracking wise, we should be able to enjoy Mandy having sex with bells. At least he doesn't sing.



You may remember that in the novel, Esmeralda was a virgin. It was marginally possible to believe that to be true, too, of Maureen O'Hara and Lesley-Anne Down. But in this campy cable-TV Hunch-and-Hugo show, Salma Hayek plays her more like Gina Lollobrigida, a Gypsy flounce. Or, if you saw the Grammys, like Sheryl Crow, a jalapeño pepper. (In the novel, of course, Esmeralda also died—but that hasn't happened on any screen since a 1906 French silent.) Whereas Gringoire, the silly poet who betrayed her on the page, is played here by Edward Atterton as a revolutionary heartthrob who leads the Parisian rabble to her rescue from a second visit to the gallows. On the other hand, Dom Frollo, here as in the book, is both a villain and a priest. A very bald Richard Harris, with a much better part than he got in the disappointing film version of *Smilla's Sense of Snow*, seems to suggest that the archdeacon of the great cathedral was tempted equally by Esmeralda and the printing press, both unlicensed, both licentious. In which case Hunch in his tower, a scuttling Crab Nebula who reads Latin, also marks the Return of the Repressed.

Notre Dame, mocked up on a back lot in Budapest, looks almost as good as Salma Hayek. It was convenient of Eastern Europe to remain so medieval, nice of Stalin to have been so Gothic, and something of a homecoming for director Peter Medak (*A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, *The Ruling Class*, *The Krays*), who left Hungary after the 1956 unpleasantness. Attend closely, and you will also catch glimpses of the Czech Republic.

"Why was I not made of stone?" Quasi asks his silent neighbor, a waterspout with horns, after a night of excessive behavior. And this *Hunchback* is nothing if not excessive, less *Les Miz* operetta than sadomasochistic fantasy, as if Michel Foucault had gone in black leather to a biker bar to adumbrate modes of domination or mortification, only to discover that he really enjoyed transgressive props (helmets, swords, crossbows), instruments of torture (rack, pillory, "boot"), really nifty uniforms (black cassocks, royal froufrou, breast-plated guardsmen with bumblebee sleeves), hot wax, molten lead, and lots of flagellation.

The Second Civil War (SATURDAY, MARCH 15; 9 TO 11 P.M.; HBO) has so much on its fevered brain, and enlists so many talented performers to abet the crazed expression of those fevers, that it should have been either more fun or much sadder. Martyn Burke's screenplay is worried about race relations, identity politics, immigrant-bashing, media ethics, and what one character calls an "image-deficiency syndrome." Executive producer Barry Levinson browbeat Beau Bridges, Joanna Cassidy, James Coburn, Phil Hartman, Dan Hedaya, James Earl Jones, Denis Leary, Kevin McCarthy, Elizabeth Peña, and Ron Perlman (*continued on page 88*)

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Stylish Tastes

At Fred's, Barneys patrons find fine food for the shopping weary; the Armani Cafe has minimal appeal.

THE MENU AT **Fred's** (BARNEYS NEW YORK, 10 EAST 61st Street; 833-2200) claims that Estelle's chicken soup is Grandma's recipe, but you can bet your last Visa payment that no grandma named Estelle ever ladled broth with so little fat floating on top. Surveying the sleek laminated-bag ladies banquetted round Bar-

neys's sleek subterranean restaurant, chef Mark Strausman admits his version is less caloric than the classic. "I don't want to be responsible for tempting these women," says Strausman. "They're stressed enough when they get here. Shopping is hard work."

Strausman is offering up even less facetiousness than fat: There is, in fact, a big difference between the ladies who lunch and ladies who shop and then eat lunch. At La Grenouille or La Goulue, women in bouclé and double-faced jersey are rarely encumbered by purchases. Hair weathers no further mussing after cashmere crewnecks have gone over heads. They sit poised, forking lobster salad, appearing as if the world comes in their size.

Women who shop exude no such serenity. Their faces exhibit either the strain of compromise or the manic triumph of unexpectedly stumbling upon a sign proclaiming CLEARANCE. They don't sit gracefully. They plop and sprawl. And sigh. And refuel. And then get on with their mission.

When Fred's was mad.61, under the direction of Pino Luongo (Coco Pazzo, Le Madri), it sought to sustain the illusion of an elegant oasis. In the neutrally upholstered, precisely laid-out dining room, patrons could pretend they had found all they were looking for upstairs as easily as if their fingers had done the walking. The menu was a clean edit of the simpler Italian dishes that are Luongo's strength.

Strausman was Luongo's original chef at Coco Pazzo, but as he's emphatically demonstrated with his own exuberant Italian restaurant, Campagna, restraint was never a personal goal. Strausman's culinary passions have no nationalistic boundaries, just as true shoppers have no brand loyalty. Strausman's flavors are pronounced, his portions hearty, capable of eliciting homesickness in those who still wish their moms mailed them food. He cooks with the same unbridled will and intelligence that New York shoppers exert when they're doing what comes supernaturally. He and his customers are made for each other.

Although the slightly crowded, reconfigured room now lacks geometric cleanness, what it's lost in its lines it compensates for in familiarity, energy, and relevance. From the ceilingless space, you can hear the mantric hum of retailing happening on the other side of the gleaming guardrails above. Dropping into Fred's, you don't have to worry about a dreaded loss of shopping momentum, because you don't really feel like you've stopped looking for things to buy. It's just that now they're edible.

Some of those things may be the best purchases you'll find all day. Luongo's exclusively Italian menu has been replaced by one that reads like the repertoire of a Jewish *baleboosteh* who's married into an Italian family.

If there is a gown upstairs that can equal the delight of Fred's chicken livers, which have been glazed to the startling glow of garnets in a reduction of port wine,

What better place to conspicuously consume: Fred's at Barneys.



snatch it and start practicing your acceptance speech. Grilled shrimp, perfumed by garlic and lemon and flecked by herbs and oil, are too juicy to finish off with one bite. If hen-of-the-woods mushrooms are available, forget the gift you wanted to buy for the kid's teacher. Send her a thank-you note and treat yourself to the heady, nutlike flavor of these rare mushrooms, their sautéed extract caught by crackling crostini. Potato latkes, however golden, always seemed unfinished to me if they weren't served with applesauce. That was before I tried them with shaved black truffles and quail eggs, sunny-side up. You can keep the Mott's.

Weight-watchers beware—forewarned is forearmed. Pizzas here compel grabbing with two hands, especially the mozzarella-and-tomato with hot and sweet sausage heaped on top. Robiola, an addictive version of pizza bread (similar to Orso's), tastes even better with a veil of cheese and truffle oil. Seek out a simple white pizza turned bedazzling with the drizzle of a fine, aged balsamic vinegar. If it's not on the menu, ask for it. Demand it. Devour it. There's always Nancy Ganz Bodyslimmers.

The carpaccio of Angus beef is cut too thin. The focaccia melt is more messy than divine, and the turkey club, however good, feels somehow inappropriate—like you've shown up at the cocktail party in culottes. A bowl of pasta makes so much more sense. Despite the nutritionists' caution about carbohydrates, a bowl of pumpkin tortellini with beads of ricotta seems too playful to be dangerous, garganelli too protein-rich with veal to inspire guilt. The spaghetti is refreshing, not heavy, with brisk and briny shrimp, scallops, mussels, and octopus. Equally invigorating is the bucatini, solidly packed with pancetta, garlic, and tomatoes.

For those still determined to spree with finesse, the warm lobster salad, encircled by green beans, potatoes, and scallion in a vinaigrette, will eliminate longing for Alice Mason's table at Le Cirque. For those who plan to work the racks until closing, the crab cakes are as meaty as Obrycki's in Baltimore. No need to tart them up with rémoulade. The comforting warmth of grilled poussin is complemented by a bracingly spicy broccoli rabe. Buttery scaloppine that's almost drunk with vermouth is thankfully sobered by greens and shallots. And the Tuscan pot roast, succulent and soothing, is the most fortunate union of two ethnic cultures since Anne Bancroft married Mel Brooks.

As for sweets, "There is no such thing as a dietetic dessert," says Strausman, who recently shed 70 pounds. "Believe me, I know. The only way to eat a dessert is to forget and indulge." You shouldn't. You must. At least try the bittersweet-choco-

late mascarpone cake, the apple tart with caramel ice cream, or the cookie plate. Or why not say the hell with it and dive into the mini-towers of profiteroles rising with espresso ice cream. Go ahead. And finish it. Okay, you can forget about the Helmut Lang. But if Grandma were around, she'd be smiling.

Fred's, 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday, noon to 6 p.m. Sunday. Pizzas, \$14–\$18; pastas, \$14–\$22; entrees, \$15–\$28.

THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BOY AT THE **Armani Cafe** (601 Madison Avenue, at 57th Street; 715-0500) also has a captivating smile, as gentle and airy as angora. He holds up a finger in acknowledgment: "I'll be right with you." Five minutes later, he demurs again. When he finally shows up at the table, he is ready but can't remember the specials. He'll be right back. The next time, a young woman with skin like spread buttercream and a figure to inspire hate in the weak holds up a finger: "I'll be right with you." When she shows up, she is not sure what they are out of: "I'll be right back."

The waiter recommends chicken soup. All is forgiven, Strausman. Grilling the chicken closes off the taste from the broth. There is uncured carpaccio, pasta with cremini mushrooms begging any spice (even salt and pepper), and a too-sweet Bolognese. The salads are as flat as a silk blouse at the bottom of a suitcase. At the waitress's suggestion, we try a vegetable soup that must have been finished with unripe greens; a fair, and fairly thick, steak sandwich brightened by spinach and Brie; a turkey sandwich of average deli quality; and spaghetti pomodoro that's had a passing acquaintance with garlic. The warm chocolate cake is a saving grace.

On both occasions, my table is cleared when other courses are coming. The check takes forever. And everyone who talks to me is as soft-spoken as an awakening lover. It's hard to believe that Giorgio Armani has ever eaten here, not just because the designer responsible for making suits move like second skin has his name attached to a cramped afterthought of a corner surrounding a staircase (though the management has confirmed plans to expand). Not just because it's hard to believe he would like being represented by a kitchen with a curiously unappealing sense of seasoning. What's hard to believe is that he would be happy with a café that makes one lose desire not only for food but for shopping. The prospect could leave a shopaholic quaking, desperately seeking comfort, or at least comfort food. Estelle, where are you? Wherever that is, I hope you saved the fat.

Armani Cafe, 10 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. weekdays, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Saturday, noon to 5:30 p.m. Sunday, Antipasti, \$5–\$12; pastas, \$13; panini, \$9–\$13. ■

Leonard continued from page 86

into co-conspiring at a "black comedy." Director Joe Dante lets them strut, fret, lunge, and lurch as if at a progressive nursery school. Briefly: Sometime in the near future, with Africa, Asia, Eastern Europe, and South America no longer safe because of wars and pesticides, Albanian freighters line up at the Port of Charleston; Rhode Island is already mostly Chinese; and an airlift of refugee Pakistani children is in a holding pattern over JFK, waiting for TV camera crews. These children are destined for resettlement in Idaho. Except that Idaho's governor (Bridges) has closed the borders of his state. And so the president of the United States (Hartman) invades Idaho.

You can predict some of the jokes: NAFTA and militias. Others surprise: Susan Lucci and the Alamo. But as the nuttiness escalates, so does the body count. By the time "NewsNet" anchor-face Cassidy turns furiously on a bunkermate ("Shut up, you little wanker!"), we have stopped laughing and can't cry. While *The Second Civil War* seeks to mimic the cognitive dissonance of a fragmenting political culture, it's too much like brain surgery by lobbing grenades at a tumor.

SECOND SEASON (CONTINUED): PREVIEW
cassettes were late in arriving for last week's debuts of **Prince Street** (Wednesdays; 10 to 11 p.m.; NBC) and **The Practice** (Tuesdays; 10 to 11 p.m.; ABC). *Prince Street*, from Robert Nathan, is more cops, this time an undercover NYPD intelligence unit that includes Joe Morton, Vincent Spano, Mariska Hargitay, Lawrence Monoson, and Steven Martini. In the pilot, they took on not only the Russian Mafia and Peruvian terrorists but also childbirth. *The Practice*, from the tireless David E. Kelley, is more lawyers, this time a low-rent defense team that includes Dylan McDermott, Lisa Gay Hamilton, Kelli Williams, Steve Harris, and Camryn Manheim. In three episodes I've seen, they take on drug possession, tobacco companies, indecent exposure, a rabbi who could be an accessory to murder, and a *Picket Fences* sort of priest who kills a parishioner during an exorcism. I like *The Practice* a lot, but fear for its future after what's happened in recent years to *Shannon's Deal*, *Eddie Dodd*, *Trials of Rosie O'Neill*, *The Wright Verdicts*, *Sweet Justice*, and any other series that presumes the innocence of the accused in the contorted face of our culture's rage at pettifogging ambulance-chasers, hair-splitting judges, bleeding-heart social workers, do-good civil libertarians, and other professional tear ducts—a gray wall of rant waiting to be written on by rogue cops, samurai, and vigilantes. ■

Culture

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Good Call

*Industrial designer **Henry Dreyfuss**
makes the utilitarian sublime, at the
Cooper-Hewitt (page 102)*

art 101 bars 115 concerts 112 dance 112 kids 116 the mix 117 movies 90 nightlife 113 online 119
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movies

Love Jones... Where to Screen Your Movie

New Films

★**Absolute Power**—Clint Eastwood's latest work as director and star has a terrific opening sequence. Clint, wearing his years with increasing grace, plays a serious career thief who spends much of his time in museums. With no apparent fuss or fear, the thief enters a Washington, D.C., mansion, disables the elaborate security system, and penetrates a treasure-filled vault situated behind a two-way mirror. Happily emptying jewelry and cash into his sack, he suddenly realizes, to his horror, that the young mistress of the house has returned with a very powerful and famous man, and that she plans to have carnal relations with that man on the other side of the mirror, only a few feet away. When the sex gets rough, and then violent, and then ends in murder, the thief passes through various stages of prurient interest, fear, and disgust. What makes this neo-Hitchcockian episode successful is Eastwood's adherence to the old-fashioned notion that the respective positions of two people or forces threatening one another should be clearly visible to the audience. Here Eastwood calmly, methodically lays out a sensational scene, keeping the space clear and distinct, so we can enjoy the thief's fear of exposure, the moral ambiguity of the violator passively watching the greater violation—and then on to the scene's murderous conclusion and its coda detailing the thief's attempted escape. Alas, nothing else in the movie is as good as this long opening sequence. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Booby Call—Jamie Foxx and Tommy Davidson star in this comedy about two men haplessly in search of sex, and the women who won't give it to them. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

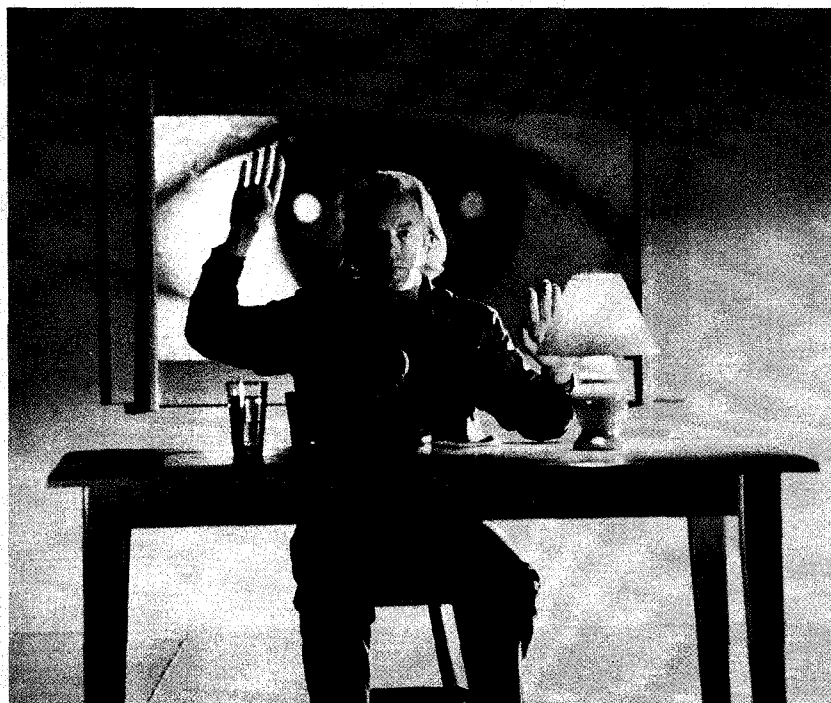
Boys Life 2—Four gay-themed shorts about the trials of adolescence. With Mary Beth Hurt, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Eileen Brennan. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Triers's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgård. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**La Cérémonie**—Claude Chabrol, has never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. In the opening scene, Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, and persuades her to come work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband and two children. Sophie moves in with the family, and after a while, everything begins to go haywire. Sophie,

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.



Opening The Gray Zone

Cranky monologist Spalding Gray—who has a penchant for making movies in which he sits behind a desk and rants with a precariously balanced bit of spittle on his lower lip—has returned with *Gray's Anatomy*, directed by Steven Soderbergh. In this autobiographical installment, Gray, in his amusingly wry style, shares his desperate attempts to cure a rare eye disease—including a visit to a Native American sweat ceremony. (At Film Forum beginning March 19.)

it turns out, attracts a woman friend—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. At first, Jeanne and Sophie, who form a secret friendship, might seem like slightly eccentric outsiders. But their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime, and their pranks seem meaner and meaner. In the hands of these two, civilization falls to pieces. the (Denby; 1/20/97) (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

City of Industry—An ex-con (Harvey Keitel) is lured back into thievery by his younger brother (Timothy Hutton). Directed by John Irvin. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Cyclo—A destitute orphan, robbed of his only means of work and transportation, is rescued by a local gang leader (Tony Leung-Chiu Wai)—who has, it turns out, lured the orphan's older sister into a life of prostitution. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Dante's Peak**—Out there in the Pacific Northwest, in the idyllic, clear-aired town of Dante's Peak, which is at the base of a dormant volcano, Linda Hamilton is the mayor, and Pierce Brosnan

shows up, a handsome but troubled volcanologist. After some mini-quakes and a couple of lovers roasted while frolicking in the hot springs, the mountain erupts. Director Roger Donaldson stages a fine scene in which a raging river sweeps away a bridge and a man trapped on the bridge has a passing moment of recognition in which he accepts his fate. *Dante's Peak* is movieish, corny, imitative, and absurdly plotted, but here and there, the movie strikes a genuine note of awe. (Denby; 2/17/97) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) *National Theatre; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street.*

The Daytrippers—A young woman, concerned that her husband is cheating on her, heads into Manhattan to trail him—with her entire family in tow. With Anne Meara, Parker Posey, Stanley Tucci, Campbell Scott, and Hope Davis. Directed by Greg Mottola. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Donnie Brasco—See David Denby, p. 55. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; 72nd St. East; Gemini; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Dunks—An ensemble piece set during a highly charged AA meeting. With Richard Lewis, Dianne Weist, and Faye Dunaway. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R). *Quad*.

★**The Empire Strikes Back**—The second installment in George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; 84th Street; Pavilion Theatre*.

★**The English Patient**—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" (Ralph Fiennes) whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almásy had led a party of European explorers and map-makers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katharine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almásy lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine, which brought ruin on everyone. Fiennes's count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katharine, Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2-4; 86th Street; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Everyone Says I Love You—In movies, when ordinary speech seems inadequate, singing and dancing become, like poetry, the strongest way of saying something. But in Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers, actors who may have never sung professionally in their lives—Allen himself, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, which barely reach the microphone, and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family (Alan Alda is the paterfamilias), with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love at the drop of a hat. The movie is easy to sit through and hard to get excited about. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *34th Street East; New York Twin; Lincoln Square*.

Flipping—A drama about mutiny in the mob. Directed by Gene Mitchell. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-4*.

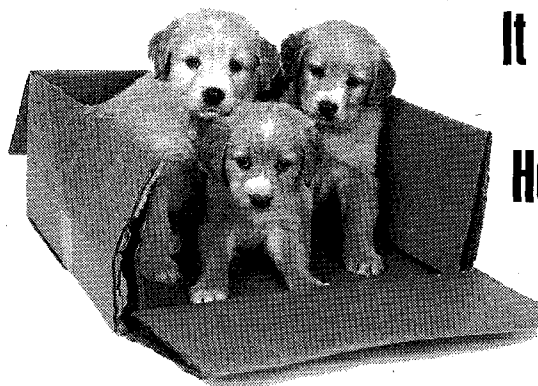
Fools Rush In—Matthew Perry and Salma Hayek star in this comedy about a young couple who get married after a one-night stand results in pregnancy. Directed by Andy Tennant. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Sutton; 84th Street; Plaza*.

Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets—Sting stars as a butler who, with his wife, disrupts the genteel life of an aristocratic family in forties Britain. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Waverly*.

Good Luck—Vincent D'Onofrio stars as a blind athlete who enters a white-water rafting race with a paraplegic dental technician. Directed by Richard La Brie. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Criterion Center*.

★**Hamlet**—In the new *Hamlet*, Kenneth Branagh is an extroverted prince, bold, brazen, often noisy, a man who dominates every conversation and enjoys putting people on. Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. Everything is overscaled, huge, and hideously exposed (there is no place to hide: People spy through one-way mirrors). As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. This Hamlet very much wants to be king. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are many brilliant moments. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theatre*.

Hard Eight—Samuel L. Jackson, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Philip Baker Hall star in this modern noir



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Data Screen Savers

Now in its fourth year, the New York Underground Film Festival (March 19–23 at the New York Film Academy) has established itself as the premier showcase for young, hip directors with a considerable amount of street cred to maintain. While 11 features and 60 shorts will be screened, 800 films were submitted this year—proving just how many aspiring directors are looking for feedback.

"There is a lack of independently run venues in New York," says festival co-chair Todd Phillips. "Yet if you're a filmmaker, you want to expose your work to as many people as possible—otherwise, find a cheaper hobby." Director Matthew Harrison, whose first big-budget movie, *Kicked in the Head*, will be released by October Films this spring (and whose short film *Penis* will open this year's Underground Festival), spent fifteen years trolling around town in search of venues. "When I first started making movies, I realized I had to manufacture my own break," says Harrison, who still hosts informal screenings at downtown spaces like Den of Cin. "I knew I could only learn by screening at bars and clubs, so I did." And so can you.



Den of Cin

SPACE	REQUIREMENTS
LIMBO 47 Avenue A	Hipster coffee shop has hosted readings and performances since inception; manager Brook Bartlett wants her sporadic screenings to morph into a weekly happening. Aspirants should call Bartlett at 477-5271, or drop off a video with a short note. Limbo has a 16-mm. projector in house. Free.
MILLENNIUM 66 East 4th Street	Has showcased young talent since the cinema movement of the sixties; open screenings held once a month; eight-by-ten-foot screen. Show up with your movie on 16-mm. or on video. Must be no longer than twenty minutes. Call Howard Guttenplan at 673-0090 for info. on other programs. Free.
DEN OF CIN 44 Avenue A	Two-month-old space below Two Boots video features eight-foot screen, surround sound, video projector. Bar serves only beer and wine, but a liquor license is in the works. Smoking permitted. Room goes for about \$100 an hour, but it's stylish and you can defray the cost by charging admission. Call 777-2668 and ask for Doris Kornish.
VOID 16 Mercer Street	Bar-lounge-club equipped with cozy screening room. Fifteen-foot screen, video projector, 150-person capacity. All submissions should be on VHS; call Allison Culbertson at 941-6492. Free.
CREATION 48 West 21st Street	Lounge-lizard nightclub; live rockabilly bands accompany most screenings (VHS only); drinking and cigar smoking all around; 200-person capacity. Send submissions on tape to Lee Sobel, who can be reached at 462-3250. Free.
THE SHANNON LOUNGE 106 First Avenue, Hoboken, N.J.	Curator Geri Fallow's been running the show here for ten years, hooking up filmmakers both obscure and renowned; <i>Paradise Lost</i> director Bruce Sinofsky will be screening and talking here next week. Geri will help publicize your night and split the door as well. A 16-mm. projector is provided. Send her your tape and/or call (201) 217-4077.
FILMS CHARAS 360 East 10th Street	One of the largest downtown screening rooms around; comfortably houses 100 people. Submit your stuff on VHS, plus a press kit if you've got it. There are 16-mm., 35-mm., and Super 8 projectors in house. Call Kevin Duggan at 674-7031. They'll pay you.
AXIS CO. NEW YORK INDEPENDENT FILM SERIES 136 Duane Street	Quickly emerging as the screening room of choice; Griffin Dunne, Carl Franklin, Rob Morrow, Michael Almeyada, Alan Taylor, and Alan Payne have all screened here. Submit films on half-inch only, with a cast-and-crew credits list; tapes will not be returned. If you're accepted, they'll print you up some nifty invites. Call 929-5285. Free.

about a calloused gambler whose future is threatened by a dark secret. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema*; 62nd and Broadway.

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money sports agents can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it to the entire company, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding, Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, he shows a striking gift for intimacy. This is a terrifically alert movie, hip to the way people feel about one another from moment to moment. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin*; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square.

Jungle 2 Jungle—Tim Allen plays a New York executive who discovers he has a 12-year-old son living in the jungles of the Amazon. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East*; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.

Kama Sutra—Two women in ancient India—one queen, the other slave—compete for the king's love. Directed by Mira Nair. (1 hr. 54 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square*.

★**Kolya**—This hero of this loving and touching Czech film—set in 1988, only a year before the Velvet Revolution—is Franta (Zdenek Svěrák), a man who has lived with dismay for so long that he remains, to the very end, blind to the signs that the Soviets are losing their grip. A great musician, he was once a cellist in the Czech Philharmonic, but he was tossed out—for making an offhand remark that offended a Prague bureaucrat. Completely broke, Franta agrees to marry, for good money, a Russian woman who needs Czech papers. As soon as the wedding comes off, however, Franta's wife flees Prague for a lover in West Germany; she leaves behind a 5-year-old boy, Kolya, who speaks nothing but Russian. The great seducer and eternal bachelor—a man who calls one married woman after another at night, looking for an absent husband—is reduced to giving baths to a lovelorn child he can't speak to. The movie, of course, is a comedy of male selfishness, a Czech version of the Dustin Hoffman—Justin Henry scenes in *Kramer vs. Kramer*, though made with a finer, lighter touch and an absence of obvious sentiment. (Denby; 2/10/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Lost Highway—In David Lynch's new movie, a man (Bill Pullman) who is sent to prison for murdering his wife (but did he really murder her?) is transformed, somehow, into a younger man (Balthazar Getty) who falls in love with what appears to be the same woman, who . . . In this two-hour narrative movie, Lynch has sustained the obsessional weirdness of his most extreme works. Patricia Arquette and Pullman play a married couple living together in intense silence and distrust. Pullman is all awareness, and Arquette seems completely drugged, so they make a provocative and unstable combination. Erotic tension gathers in the blank spaces between their words. The couple begins receiving videotapes, first of the exterior of the house, then of the interior and the

two of them in bed. Some sort of intruder is plaguing them, and we gather he has a mysterious connection to Arquette's past. This mix of voyeurism and violation could easily power a great erotic thriller—but then Lynch lets everything go but the eroticism. He escapes into visual fantasia, and we get the usual menacing Lynchian soundtrack, with its moaning wind-tunnel relentlessness. The picture is a virtuoso exercise in spooky unintelligibility. (Denby; 3/3/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Love Jones—Larenz Tate and Nia Long play two young singles who have what they think is a one-night stand; then they start to fall in love. Written and directed by Theodore Witcher. (1 hr. 13 mins.; R) *Plaza Twin.*

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo Di Caprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency; Pavilion Theatre.*

Prisoner of the Mountains—A company of armed Russians fighting in the war with Chechnya is ambushed by the rebels; two Russian soldiers survive and are held as prisoners in a Muslim village in the Caucasus Mountains. The older one, Sacha (Oleg Menshikov), a professional soldier with a devil-may-care attitude, is disgusted by Vania (Sergei Bodrov Jr.), the raw recruit he's stuck with. Sacha is violent, witty, and experienced, Vania a lamb caught in a life-and-death situation. In time, they grow to like each other and to admire some of the villagers who guard them. The village elder, an enormous, fierce-looking man (Jemel Sikharulidze), wants to keep them alive so he can trade them for his son, who is held prisoner by the Russians nearby. The director, Sergei Bodrov, needs to tighten his grip on basic technique; his casualness is cut off from meaning. The humanist message—that what holds people together is more important than the political and religious differences that divide them—seems a little wan and perfunctory when your technique is better at conveying chaos than evoking the ties that bind. (Denby; 3/3/97) (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Private Parts—The highly amusing life and times of Howard Stern, adapted from his best-selling autobiography. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Astor Plaza; Baronet/Coronet; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.*

Return of the Jedi—The final installment of George Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy. (2 hrs. 13 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday.*

Rhyme & Reason—A documentary about hip-hop featuring Ice-T, Chuck D., and Dr. Dre. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Village East; Embassy 1; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Ridicule**—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man falls down on the dance floor, or begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. "It's not a pun, is it?" he asks anxiously after hearing something that pleases him. (Puns are considered unworthy). Wit, as it is conceived here, is artificial, formal, logical. It reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director

finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. *Ridicule* is a rather preposterous movie, but, in grand style, it gives us the pleasures of malice. After the revolution, people couldn't have had half so much fun. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Screening Room; 59th Street East.*

Rosewood—Two men work to evacuate an all-black town when neighboring whites—enraged by false reports of a random attack by a black man against a white woman—seek revenge. Based on actual incidents in twenties Florida. Directed by John Singleton. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin.*

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, post-modern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Manhattan Twin.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a loving but lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne (Clair Rushbrook). Night after night, the two women, who have ordinary factory and street-sweeper jobs by day, sit in Cynthia's house, tearing at each other. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of those rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Quad Cine-*

ma; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights.

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a bearish domestic tyrant, bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Watching this stuff, most of it badly directed by Scott Hicks, is a wretched experience. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who, as a child, slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With John Ritter, Dwight Yoakam, and Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Smilla's Sense of Snow—Julia Ormond stars as an emotionally remote woman who relentlessly investigates the mysterious death of a little boy she had grown to love. With Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Billie August. (2 hrs.; R) *19th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

★**Star Wars**—The early and middle seventies—the time of the *Godfather* movies and great films by Altman, Scorsese, Polanski, and Ashby, the time of De Palma's audacities and a general level of risk-taking, even in the big studios—offered much to anyone eager to believe that film was the great American art form of the twentieth century. Seeing *Star Wars* after those movies was, for some of us, an exhilarating but also unnerving experience. For here was a master showman, George Lucas, working in hyperpop style, without the earnestness about art that we expected from master directors. Lucas sent people running up and down corridors, zapping each other with laser guns; he was obviously reviving, with affection, the cheery spirit of such Saturday-matinee serials as *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon*. At the same time, *Star Wars* had moments of great natural beauty and its own kind of wit. Obviously it was a super entertainment, but it wasn't art, exactly. It was some highly conscious mutation. In the past twenty years, American big-studio films have become so frivolously pop and so omnivorously commercial that *Star Wars* now seems a model of classical narrative. It tells a story with some feeling for its characters; it has a strong charge of suspense and an epic theme—the search of a boy for his father. It has a touch of mystery, and has retrospectively gained in stature by Lucas's extending the mythical aspects of the story in later parts of the trilogy. What seemed cheesy before—the helmeted lum-moxes running up and down corridors, the refuse-dump walls closing in on the heroes—now seems reassuringly human and small-scaled. (Denby; 2/17/97) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; National Theatre; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza.*

Sudden Manhattan—A day in the life of a young New Yorker who fears she's going crazy. Written and directed by Adrienne Shelly. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) *19th Street East.*



Retrospective Altered States

Surrealist and anarchist nonpareil Luis Buñuel—notorious for mixing it up with Salvador Dalí and sticking it to the bourgeoisie—is the subject of a complete retrospective at Anthology Film Archives, beginning March 14. (See “Museums, Societies, Etc.” for info.)

Unforgotten—A documentary about the controversial Willowbrook facility, which housed the developmentally disabled in horrid conditions. Directed by Jack Fisher. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Waiting for Guffman—Christopher Guest stars as Corky St. Clair, a failed stage director who returns to his hometown of Blaine, Missouri, in the hopes of resuscitating his career. Directed by Guest. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**When We Were Kings**—In 1974, Don King promoted a world-heavyweight-championship fight in Zaire, the famous "Rumble in the Jungle." For the heavily favored George Foreman, Zaire was just a place to earn \$5 million, but for Muhammad Ali, fighting to reclaim the title stripped from him when he refused induction into the Army during the Vietnam War, the event was a defining moment. Blacks had left in shackles and returned as champions—that was his mantra, and the American party included James Brown and B.B. King, who were caught up in the same spirit. The young music documentarian Leon Gast went to Zaire to shoot the performance and returned with 300,000 feet of film. After years of struggle, he finally pulled the footage together with help from producer-director Taylor Hackford, who shot fresh interviews with Norman Mailer and George Plimpton, both of whom covered the fight. We see the routine things onscreen—Foreman punching the training bag, Ali taking body blows from his sparring partner—which are brought to life by Mailer's comments. Even people who hate boxing will be held by the intensity of the human drama. Watching Muhammad Ali spin and wheel, we can only mourn the brilliant young man who martyred himself to his love of glory in the ring. (Denby; 2/24/97) (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Daytrippers; Breaking the Waves; Shine; Sling Blade; Waiting for Guffman.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Jerry Maguire; Star Wars.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Boysfriends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Cyclo; Watermelon Woman.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Boys Life 2; Hard Eight; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.* Opening 3/14: *Drunks.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Ridicule.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Jungle 2 Jungle; Kolya; Marvin's Room; Rhyme & Reason.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Lost Highway; Private Parts; Rosewood.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Scream; Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Donnie Brasco; Fools Rush In; Jerry Maguire; Jungle 2 Jungle; Smilla's Sense of Snow; Sudden Manhattan.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Everyone Says I Love You.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Empire Strikes Back; Private Parts.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; The Empire Strikes Back; The English Patient; Lost Highway; Marvin's Room; Rosewood; Shine; Star Wars.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Private Parts.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Shine; Star Wars.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Ridicule.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *La Cérémonie; Unforgotten.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Private Parts.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Private Parts.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Sling Blade.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Jungle 2 Jungle; Shine.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Donnie Brasco; Good Luck; Jerry Maguire; Vegas Vacation.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Rhyme & Reason.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *The English Patient; Flipping; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Marvin's Room.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Booty Call; Scream.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Dante's Peak; Star Wars.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Fools Rush In; Rosewood; Scream.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Fools Rush In; Evita.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Crucible; Fierce Creatures; Space Jam; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Empire Strikes Back.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Rhyme & Reason.*

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Donnie Brasco.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The English Patient; The Empire Strikes Back.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Marvin's Room; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Smilla's Sense of Snow.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Dante's Peak; Lost Highway; Marvin's Room; Secrets & Lies; Sling Blade; Star Wars.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Jerry Maguire.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You; The English Patient.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Jerry Maguire; Private Parts; Rosewood; Star Wars.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Donnie Brasco.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Hard Eight.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (294-9410) *Booty Call; Dante's Peak; The Empire Strikes Back; Fools Rush In; Private Parts; Rhyme & Reason.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Daytrippers; The English Patient; Kolya; Prisoner of the Mountains; Secrets & Lies.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Absolute Power; Donnie Brasco; Everyone Says I Love You; Jerry Maguire; Jungle 2 Jungle; Kama Sutra; Lost Highway; Rosewood; Shine; Smilla's Sense of Snow; Star Wars; When We Were Kings.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Absolute Power; Jungle 2 Jungle.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Booty Call; Jungle 2 Jungle; Private Parts; Rhyme & Reason.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Booty Call; Jungle 2 Jungle; Rhyme & Reason.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Booty Call; Private Parts.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Marvin's Room.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Absolute Power; Booty Call; Dante's Peak; Donnie Brasco; The Empire Strikes Back; Jerry Maguire; Jungle 2 Jungle; Metro; Private Parts; Rosewood; Star Wars; That Dam Cat.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-



Retrospective Deco Dance

The most commonly used signifier of glommy twenties decadence was the Art Deco set—coolly plush and sparsely luxurious. The uncontested star of the sophisto scene was art director Cedric Gibbons, who sparked the craze with 1928's *Our Dancing Daughters* (with Joan Crawford, pictured). Celebrate the aesthetic during Film Forum's monthlong tribute to Screen Deco, beginning March 14. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)

8800) *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *The Pest*; *Private Parts*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Rosewood*; *That Darn Cat*.
Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Private Parts*; *Donnie Brasco*.
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Absolute Power*; *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Fools Rush In*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *The Pest*; *Private Parts*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Rosewood*; *Star Wars*; *That Darn Cat*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Absolute Power*; *Dante's Peak*; *The English Patient*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *That Darn Cat*.
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Lost Highway*; *Private Parts*; *Secrets & Lies*.
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Booby Call*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*.
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Shine*; *That Darn Cat*.
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Booby Call*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Fools Rush In*; *Rhyme & Reason*.
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Booby Call*; *Private Parts*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Rosewood*.
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Booby Call*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*.
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Rosewood*.
Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Private Parts*.
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Donnie Brasco*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Booby Call*; *Love Jones*; *Rosewood*.
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Booby Call*; *Fools Rush In*; *Good Luck*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Star Wars*.
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Rosewood*; *Scream*; *Shine*; *Vegas Vacation*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Fools Rush In*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*; *Vegas Vacation*.
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) *The English Patient*; *Everyone Says I Love You*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Mother*; *Sling Blade*; *That Darn Cat*; *Vegas Vacation*.
Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *Fools Rush In*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Rosewood*.
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Private Parts*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*.
Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Fools Rush In*; *Rosewood*.
Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Absolute Power*; *Booby Call*; *Rhyme & Reason*.
Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Rosewood*; *Star Wars*.
Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Booby Call*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*.
Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Absolute Power*; *Sling Blade*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Absolute Power*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Booby Call*; *Donnie Brasco*; *Rhyme & Reason*; *Rosewood*.
Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Dante's Peak*; *Good Luck*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Lost Highway*; *Star Wars*.
MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Absolute Power*; *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Shine*.
Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Fools Rush In*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Star Wars*.
Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Fools Rush In*; *Good Luck*; *Marvin's Room*.
The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *Private Parts*.
Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Donnie Brasco*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *Good Luck*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Private Parts*; *Shine*.
Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Absolute Power*; *Donnie Brasco*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Marvin's Room*; *Private Parts*.
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Absolute Power*; *Booby Call*; *Dante's Peak*; *Donnie Brasco*; *The Empire Strikes Back*; *The English Patient*; *Fools Rush In*; *Good Luck*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Jungle 2 Jungle*; *Lost Highway*; *Private Parts*; *Scream*; *Star Wars*; *That Darn Cat*; *Vegas Vacation*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Chantal Akerman." 3/15: *Chantal Akerman* by Chantal Akerman (1997). *The Eighties* (1983), and *Window Shopping* (a.k.a. *The Golden Eighties*) (1985). 3/16: *The Man With the Suitcase* (1983), *Hotel Monterey* (1972), *Blow Up My Town* (1968), *The Room*, 1 (1972), *Letter From a Filmmaker* (1985), *One Day Pina Asked Me* (1983), and *Moving In* (1993). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$8.
Anthology Film Archives—3/10-3/13: John Sullivan's *Sleepover* (1995). 3/10-3/16: Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man* (1995). "Mike Leigh." 3/10: *Nuts in May* (1976). 3/11: *The Kiss of Death* (1977). 3/12: *Grown Ups* (1980). 3/13: *Home Sweet Home* (1982). 3/13-3/16: Bruce Posner presents *White Light/White Heat* (1997). "Luis Buñuel." 3/14-3/16: *Tristana* (1970) and *Cela S'Appelle L'Aurore* (1955). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.
Casa La Femme—An ongoing Sunday-night festival. 3/16: *An Affair to Remember* (1957). 150 Wooster St. (505-0005).
Cinema Village 12th St—"Hong Kong Sexploitation." Through 3/11: *Sex and Zen II* (1996). 3/13-3/16: "Fourth New York Underground Film Festival." (Call 925-3440 for program info.) 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); \$8.



Opening About Last Night II

Larenz Tate and Nia Long (above) play two calloused urban singles who have what they both assume—and later, vociferously insist—is a one-night stand in 'Love Jones' (opening Friday). The fun begins when, much to their chagrin, they fall in love.

A Different Light—3/16: *The Handmaid's Tale* (1990). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.
Donnell Media Center—3/12: *Ivan the Terrible, Part 2* (1944). 3/13: *Phases* (1977) and *The Nightmare Before Christmas* (1993). 3/17: *The Secret of Roan Inish* (1994). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.
Film Forum—Through 3/13: *Le Samourai* (1967). Beginning 3/14: "Screen Deco." 3/14 and 3/15: *Female* (1933) and *Ex-Lady* (1933). 3/16 and 3/17: *The Kiss* (1929), *A Woman of Affairs* (1928), and "Screen Deco: An Illustrated Lecture." 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.
Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"Remembering Kieslowski." 3/10 and 3/12: *Blind Chance* (1981). 3/10, 3/12 and 3/13: *The Double Life of Veronique* (1991). 3/12: *Blue* (1993) and *White* (1995). 3/12 and 3/13: *Red* (1994). "Rendezvous With French Cinema Today." 3/14: *Ponette* (1996). 3/14 and 3/16: *Un Air de Famille* (1996). 3/15 and 3/16: *Capitaine Conan* (1996). 3/16: *Encore* (1996) and *The Age of Possibilities* (1995). "Open Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing." 3/11: *Jerry Maguire* (1996). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$8.
French Institute—3/11: *Les Enfants* (1984). 3/18: *Vietnam: A Celebration* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.
Japan Society—"Art on Film." 3/14: *The Spider Tattoo* (1966). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.
Museum of Modern Art—"From the Archives: Best Picture." 3/10: *Wings* (1927). 3/10 and 3/13: *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930). 3/13: *Kramer vs. Kramer* (1979). 3/14 and 3/15: *How Green Was My Valley* (1941). 3/14 and 3/16: *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962). "Rainer Werner Fassbinder." 3/13: *Eight Hours Don't Make a Day* (1972), Parts 1-2. 3/14: Episodes 3-5. 3/15: *Bourbon Street Blues* (1978), *Norma Helmer* (1973), and *Women in New York* (1973). 3/15 and 3/16: *Like a Bird on a Wire* (1974). 3/16: *The Coffeehouse* (1970). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.
New York Film Academy—3/19-3/23: "Fourth Annual New York Underground Film Festival." Call for program info. 100 E. 17th St. (744-5554).
Performing Arts Library—"Lillian Gish." Actress and model Lauren Hutton reminisces and reads from Gish's correspondence. 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630); free.

theater

Les Miz at 12...Dianne Wiest with Flea

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer impersonates the original matinee idol, John Barrymore, in a play by William Luce that recreates Barrymore's epic performance as Richard III. \$25-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/25 opening. *Music Box Theatre*, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/3 opening. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

Mandy Patinkin in Concert—A benefit engagement, featuring Patinkin singing hits from his long musical career. \$20-\$60. 3/11, 3/12, 3/14, 3/15, 3/18, and 3/19 at 8, 3/16 at 3. *Lyceum Theatre*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Play On!—Songs by Duke Ellington, plot by William Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*), and a setting in pre-war Harlem. Written by Cheryl L. West; conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps. \$40-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/20 opening. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre*, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).

The Young Man From Atlanta—Horton Foote's Pulitzer Prize-winning drama, starring Rip Torn and Shirley Knight. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/27 opening. *Longacre Theatre*, 220 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (haired) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying the men

panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, now starring Michael Chiklis, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$49.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Whoopi Goldberg as a female Pseudolus. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—Alfred Uhry's first new play since *Driving Miss Daisy*, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind*. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

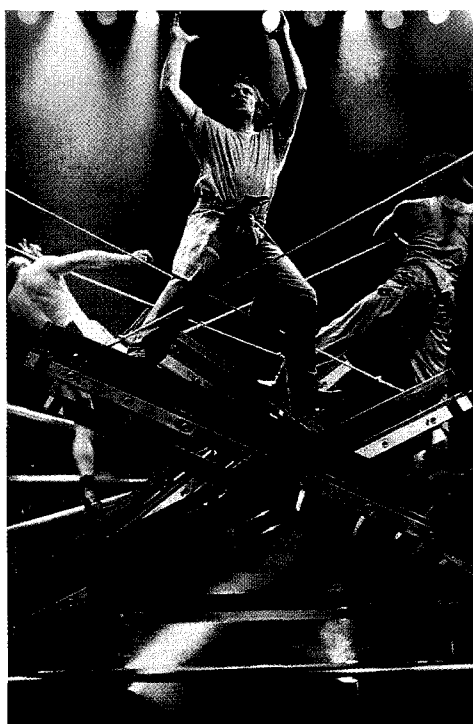
Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Dixie Carter as the great *monstre sacré* herself. \$32.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre*, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40-\$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

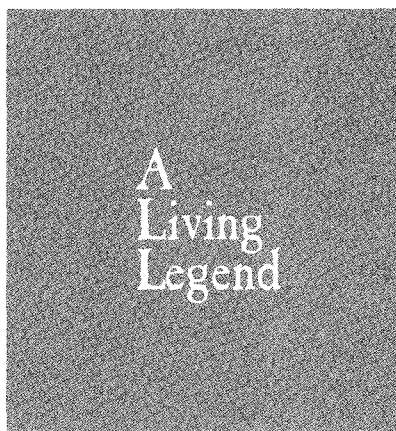
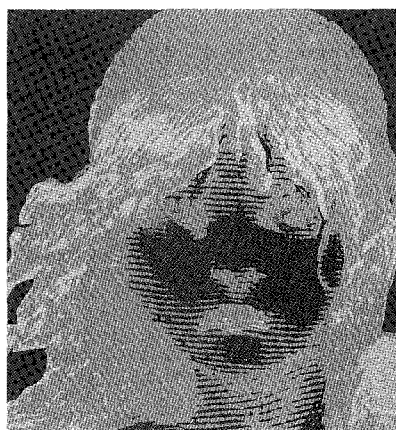
The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Essendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never



Opening Sole Survivors

Tap dance returns downtown with a show from Down Under: Nigel Triffitt's acclaimed *Tap Dogs*, a blue-collar, rough-and-ready revue starring former steelworker Dein Perry.



les Misérables

10th Anniversary

fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$15-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smoke Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$35-\$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Stanley—Circle in the Square returns with this acclaimed London show about English artist Stanley Spencer. Starring Antony Sher, making his New York debut in the title role. \$10-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/20/97. *Circle in the Square, 1622 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. \$25-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. Through 3/22. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekhov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Strathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/13/97. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texti?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon: 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Green Heart—Charles Busch and Rusty Magee's new horticultural-themed musical, set in the romantic environs of the potting shed. \$30-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 4/1 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club/Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

How I Learned To Drive—Paula Vogel's new coming-of-age tale, starring Mary-Louise Parker. Directed by Mark Brokaw. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

Minor Demons—Bruce Graham's new play about a big-time lawyer's return to a small town outside Pittsburgh. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Names—A new play by Mark Kemple about the Hollywood "red scare," starring the legendary Tovak Feldshuh. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 3/31. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

One Flea Spare—Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's dark drama about class warfare in seventeenth-century London. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opened: 3/9/97. *Martinson Hall/The Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Promises, Promises—Encores! second presentation, starring Martin Short and Christine Baranski, is Bacharach and David's musical version of Neil Simon's *The Apartment*. \$25-\$55. 3/20 and 3/21 at 8, 3/22 at 2 and 8, 3/23 at 6:30. *City Center, 54th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking tap show with a gritty edge. \$20-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 3/16 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Violet—A new musical by Jeanine Tesori and Brian Crawley based on *The Ugliest Pilgrim* by Doris Betts; directed by Susan H. Schulman. \$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 3/11 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

Alice in Analysis—The world premiere of a new musical based on Lewis Carroll's books, except Alice is 30, in therapy, and living on the Upper East Side. \$12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 3/10. *West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (628-3251).*

Americana—\$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. \$20-\$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 3 and 5:30. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

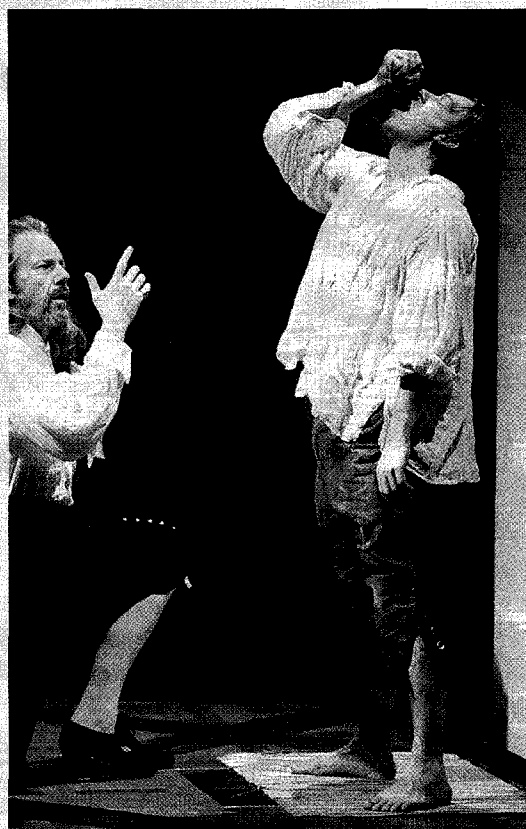
A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Capitol Steps—A new political musical revue performed by former congressional staff members. \$40. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Changeling—Theater for a New Audience's second production of the season, a revival of the Jacobean tragicomedy. \$35. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30 (at 8 after 2/28), Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/1/97. *Playhouse at St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theatre, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$35-\$40. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10,



Opening A Plague on Your House

Academy Award winner Dianne Wiest stars in Naomi Wallace's *One Flea Spare*, playing against type as a seventeenth-century English aristocrat forced to board a couple of flea-bitten vagrants as a plague quarantine shuts down the city. Class warfare ensues.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Antony and Cleopatra—Vanessa Redgrave directs and stars with David Harewood in this new adaptation of Shakespeare's Egyptian history. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 3/13 opening. *Anspacher/The Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Bunny Bunny—Alan Zweibel's three-character play about his fourteen-year relationship with Gilda Radner. \$35-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 3/23 opening. *Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

God's Heart—Craig Lucas's latest, starring Amy Brenneman and Julie Kavner, among others, as six urbanites who form an unlikely connection; directed by Joe Mantello. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 4/6 opening. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*



Opening Giant Killer

In a multimedia take on the ancient Jewish myth of 'The Golem,' the Czechoslovak American Marionette Theatre uses puppets to tell the dark fable of a giant guardian angel gone bad in sixteenth-century Prague. (La MaMa E.T.C., 74A East 4th Street; through 3/23; 475-7710.)

Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad*, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We are all allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre*, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blum-sack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 2, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthu-

mous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$40. Mon.-Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater*, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith's take on the life of the founder of the Black Panther Party, with sound design by Marc Anthony Thompson. \$20. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 3/9. *LuEsther Hall, Joseph Papp Public Theater*, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

In-Betweens—A new play by Bryan Goluboff, a love story set in the Bronx. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 2/18/97. *Cherry Lane Theatre*, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. \$20. Fri.-Sun. at 8. Through 3/19. *Theatre East*, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex*, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$25-\$45. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan



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Photograph by Orlando Marra.

Idol. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family dismantles its house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. \$32. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 3/15. Opened: 1/30/97. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory through March 28. \$24. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/19/97. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. Opened 1/23/97. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Not Waving...—Kyra Sedgwick stars as a young woman trying to climb back to sanity in Gen LeRoy's first play. \$33-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/5/97. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize-nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. \$42.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/16. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Psychopathia Sexualis—John Patrick Shanley's fetish comedy, starring Daniel Gerroll, Andrew McCarthy, and Park Overall. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage I, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

A Question of Mercy—The world premiere of David Rabe's meditation on assisted suicide (obviously this year's soul-search issue). \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 2/25/97. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. \$50. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 3/23. *Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50-\$42.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stonewall Jackson's House—A new comedy about a young woman who violates racial taboos—political correctness, take that! \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Three One-Acts by Sam Shepard—*The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife, Killer's Head, and Action*; directed by Darrell Larson. \$25. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/9/97. Through 3/23. *Susan Stein Shiva Theater, Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Tokyo Shock Boys—Japanese vaudeville, with a little Stooges mixed in. \$25-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 2/19/97. *Minetta Lane*

Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, bet. 6th Ave. and MacDougal St. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60-\$75. Tues.-Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Blue Light Theater Company presents Shakespeare's early comedy, directed by Dylan Baker. \$25-\$30. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/23/97. *Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (935-5820).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Beekeeper's Daughter—A new play by Karen Malpede about a disrupted idyll on a Mediterranean isle. \$15-\$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/13. *Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Onstage Miz Casting

One of the guiltier pleasures of recent Broadway seasons has been following the ghoulish recasting of long-running shows. (When out-of-town cousins drag you along, it can be the *only* pleasure.) And damned if the cruelest assignments—say, Dixie Carter as Maria Callas in *Master Class*—don't sometimes succeed. But for every Dixie, we get a Debbie Gibson in *Les Misérables*. Post-Gibson, Cameron Mackintosh, the producer of *Les Misérables*, and his co-directors, Trevor Nunn and John Caird, could no longer live with the show. Last fall, they fired 14 of the 37 cast members; of the three principals, only the brilliant Christopher Innvar, as Javert, remains. In rebuilding the troupe, Mackintosh ditched the freak-show aesthetic and found folks, however obscure, who can actually sing. The new cast opens this week, just in time for the show's tenth anniversary. Could it be a trend? Never before have Broadway's warhorses boasted such worthy (and unsung) performers.

Should you find yourself at *Les Misérables*, focus not on the lyrics (which you've already learned at the hands of Miss America contestants) but on Innvar's voice and profile—not to mention the new Fantine, Juliet Lambert, sparing "I Dreamed a Dream" from the hamminess Patti LuPone visited upon it.

Over at *Miss Saigon*, there's now a human to compete with the helicopter. As Chris, a role that can devolve into postadolescent whining and crotch-grabbing, Matt Bogart suffers—without seeming insufferable. For the first time in the show's six-year run, the lead is actually more interesting than the doomed Kim or the reptilian Engineer. (Bogart even brings off lines like "Why, God? Why this face?")

The best news of all comes to us from West 44th Street, where Thomas James O'Leary is causing a sensation as the title character in *Phantom of the Opera*. The ninth actor in the role, he is also, quite easily, the finest. (Either you dig Michael Crawford or you don't.) As one usher puts it, "I seen 'em all. And this new guy's the best. If you don't think so, you're stupid. And I know stupid. I seat it every day." BOB ICKES



Photograph by Michael Le Poer Trench.

art

A k e r m a n . . . D r e y f u s s . . . B e c k l e y

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John James Audubon—Sixty hand-colored engravings from the first edition of the artist's *The Bird of America*, completed in June 1838; through 4/26. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Willem de Kooning—A selection of paintings made between May 1983 and June 1984 that have not been previously exhibited and are characterized by lyrical, ribbonlike contours in red and blue on white grounds, with touches of yellow, green, and purple; through 3/29. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (243-0200).

57th Street Area

Adele Alsop—*Plein-air* paintings of landscape views in Utah; through 3/29. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

James Aponovich—New paintings that juxtapose still-life arrangements with landscapes of northern Tuscany; through 3/29. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

William Beckman—New figurative paintings; through 3/22. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Richard Deacon—New sculptures that utilize such materials as steamed beechwood, epoxy resin, aluminum, oak, animal hair, and thermoformed and welded polycarbonate; through 3/29. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Philippe Favier—Paintings on glass from the series *Suite 668* that incorporate collage and reflect the French artist's study of Surrealism and Dada; through 4/5. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Bryan Hunt—New bronze and aluminum sculptures cast from the artist's sculptures based on the forms of rivers and lakes; through 4/19. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Bill Jacklin—Paintings and works on paper by the British-American artist that depict quotidian scenes of New York City; 3/12-4/5. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Yvonne Jacquette—Recent paintings of landscapes and cityscapes as viewed from airplanes and tall buildings; through 3/29. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

David Kroll/Antonella Piemontese—Paintings of lush, imaginary landscapes that suggest a world irretrievably lost/Sewn objects evocative of familiar everyday objects. Through 3/29. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Cildo Meireles—Two installations by the Brazilian conceptual artist: *Eureka Blindhotland*, an environment of floor sculptures contained by lightweight black netting and first produced in 1970, and *Fio*, a new work consisting of numerous bales of straw contained by 300 feet of 18-karat-gold thread; through 4/9. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Alice Neel—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties; through 4/12. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jeanne Silverthorne—New sculpture; through 3/29. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Louis Comfort Tiffany—A selection of glass vessels, many of which came from the artist's estate, Laurelton Hall at Cold Spring Harbor, which was gutted by fire in 1957; through 4/5. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Beatrice Wood—New lustered vessels by this artist whose retrospective is currently on view at the American Craft Museum through June 8 (see Museum Listings); through 4/5. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

Mark Workman—Pennsylvania landscapes in acrylic on paper; 3/13-4/12. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

SoHo and TriBeCa

L. C. Armstrong/Emily Cheng—New paintings that feature the artist's signature paint-and-burn line under polyester resin surfaces/Photographic portraits exploring the relationship between painting and photography; 3/13-4/19. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Herbert Bayer—Watercolors and drawings for projects made after the designer moved to Aspen in 1946; through 3/29. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Miguel Calderón—New works that draw on the artist's background in film and photography; 3/14-4/19. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Francis Cape—A large-scale wall sculpture and drawings; through 4/5. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Brad Covington—New paintings; through 3/29. Zarre, 48 Greene St. (966-2222).

Richard Cramer—Paintings whose vivid colors and cartoonish figures were inspired by the Lower East Side street scene; through 4/5. Space 504, 670 Broadway (473-0505).

Rudolf De Crignis—Monochromatic paintings; through 3/22. Stark, 113 Crosby St. (925-4484).

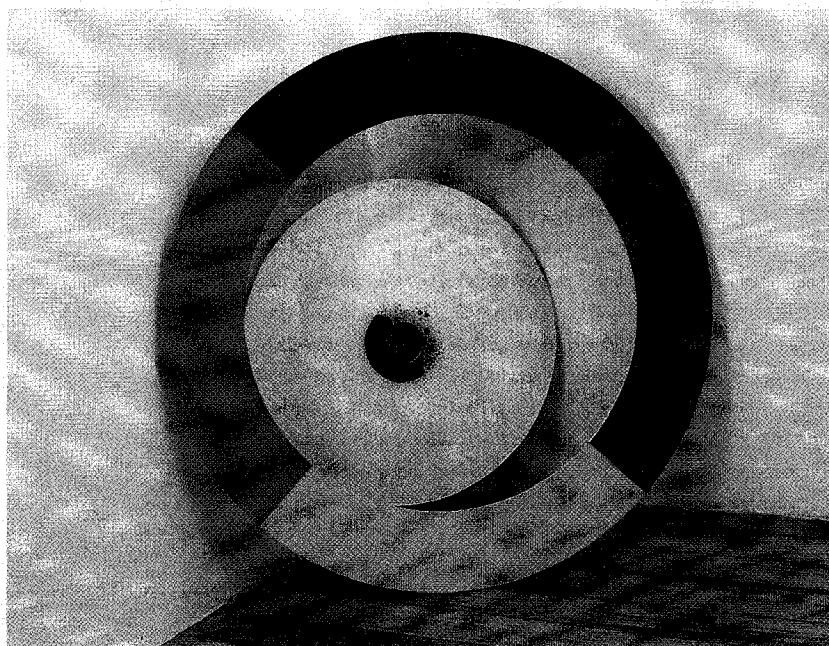
Jes Fomsgaard—Images of architectural constructions, human forms, and friezes in plaster, chalk, pencil, and ink on painted wood; through 4/5. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Robert Franca—Ceramic reliefs and gouaches; through 3/31. Conde, 588 Broadway (274-0438).

Anderson Giles—Recent acrylic paintings; through 3/29. Moore, 594 Broadway (343-7016).

Mark Greenwald—Paintings from the past three years that depict the artist and his friends and family in bizarre imaginary narratives; through 4/15. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Callum Inness—Recent abstract paintings by a Scottish artist that explore the properties of paint; through 4/5. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).



Talent Full Circle

While many of Bill Beckley's photographic constructions from the nineties allude to the possibility of indulgence through images of food and liquor, his most recent series, "Down the Drain," erases any such temptation. At John Gibson Gallery, 568 Broadway; through April 5.

Robin Kahn—Paintings and sculpture on the theme of reading; through 4/12. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Matvey Levenstein—New paintings based on photographs from a found anonymous album of an upper-middle-class Czech family; through 4/12. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Renée Levi—Sculptures created from flattened cardboard boxes and shopping bags that are glued or taped together and painted; through 4/12. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Ellen Levin—An installation that uses dolls, crows, knives, and other objects and materials to explore subconscious fantasies; through 4/26. Fao, 558 Broome St. (334-8125), Wed. and Thurs. 2-6, Fri. and Sat. 12-6.

Ruben Torres Llorca—Assemblages that incorporate images of folk art, religious symbols, and popular kitsch; through 4/5. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Jean Lowe—An installation of paintings, furniture, objects, and books that examines society's conflicting attitudes toward nature; through 3/29. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Jill Nathanson—New abstract paintings that reflect the artist's involvement in mysticism and meditation; through 4/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Joe Nicastri—Objects and paintings that are the artist's meditation on the plight of Holocaust victims; through 4/10. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Frank Owen—Recent paintings that refer to nature; through 4/9. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Yigal Ozeri—Paintings of unrealized architecture; 3/13-4/13. Z, 70 Greene St. (966-8836).

Marilla Palmer—Paintings whose ephemeral quality is enhanced by the artist's use of fabrics, beadwork, and other materials to create geometric forms; through 3/29. Deven Golden, 16 Mercer St. (334-3124).

Nancy Rubins—Two new monumentally scaled sculptures of amassed airplane parts; through 4/5. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

William Scarborough—Collages and prints from 1992 to the present; through 4/6. Gold, 474 Broadway (941-4641).

Nancy Shaver—Sculptures that incorporate blocks of common lumber, gauzy fabrics, and paint; 3/14-4/26. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Michael Smith and Joshua White—A large-scale collaborative installation titled *Musco* that is a lifelike re-creation of a fictional showroom of a lighting business of the same name; through 4/5. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

Sterck & Roza—Photographs inspired by painting and literature, by the Belgian-American artist team; through 3/29. T.Z'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

John R. Thompson—Paintings on spandex that incorporate oil, enamel, contact paper, and jade glue; through 4/19. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Carlo Torres—Gestural abstract paintings on a variety of physical formats, among them triptychs and hinged panels; through 3/29. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Not Vital—New sculpture; through 3/22. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Chelsea

Jean-Marc Bustamante—New sculpture; through 4/19. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Fernando Canovas—New geometric paintings by the Argentinian artist that incorporate constructions of clay ampules; through 4/3. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Sherman Drexler—Paintings that pay homage to prehistoric cave painters; through 3/29. Gang, 535 W. 20th St.

Jonathan Hammer—An installation of collaborative books and the artist's own works on paper inspired by Hugo Ball's influential Dada writings; through 3/29. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Maxine Henryson and Hunter Reynolds—A collaborative project titled *I-DEA: The Goddess Within* that is an ongoing photographic diary of the performances of the mysterious Patina du Prey, photographed by Henryson, a New York-based photographer, and enacted by Reynolds, a Berlin-based performance artist; through 4/13. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Ilya Kabakov—An installation that transforms the gallery into a provincial Soviet museum dedicated

to the common household fly; through 4/5. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

Robin Tewes—Intimately scaled portraits of nude women and children in various psychological states; through 3/30. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Lincoln Tobier—A series of works that take the form of legal radio transmissions, and studies for a model of Los Angeles that would be made in collaboration with the city's residents; through 4/6. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Other

Fred Fleisher/Peter Bregoli—Mixed-media "toys" and paintings derived from them/Paintings in which a portrait of a child is interrupted by a second, distorted image of the same child. Through 3/29. McKinney, 526 E. 11th St. (677-7807), Tues. and Thurs. 6:30-8:30, Sat. 11-5.

Sue Ferguson Gussow—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and pastels by this artist who is a professor at the Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture at Cooper Union; through 3/31. Cooper Union, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4158), Mon.-Fri. 12-7, Sat. 12-5.

Louisa Matthiasdottir—A survey of the artist's paintings from the thirties to the present, including portraits, still lifes, and landscapes of her native Iceland; through 4/19. New York Studio School of Drawing, Painting, and Sculpture, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466), Mon.-Sat. 10-6.

Dianora Niccolini/Steven Meier—Black-and-white photographs of male and female nudes/Geometric abstract paintings. Through 4/27. Curcio/Spector, 304 E. 5th St. (505-0409).

Sidney Tillim—New paintings and drawings; through 4/6. Trans Hudson, 416 W. 13th St. (242-3232), Wed.-Sun. 12-6.

Group Shows

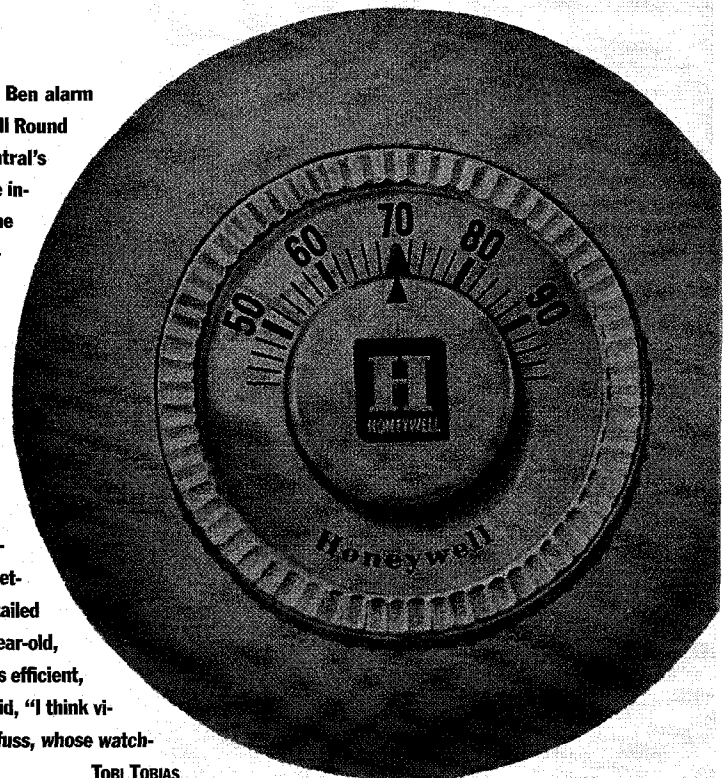
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Works using landscapes to explore formalist issues of light, color, and gesture; through 4/5.

On View Design for Living

Today, we call them classics: Bell Labs' Trimline telephone, Big Ben alarm clocks for Westclox, the Polaroid Swinger camera, the Honeywell Round thermostat, the Hoover 150 vacuum cleaner, New York Central's streamlined Mid-century locomotive. When they were introduced, these industrial designs by Henry Dreyfuss (1904-1972) blended so well into the visual environment, they often went unnoticed. The Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum is noticing and saluting them with an exhibition—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72"—that runs from March 18 through August 31 and is complemented by a book, *Henry Dreyfuss, Industrial Designer: The Man in the Brown Suit*, by the show's curator, Russell Flinchum (published by Rizzoli and due this month).

While contemporaneous Bauhaus style favored the striking effect of the uncompromisingly austere—even for mundane objects—Dreyfuss was devising things that were warmer and homier in looks and user-friendly before that term was coined. His was the science of anthropometrics, the study of human anatomy and behavior. From his studio came detailed measurements of your average Americans—Josephine, Joe, and their 6-year-old, Joe Jr. These figures would be used in making people-serving apparatuses efficient, safe, and comfortable to deal with. The designer Andrée Putman has said, "I think visual comfort is far more important than physical comfort." Henry Dreyfuss, whose watchword was "human scale," thought that you could have it both ways.



TOBI TOBIAS

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Conceptual works by Nikos Navrides; icons ranging in date from 1453-1900, from Greece, Russia, Venice, Lebanon, Ethiopia, Dalmatia, and Byzantium proper; through 4/30.

Marymount Manhattan—221 E. 71st St. (517-0475). Works by women dealing with getting older, including Kanai, Pindell, Shapiro; through 4/12.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Works inspired by Americas' indigenous cultures, with works by Becerra, Hardinger, Miller, and Masayeva; through 4/1.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). Surreal, sexually explicit collages by the avant-garde Czech artist Jindrich Styrsky (1899-1942) from the book *Émile Comes to Me in a Dream*; erotic photographs and collages dating from 1929-1948 by Bellmer, Brzeski, Hugnet, and Rac; through 5/3.

57th Street Area

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (757-0202). Still lifes by Fish, Freckelton, Hagin, and Shorr; 3/13-4/12.

M B Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). Works by Aronson, Cox, and Lebrun; through 4/20.

Matthes—41 E. 57th St. (752-5145). Paintings, sculpture, and photographs depicting vessels, as well as antiquities from China and Syria; through 3/29.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ah! space—494 Broadway (334-4947). Works by Abjou, Merwin, Trelles, others; through 3/28.

Feature Inc.—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Beck, Linn, and Wurtz; through 4/5.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Five one-person shows, with works by Baeder, Jensz, Manley, others; through 4/29.

Inghar—568 Broadway (224-1100). Paintings, drawings, and sculpture of New York City subways by 25 artists; through 3/29.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Contemporary art in the tradition of Abstract Expressionism; through 4/5.

Chelsea

Stux—529 W. 20th St. (352-1600). "Sex/Industry," with works by Anthony, Bluhm, Gianakos, LaChapelle, Picasso, McLelland, Sherman, Warhol, others; through 3/23.

Photography

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). Photo-based works by Acconci, Burden, Rauschenberg, others; through 4/29.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo/Colette Alvarez Urbajtel—An exhibition marking the artist's ninety-fifth birthday/Color photographs taken in Mexico, New Guinea, China, France, and elsewhere. Through 5/3. Witkin, 415 West Broadway (925-5510).

Bill Beckley—Photographic tableaux from the nineties; through 4/5. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Maria Martinez Canas—Recent photographs with abstract compositions, including a series resembling totem pole; through 3/29. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Lois Conner—Recent photographs of the Navajo people; through 4/19. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

James A. Fox—Photographs of boxers; through 4/12. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Gearhart—252 Mott St. (966-3556). Photographs of the Wooster Group theater ensemble, with portraits of members Willem Dafoe, Peyton Smith, Kate Valk, others; through 4/30.

John Goodman—Photographs of the Times Square boxer's gym, which was recently closed due to the Times Square renovation project; through 4/10. SABA, 116 E. 16th St. (477-7722).

Donald Greenhaus—Photographs from the sixties through the nineties; through 4/29. 479 Gallery, 594 Broadway (334-0909).

Patricia Neal—Photographs composed to look like still lifes; through 4/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Matthias Herrmann—Self-portraits; 3/14-4/13. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-881).

ICP—"David Levinthal 1975-1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers reenacting World War II and black memorabilia; through 3/21. 1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11-8 (6-8 voluntary contribution), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4; \$2.50 seniors and students.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of French gardens, windmills, and landscapes; through 4/26. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Jean Laughton—Photographs of rodeos in Wyoming, Nebraska, and Iowa; through 3/30. E3, 47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882), Thurs. and Fri. 3-7, Sat 2-6.

Saul Leiter—Color photographs from the fifties, and painted photographs from the seventies to the present; through 4/5. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Levy—Contemporary photography from Prague; through 4/26. 588 Broadway (941-0009).

Esko Männikkö—Recent color photographs of southern Texas and the people who live there; through 3/30. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Joe Marvullo—Photographs that explore the psychological and emotional affects of color; 3/14-4/5. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Andrea Modica—Photographs of children and their surroundings; through 4/19. Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Barbara Morgan—Vintage photomontages and light drawings; through 4/5. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Morthland—225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767). Contemporary photographs of scientific books and celestial occurrences by Rossiter, plus vintage photographs of scientific explorations; through 4/13.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). Works by the Guerrilla Art Action Group; 3/15-5/17.

Andrea Robbins/Max Becher—Photographs of Dachau; through 4/5. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

David Seltzer—Large-scale photographs by this New York artist, most dealing with his relationships; through 3/29. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Andres Serrano—A new series of works, entitled "A History of Sex"; through 4/12. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-5156).

Frederick Sommer/Jim Dine—Still-life studies by the former; photographs by the latter. Through 4/5. PaceWildenstein/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Ezra Stoller/Weegee—Modernist photographs/Vintage and rare prints. Through 4/12. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Oliver Wasow—Fantasy landscapes; through 3/29. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

James Welling—Black-and-white photographs exploring the nature of representation; through 3/29. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Expansion Art: Artists of Our Times." Works by nine mid-career and emerging artists involved with issues of gender, national cultural icons, ethnicity, and dislocation; through 3/29. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Beatrice Wood: A Centennial Tribute." A retrospective of the artist's drawings, paintings, and ceramic work; through 6/8. . . . "Messengers of Modernism: American Studio Jewelry 1940-1960"; through 6/8. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10-6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish till 8); \$5/\$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"The Grand Tour: Travels With the Asia Society." Photographs by Guy Weill, 1969-1995; through 3/30. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11-8, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6-8.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"American Paintings: Ashcan and Modernist, A Centennial Exhibition";

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through 6/30. . . "Mistress of the House, Mistress of Heaven: Women in Ancient Egypt." 250 objects and artworks from public and private collections, including works from the collection of the Brooklyn Museum of Art; through 5/18. . . "A Different Reality: Symbolist Prints From the Collection." Prints by Symbolist artists from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; through 5/7. . . "Rediscovering James Brooks: WPA Murals and Other Figurative Works." A group of twenty works selected from a gift of 244 from the artist's widow, Charlotte Brooks, including preparatory drawings, gouaches, and tempera studies for Brooks's realist-style mural, *Flight*, in the Marine Air Terminal at La Guardia Airport; through 5/4. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

China Institute—"Adornment for Eternity: Status and Rank in Chinese Ornament." Ancient belts, garment hooks, hair ornaments, and other treasures from the Mengdiexuan Collection; through 6/28. 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181), Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Tues. 10-8, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929-72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; 3/18-8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10-9, Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a streetlike environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . "Hanne Darboven: *Kulturgeschichte 1880-1983*"; through 6/29. . . "Fred Sandback: *Sculpture*"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Conceptual Trend: Six Artists From Mexico City." Works by six young, conceptually oriented artists based in Mexico City; through 4/13. . . "Alicia Creus." Thirty-five recent collage works by the Argentine artist, who has lived in New York and North Carolina since 1977; through 4/13. . . "Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loved ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"A Century of Sculpture: The Nasher Collection." The New York premiere of the collection formed by Patsy R. and Raymond D. Nasher, with sculptures by Matisse, Picasso, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others; through 6/1. . . "Rose is a Rose is a Rose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; through 4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Art/Fashion." An exhibition illustrating the ways in which art and fashion have converged over the years; through 6/8. . . "Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; through 3/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's *D'Est*." A film-and-video installation of the Belgian film-director's feature film documenting her journey to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties; through 5/27. . . "A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; through 4/13. . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his "Charred Journal" series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; through 4/13. . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; through 4/13. . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5; free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Lower East Side Tenement Museum—"The Chamber Pot Show," with works by Amanda Church, Steve DeFrank, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, others; through 4/6. 90 Orchard St. (431-0233), Tues.-Fri. 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Glory of Byzantium." The Second Golden Age of Byzantium (843-1261) is the subject of this exhibition, which comprises more than 350 masterpieces in all media from the museums and church treasuries of more than twenty countries; through 7/6. . . "Giambattista Tiepolo." America's first major retrospective of the eighteenth-century Italian master's paintings and etchings; through 4/27. . . "Venetian Prints and Books in the Age of Tiepolo"; through 4/27. . . "Domenico Tiepolo: Drawings, Prints, and Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the son and collaborator of Giambattista Tiepolo; through 4/27. . . "Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . "The Florene M. Schoenborn Bequest: Artists of the School of Paris"; through 5/4. . . "Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art"; through 8/31. . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia"; Through 8/31. . . "To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art"; Through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892-1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; through 4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"The Photomontages of Hannah Höch." The first U.S. retrospective of the German artist's photomontages; through 5/20. . . "Manuel Alvarez Bravo." A retrospective of photographs by the twentieth-century Mexican master; through 5/18. . . "Willem de Kooning: The Late Paintings, the 1980s." The artist, who ceased painting in 1990, painted the 40 canvases in this exhibition between 1981 and 1987; through 4/29. . . "Projects: Bul Lee/Chie Matsui"; through 3/25. . . "The Maximal Sixties: Pop, Op, Figurative." Pop, Op, and Kinetic artworks from the museum's collection; through 4/29. . . "A Singular Vision." Prints From Landfall Press; through 5/6. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"The Streets and Beyond: New York Photographs." Photographs of New York street life by well-known New York photographers; through 6/8. . . "New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27. . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; through 4/6. . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony since the turn of the century; through 3/23. . . "Landscapes of Louis Rémy Mignot: A Southern Painter Abroad"; through 5/11. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Remota: Airmail Paintings by Eugenio Dittborn." The first major



Installation The Jewish Museum is the last stop for "Bordering on Fiction: Chantal Akerman's *D'Est*," an exhibition that comprises a continually running installation of the Belgian-born director's poetic feature film documenting her trip to eastern Germany, Poland, and Russia in the early nineties, and video monitors displaying short sequences from the same. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street; through May 27.

New York exhibition of the Chilean artist's "Airmail Paintings," in which he folds sections of paintings into custom-made cardboard envelopes and mails them to exhibitions; through 4/13. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12-6, Sat. 12-8 (6-8 free); \$4, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Wild New York: The Printmaker and the Natural Landscape From the Age of Exploration Through the Twentieth Century"; 3/15-6/28. . . "Let There Be Light: William Tynedale and the Making of the English Bible"; through 5/17. . . "Richard Tuttle: Books and Prints at the New York Public Library." A survey of the artist's books and prints from 1965 to the present; through 5/31. . . "Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Transit Museum—"Drawing the Lines: New York City Subways." Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures depicting New York City's subway system; through 3/29. Boerum Place and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-243-8601); Tues.-Fri. 10-4, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and children.

New York Historical Society—"An Unquenchable Thirst: Springs and Wells of New York City"; through 6/1. . . "Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*"; through 9/7. . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; through 4/13. . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986-1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914-1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; through 3/20. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 3/12 at 10 and 2: "The Nineteenth Century (Furniture)." On view from 3/7. 3/18 at 10: "Fine Chinese Paintings, Calligraphy, and Rubbings." On view from 3/15.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 3/14 at 1: "Asian Decorative Arts." On view from 3/14.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Decorations." On view from 3/6. 3/13 at 10:15 and 2: "19th-Century Furniture." On view from 3/6. 3/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Art Deco." On view from 3/6. 3/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Chinese Snuff Bottles." On view from 3/13. 3/18 at 10:15: "Korean Works of Art." On view from 3/14. 3/18 at 2: "Chinese Paintings." On view from 3/14.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/13 at 10:30: "Photographic Literature." On view from 3/8.



Christopher, age 8

Adrian, age 6

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A CHILD'S EYES.

THIS SUMMER, WITH YOUR HELP, A CITY CHILD
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CITY. TWO WEEKS LAUGHING, PLAYING,
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restaurants

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Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) (\$).

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. 482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meier (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. 39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. 4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.



Opening SoHo and Below

Chef Johannes Sanzin of SoHo's acclaimed Sanzin restaurant has quietly annexed the TriBeCa space that was briefly the Pearl Room. His Restaurant 131 serves up the creatively adventurous fare—octopus terrine with pumpkin-seed oil and three-pepper salad, rabbit loin in a fig-balsamic sauce with kohlrabi—the chef popularized at Pitchoune and Sanzin. (Entrées, \$17 to \$28; 131 Duane Street.)

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Sanzin—This cozy SoHo bistro offers "New York cuisine" with a French twist, which means creative renditions of highly seasoned food. Signature dishes include a creamy semolina pasta with Roquefort and truffle oil, duck breast with saffron noodles, and Valrhona-chocolate-soufflé cake. Regulars congregate at the comfortable mahogany bar. 180 Spring St. (965-0710). (M-E, AE, DC, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. 186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Casani's—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) (\$).

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; a fireplace increases the coziness quotient. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en crouste, and cassolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. 533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdo on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and shiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. 70 W. 3rd St. (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. 69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. 243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable \$18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudi by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Campagna—The Late Show With

David Letterman crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

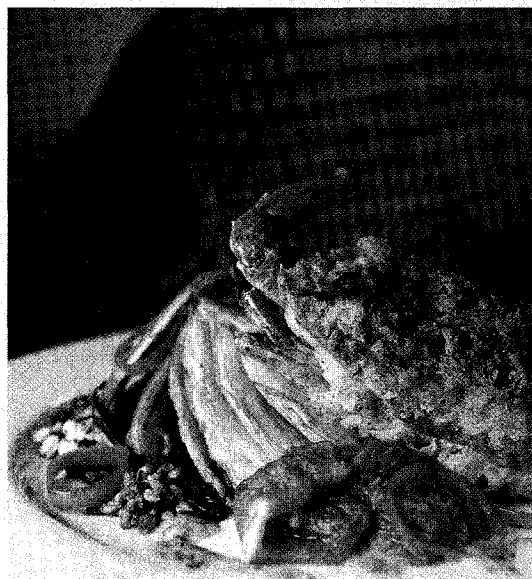
Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. 75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipote glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion



Object of Desire The Soft Sell

The winner of this year's race to debut the season's soft-shell crabs is *Tropica*, the power-lunch fish house in the MetLife building (200 Park Avenue). Chef Remi Lauvand enhances the precocious jumbo blues—flown in from Cape Canaveral—with Chinese broccoli, sautéed tomatoes, shallots, and balsamic vinegar.

soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. 411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) (S).

Caffe Bondi Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conca d'oro, pasta con sarde, and rabbit stew. Try the weekend brunch and the occasional historical dinner. 7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynesque and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel sevice to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. 146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. 994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected

accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. 988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights. Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. 209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

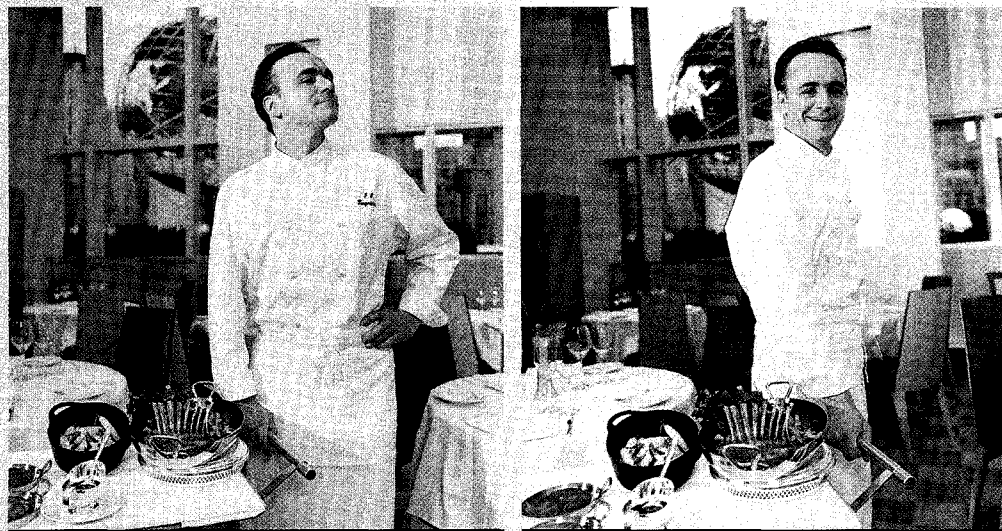
Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

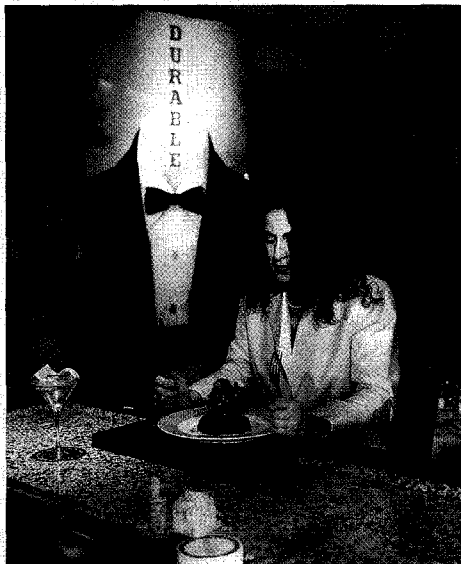
Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E.



Preview Dinner Drama

As of next week, chef groupies will flock to the culinary wasteland of Columbus Circle to sample Jean-Georges Vongerichten's latest edible brainstorms. To reflect the extravagant lavishness of its address—the Trump International Hotel at 1 Central Park West—the restaurant Jean Georges revives a bit of old-world flummery: every dish, appetizer to dessert, is sliced, garnished, or prepared on a gueridon right at your table.



Tools Tray Chic

Besides being one of the most-imitated chefs in the country, Alfred Portale—Gotham Bar and Grill's tall-food architect—is also an amateur woodworker. He designed these ebonized maple trays to connect the massive bar rail and bar, perhaps the first custom furniture to accommodate the current vogue for bar dining. (12 East 12th Street.)

49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. 141 E. 48th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Preheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd St. and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Broadway Grill—A good place to remember for pre-theater, with a good selection of thin-crust pizzas, pastas, and grilled fish and meat. Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Hotel, 49th St. at Broadway (315-6161). (M) AE, MC, V.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. 145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare. Try the \$19.96 prix fixe. 342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a \$21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest

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&
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I THINK
ABOUT
SUICIDE!



And it makes me feel
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The work is challenging. The training intensive. And though you cannot solve everyone's problems, it's satisfying to know that when someone reaches out for help....You're there!

If you want to become a volunteer

Call (212) 673-3041

If you or someone you know is in crisis, call The Samaritans 24-hour suicide prevention hotline at (212) 673-3000

speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Osteria D'Angelo—This casual Italian establishment offers all the usual favorites, from a dozen varieties of pasta to more elaborate creations like shrimp Catalina. Well-situated for pre- or post-theater dining. 242 W. 56th St. (307-0700). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

René Pujol—This Theater District oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes standards like rack of lamb for two, Dover sole, and chocolate soufflé with Grand Marnier ice cream. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and

wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. 761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th-60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for

the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the

Opening Thady's Irish Pose

Our Celtic heritage (this close to St. Patrick's Day, everyone's green) is the latest cultural archetype to succumb to the theme-parkification of Manhattan. Thady Con's opens this Friday (at 915 Second Avenue, at 49th Street), serving up draughts of a midtown interpretation of the Irish experience. Co-owner Michael O'Sullivan—with much help from his family (son Tim and nephew Diarmaid are pictured at right) has recreated a nineteenth-century village straight out of the west of Ireland,



much like the one his grandfather Thady Con lived and died in. Visitors can sit in the post office, grocery shop, country pub, and adjacent "snug," or congregate in the whitewashed, wood-beamed country kitchen around an open hearth—the hub of Hibernian social life. County Meath artist Annemaire Ryan provides local color with painted murals of cheery villagers and O'Sullivan kinsmen, and the antiques and sogan chairs were gathered from all over Erin.

You won't find corned beef and cabbage here on the seventeenth, but the genuine article of boiled bacon and cabbage, together with baked colcannon and kale, a warm salad of black-and-white pudding, and brown-bread ice cream. Of course, Thady's is also a place where one need not fear perishing of thirst: There's Guinness and Murphy's stout on tap, and a large selection of Irish whiskeys. The fine dining's upstairs, where beginning next month, Limerick chef Tony Ryan will serve up that nouvelle Irish cuisine that has everyone nattering on of late. Expect plenty of "homegrown" ingredients like Carageen moss, nettles, and McCann's oatmeal flour. All of which is sure to have even the most bagel-bitten New Yorkers waxing misty about the Easter Rising and the Great Potato Famine after a pint or two.

GILLIAN DUFFY

food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk cafe. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary French cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. Dinner dancing, starting at nine Thursday through Saturday. 2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8195). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. 1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meuniere, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. 227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American cafe for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and

big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Trattoria Libertà—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. 1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Caffe Popolo—Italian on the Upper West Side, with everything we've come to expect: gourmet pizzas, classic pastas, and homemade tirami su. In warm weather, eat outdoors. 351 Columbus Ave., nr. 76th St. (362-1777). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

River—The faux-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. 345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This marvelous collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V



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Gil and Orli Shaham... Henry Cowell Tribute

Classical Music

Tuesday, March 11

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs works by Stephen Paulus, Schumann, and Mendelssohn. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 7:30; \$22-\$30.

New York Philharmonic—Performs Verdi's *Requiem*; Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 7:30; \$20-\$75.

Francesco Trio—Performs works by Olly Wilson, Brahms, and Mel Powell. *Miller Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799)*, at 8; \$15.

Cincinnati Pops—Performs "A Hollywood Spectacular"; Erich Kunzel, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 8; \$17-\$65.

Wednesday, March 12

Peter Schreier, Tenor, and Andras Schiff, Pianist—Perform works by Schubert. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$35.

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs "Dreams and Realities: Re-Inventing America, 1929-1942"; Leon Botstein, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$18-\$45.

Gil Shaham, Violinist, and Orli Shaham, Pianist—Perform works by Beethoven, Prokofiev, and Dvorak. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100)*, at 8; \$25.

Thursday, March 13

Bargemusic—Performs works by Wuorinen and Schoenberg. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061)*, at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

Sorrel Hays, Pianist—Performs works by Henry Cowell and herself. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330)*, at 8; \$10.

Kodo—Japanese percussion ensemble performs two concerts of traditional music. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 8; \$12-\$50.

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Berlioz and Brahms with mezzo-soprano Markella Hatziano; Sir Colin Davis, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$20-\$75.

Friday, March 14

Chamber Music of Henry Cowell—Performed by Continuum. *Bruno Walter Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (870-1649)*, at 7:30; free.

New York Pops—"Here's to the Irish"; Skitch Henderson, music director. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 8; \$17-\$65.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the pre-meditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."



Performance Unbreak My Heart

In Handel's magical *Amadigi*, brought to BAM by Ireland's Opera Theatre Company, a sorceress is thwarted in her attempts to separate young lovers, black hearts come to no good end, and the delicate Baroque score soars over all. (Call 718-636-4100.)

Kodo—See 3/13.

Peter Schreier, Tenor, and Andras Schiff, Pianist—See 3/12.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/13.

Saturday, March 15

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Copland, Mozart, and Schuman with pianist Imogen Cooper. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 8; \$16-\$48.

Chamber Music of Henry Cowell—Performed by the Colorado String Quartet and Musicians' Accord. *Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488)*, at 8; \$15.

An Evening at Monticello—Part of the "Project America" series, featuring works by Francis Hopkinson, Haydn, and Maria Cosway. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100)*, at 8; \$20.

Peter Schreier, Tenor, and Andras Schiff, Pianist—See 3/12.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/13.

Beaux Arts Trio—See 3/7.

Sunday, March 16

American Composers Orchestra—Part of the *Sonidos de las Americas*: Puerto Rico festival; Dennis Rus-

sell Davies, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 3; \$9-\$40.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs works by Romberg, Spohr, and Beethoven. *Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (840-7470)*, at 2; \$12.

Alan Feinberg and Steven Mayer, Pianists—Perform works by Ives, Schoenfeld, and Jelly Roll Morton. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100)*, at 3; \$20.

World Music Tribute to Henry Cowell—The Manhattan Chamber Orchestra, Erick Hawkins Dance Company, Thunderbird American Indian Dancers, and many others. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)*, at 3; \$12.

Bargemusic—See 3/13, at 4.

Jerry's Boys—A tribute to Broadway legend Jerry Herman by Bebe Neuwirth, Eartha Kitt, and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. *Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (247-7800)*, at 8; \$10-\$75.

Monday, March 17

Greek Byzantine Choir—In conjunction with the "Glory of Byzantium" exhibit. *Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949)*, at 6:30 and 8:30; \$35.

Artur Papazian, Pianist—Performs works by Mozart, Chopin, and Debussy with an exhibit of his oil paintings. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$65.

EOS Ensemble—Performs works by Tavener and Peter Lieberson. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$15-\$25.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Britten's *Billy Budd*, 3/11 at 8, 3/14 at 8; Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, 3/12 at 8, 3/15 at 1:30; Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, 3/13 at 8, 3/17 at 8; Verdi's *Aida*, 3/15 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000)*; \$23-\$250.

New York City Opera—Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 3/11 at 8, 3/16 at 1:30; Bizet's *Carmen*, 3/13 at 8, Puccini's *La Bohème*, 3/14 at 8; Offenbach's *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, 3/15 at 1:30; Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, 3/15 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570)*; \$18-\$82.

Così Fan Tutte—Mozart's classic, set in 1911 Stutz society. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30. Through 3/16. *Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200)*; \$20.

Dance

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Perform works by Ailey, Ronald K. Brown, and Shapiro & Smith. 3/14 and 3/15 at 7, 3/15 at 2, 3/16 at 3. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200)*; \$10.

Ballet Tech—Elliott Feld's new company. Tues.-Sat. at 8. Through 4/13. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800)*; \$35.

Lord of the Dance—Celtic dance woven into a rock-and-roll narrative. Choreographed by, and starring, Michael Flatley. 3/14-3/17 at 8, 3/15 at 2 and 8. *Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. and Ave. of the Americas (247-4777)*; \$37-\$77.

nightlife

"Studio Filthy Whore"...Trousers Press, Part V

Concerts

The Allman Brothers Band—With the years of bad blood, bad side projects, and bad luck behind them apparently for good, these Florida stalwarts keep the fraternal Southern-rock torch aloft and blazing. They and their fans turn the Beacon into a giant seventies-reefer-rock-revival hall for ten glorious nights. 3/11–3/12, 3/14–3/16, 3/18–3/19, and 3/21–3/23 at 8 P.M. *The Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171).* \$35.

The Cardigans—One of these things is not like the other: With affinities for sixties pop, sixties lounge, and Black Sabbath, the five Swedes of the Cardigans finally broke through in the U.S. with their wonderfully catchy "Lovefool." Like many of the band's best songs, it's a clear-eyed—if humorous—examination of the self-deception and masochism that are often key ingredients in romance. Sweet but never saccharine is the rule with these sonic confectioners. With *Bis* and *Mini-King*. 3/14 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171).* \$15.

The Chieftains—Long before world-music vogue took hold, this traditional Irish sextet was stoking up pennywhistles, harps, and other old-time instruments for reels, jigs, and airs in both English and Gaelic. Having stuck with the same basic concept for over 30 years, they've become legends without losing any of the sprightly charm that put them on the map to begin with. 3/17 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800).* \$30–\$50.

Phil Collins—With or without the boys of Genesis, the FM-light staple (and Charlie Brown dead-ringer) still packs 'em in with his workmanlike ruminations on, well, the same stuff everybody else ruminates on. 3/13 and 3/14 at 8 P.M. *Madison Square Garden. (307-7171).* \$30–\$65.

"Jerry's Boys"—Bebe Neuwirth, George Hearn, Eartha Kitt, and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus stage a tribute to *Hello, Dolly!* and *La Cage Aux Folles* composer-lyricist Jerry Herman. 3/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800).* \$10–\$75.

The Presidents of the United States of America—Sure the Presidents are easy targets for critical ridicule. They sing about bugs and fruit. They use, like, four guitar strings among all of them. And they're hilarious and fun—living proof that all a pop song needs to succeed is three chords, a positive attitude, and a whole lot of 9-year-olds willing to sing along. With Redd Kross and Custard. 3/12 at 8 P.M. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (307-7171).* \$15.

"Sounds of Vietnam"—As part of its *Hommage au Vietnam* series, the Alliance Française hosts the father-daughter duo of Tran Van Khê and Tran Thi Thuy Ngoc, who play folk songs and court music. 3/15. "An Evening of Vietnamese Song, Music, and Dance" closes out the series, 3/19. Both shows at 8 P.M. *Florence Gould Hall, French Institute, 55 E. 59th St. (307-7171).* \$25.

"This Is My Song"—A gospel extravaganza starring Cissy Houston and Shirley Caesar. 3/18–3/23 at 8 P.M. *The Theatre at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Avenue at 33rd St. (307-7171).* \$15.50–\$37.50.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hip-ish, and appealingly inexpensive rock and folk venue. 3/13: Stuffs, Inc.; Furniture. 3/15: Los Dudes; Barnyard Playboys. 3/17: Swoon; Future Primitive; Spill Red. 95 Stanton St. (358-1633). \$.

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 3/14: Keane's Fancy. 43 Murray St., two blocks below Chambers St. (732-2873).

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/13: Sharon Shannon. 3/14: Nils Lofgren; Joe Grushecky. 3/15: Soupy Sales; Little Isidore & the Inquisitors; Nancy Redman. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 3/11: Boo Radleys; Catatonia; Joseph Arthur. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. 3/11: dEUS. 3/15: Sam Black Church; Crisis. 315 Bowery, at Bleeker St. (982-4052). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 3/11: Scarlett Moore. 3/14–3/15: Johnnie Johnson. 3/17: Killer Blues Band. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Opened a couple of years ago as a trashy glam-rock revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. For a mid-week pick-me-up, Jayne County revives the early-seventies protopunk scene with "Max's Kansas City Wednesdays." Thursdays, "Boyl!" revives that boys-club feeling, with a drag revue and soothing sounds courtesy of DJ Lily of the Valley. Fridays, it's the trip-hop/techno themed "Friction." On "Shindig" Sundays, rockabilly and swing enthusiasts get theirs. Mondays, the long running hip-hop hoedown "Konkrete Jungle" takes over. 3/11: Pet. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridor home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.s. A

sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 3/17: Long Hind Legs. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fast Folk Cafe—One of the city's best folk venues, and the home of a public-access TV show dedicated to bringing the music right to your living room. 3/14: Eddy Lawrence; Cosy Sheridan; Hans Thessink. 41 N. Moore St. (274-1636). \$.

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 3/12: Martin Sexton; Dayna Kurtz. 3/14: Bubble; Richard X. Heyman; Jane Brody. 3/15: the Danielson Family; Mark Denato & Canoeul of Strangers; Jonathan Gregg & the Lonesome Debonairs. 3/18: Michelle Malone. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*



Performance Big Chiefs

Old-school Irish-music proselytizers the Chieftains celebrate Saint Paddy's day at Carnegie Hall with their fresh, haunting renditions of Celtic classics and sprightly original compositions.

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 3/12: Cranes; Rasputina. 3/17: Black 47. 3/18: Erasure. 3/19: the Breeders. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. Every Monday in March, Vernon Reid presents his latest foray into the rock-jazz-experimental world, "My Science Project." 3/11-3/15: Acoustic-bashing socialist wag Robyn Hitchcock; Dear Janes (3/11's show with Jeremy Enigk). 3/16: The wonderfully loopy Vic Chesnutt; Scud Mountain Boys. 3/17: Vernon Reid. 3/18-3/20: Bluegrass-jazz fusioneers Bela Fleck & the Flecktones. 74 Leonard St. (219-3055).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 3/12: Jonathan Fire*Eater; the Red Scare. 3/13: American Standard. 3/14: Kerosene 454; Boy's Life. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 3/11-3/13: Perennial middle-aged heartthrob Jonathan Richman. 3/14: Simon Townshend; Professor & Maryann. 3/17: The Frank & Walters. 3/19: Ann Klein; Joe Arthur; Smokin' Joe Bonomasso. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the funky, Celtic-influenced band Tara on Sundays. 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).

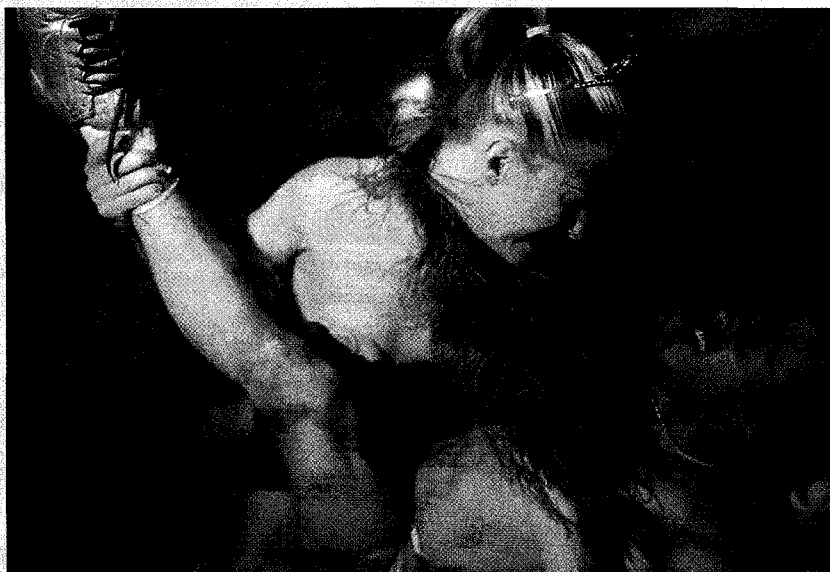
Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia

back home. 3/11: Big Youth. 3/12-3/13: The great, melancholy jazz singer Jimmy Scott. 3/14: Abstract Truth. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 3/11: Blur. 3/14-3/15: The Tony Corbiscello Big Band. 3/19: Duncan Sheik; Jill Sobule. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 3/14: Cowboy Mouth. 3/15: Cibo Matto; Railroad Jerk; Pulsars. 3/16-3/17: "Black Rose: A Celebration of the Life and Music of Philip Lynot," with Limehouse Lizzy. 3/19: Wailing Souls. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 3/12: Songs from *Schoolhouse Rock*, courtesy of Bob Dorough & His Jazz Trio, with a guest appearance by original 'Rock' vocalist (and Jimmy Smith drummer) Grady Tate. 3/13: R. L. Burnside—if the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion isn't out of town tonight, look for a guest appearance with this septuagenarian Mississippi juke-joint bluesman. With Johnny Jenkins. 3/15: Percy Hill; Gordon Stone. Free beer and chicken. 3/16: Breakdown; Merauder; Cold as Life. 3/16: Konkrete Jungle presents "Breaking Point: Jungle Meets Hip-Hop." 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).



Phenomenon I Have Survived

Two decades after the original epidemic struck, Americans are coming down—and getting down—with disco fever, specifically the Studio 54 variety. Manhattan's top-rated radio station, WKTU, now devotes half its programming to such 54 anthems as Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive" (a cover of which has just been released by alternative-rock act Cake). *New Yorker* writer Anthony Haden-Guest captures the spirit of the (in)famous club in his forthcoming *The Last Party: Studio 54, Disco, and the Culture of the Night* (William Morrow, \$25; out April 7); Island Records' companion soundtrack of the same name, due April 22, features classics from Donna Summer, Evelyn "Champagne" King, and the Village People. Hollywood players are getting into the groove with at least five feature films in various stages of production about the legendary pleasure dome. The East Village's ode is "Studio Filthy Whore," a new Tuesday-night party at Z Bar (206 Avenue A) that—just like its inspiration—caters to a glamour-aspiring, sexually adventurous crowd, offers weekly themes and bizarre performances, and maintains an air of debauchery. But there's a distinctly nineties spin: Co-creator Mario Diaz updates the Ian Schrager role with body piercings, tattoos, and a mohawk; "tranny hooker" cocktail waitresses take the place of buff unemployed actors; and cutting-edge house music—disco's contemporary cousin—pumps across the basement dance floor. (Rock is D.J.'d in the upstairs performance arena, site of elaborately staged diversions like topless go-go girls wrestling in Reddi Wip.) And while you don't have to be Liza Minnelli to get past the velvet rope—there isn't one—you do have to be at least 21, and the only white powder you bring had better be in a compact. "It's post-AIDS drunken mayhem—excess without innocence," explains host Miss Justin Bond in his Lower East Side Grace Kelly getup. "We're walking the line between decadence and self-preservation."

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 3/11: Charli Persip & Supersound 3/12: Jay Azzolina Quartet, with John Pattitucci, Adam Nussbaum, and Billy Drews. 3/13-3/15: Greg Abate Quartet, featuring Claudio Roditi. 3/16: Bill Warfield Big Band. 3/17: Toshiko Akioyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 3/18: Avishai Cohen Sextet. 3/19-3/22: Faddis, Hampton & Heath. 315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 3/11-3/16: Phil Woods Sax Machine; Ron Carter String Nontet. 3/17: B.M.I. New York Jazz Orchestra, featuring Joe Lovano. 3/18-3/23: Eddie Palmieri Octet; Poncho Sanchez Latin Jazz Band. Sets at 9 and 11:30 p.m. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Iridium Room—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 3/11-3/16: Ginger Baker brings his Denver Jazz Quartet to N.Y.C. for the first time. 3/18-3/23: Mark Whitfield quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 3/12-3/15: Carol Britto and Frank Tate. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 a.m.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.-Sun., shows start at 10 p.m. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 3/11-3/16: Billy Hart Group. 3/18-3/23: Andrew Cyrille Quintet. Sets at

9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 3/11-3/15: Joel Helleny Quartet. 3/18-3/29: Manhattan Blues Quartet. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 3/11-3/16: Tommy Flanagan Trio, with Peter Washington and Lewis Nash. 3/18-3/23: Ron Affif Trio, with Essiet Essiet and Jeff "Tain" Watts. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 3/11: Marilyn Sokol. 3/12: Hot 97's "Fat Comedy" with Dr. Dre and Ed Lover. 3/13-3/16: Anthony Clark. 3/18: Mike Royce. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-18.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 3/10-3/16: Ray Romano; Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogell; Mitch Fatel; William Stephenson; Rick Crom. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun-Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 3/10-3/16: Jerry Diner; Richie Byrne; Lenny Varndoe; John Rizzo; Ben Creed; Joe Mulligan; Nancy Redman; Quentin Heggs. 3/17-3/23: Al Romero; Rich Ramirez; John Rizzo. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3300 square feet, palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 3/14-3/15: Todd Barry; Felicia Michaels; Jerry "Red" Wilson; Sue Costello. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino Comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45 P.M. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Mondays, it's Sunda Croonquist and the

Femmes Fatales. Every Tuesday in March, "The Big Show," with Kevin Downey Jr., Leighann Lord, and Selected Hilarity. 3/14-3/15: Keith Robinson; Al Lubel; Louis CK; Billy Jaye. Sun.-Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7-\$12.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through April 5, Julie Wilson. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$30; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder and bolder to bolder), is the keynote of this Village landmark. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine plays Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30-8 P.M. \$10 music charge; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt's latest run lasts through 3/22. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis. \$10; jacket and tie required. Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).

Maxim's—Midtown's monument to hefty art-nouveau interior design and hefty French-bistro fare. 3/11-3/15: Kaye Ballard. \$30 cover. 680 Madison Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (751-5111).

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. \$35 minimum. Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridian Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).

Rainbow and Stars—Through 3/22: Karen Mason, an understudy for the role of Norma Desmond in *Sunset Boulevard*. Sunday nights, Rainbow hosts a rotating lineup of songwriters. 3/16: Marcia Lewis, "On the Road to Chicago." \$25 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Mary Cleere Haran's one-woman show, "An Affair to Remember," runs through 3/15. \$20 cover; two-drink minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. No

cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. 1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).

Windows on the World—The "Greatest Bar on Earth" (or the loftiest, anyway) reanimates itself with a new Saturday-night theme-party series. 3/15: "The Harem," a paperback release party for Sydney Biddle Barrows' *Just Between Us Girls*. Every Thursday and Friday in March, the nine-piece Rhythm Nation plays R&B. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

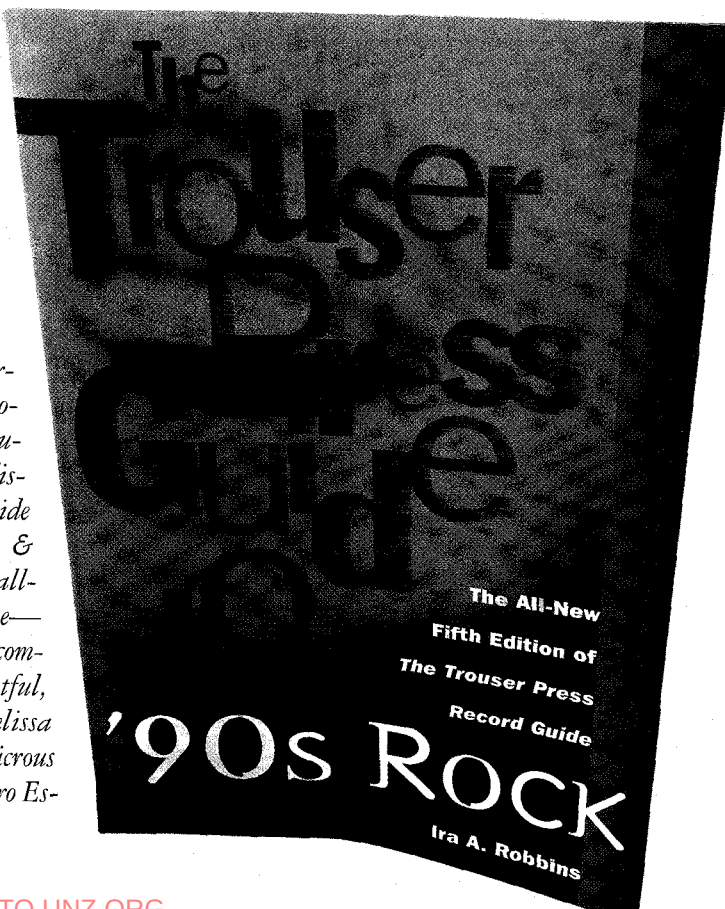
Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming-downtown crowd might be a bringdown. 176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of the spacious but unaustrere new lounge is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Orchard is also the newest home to the cutting edge, Tuesday-night jungle-house party SoundLab. 200 Orchard St., nr. Houston. (673-5350).

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slammin' D.J.'s give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. 3 Bleecker St. (473-3039).

Guidance Rock Report

Whether you're overjoyed or just overwhelmed by the "alternative" explosion of the nineties, a thorough, accurate, and reliable guidebook is indispensable. For 'The Trouser Press Guide to '90s Rock' (Fireside/Simon & Schuster, \$24.95)—the fifth installment in the music-criticism franchise—editor Ira Robbins has assembled comprehensive discographies and insightful, witty essays on rockers large (Melissa Etheridge's debut album is "a ludicrous bodice-ripper") and small (Alejandro Escovedo is "a one-man travelogue").



Kids

Latin Legends... Jewish Myths

Children's Events

Puppet Golem—Six-inch toy marionettes on up to life-size giants perform with dancing mops and underwater creatures in a sixteenth-century-meets-the-present version of the ancient Jewish legend. A show that's really for grown-ups (see photo in "Theater" listings), but any child who can sit through the 75-minute show will revel in the rich stew of sounds and images. Onstage violence is very limited—the Pogrom scene is treated abstractly. 3/13 to 3/23. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30, Sundays at 3. **LA MAMA E.T.C.**, 74A East Fourth St. (annex theater, 475-7710). Tickets are \$15, \$7.50 for children.

Alley for Kids—The Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble under the artistic direction of Sylvia Waters performs a family program at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER**. 3/14 at 7, 3/15 at 2 and 7, and 3/16 at 3. 209 W. 42nd St. (564-4222); \$10. ●

Phantom Revisited—Theatreworks/USA's completely new version of *Phantom of the Opera*, written and directed by Rob Barron, with music and lyrics by David Spencer, is recommended for children 8 and older. March 15, 16, and 23 at 10:30 and 12:30 and March 22 at 12:30 only. 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); \$18.50.

Raised Voices—THE LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY presents "Operetta: Musical Champagne," a series of arias, duets, trios, and choruses by the likes of John Philip Sousa, George Gershwin, Victor Herbert, and Rudolf Friml. 3/13 at 7:30 at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall (704-2100); \$15 to \$28. ●

Differently Able—*The World in My Hands*, performed by the **INTERBOROUGH REPERTORY THEATER**, is Helen Keller's life story. 3/15 through 4/6. Wings Theater, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961); \$7.50.

Making It Up—**FREESTYLE REPERTORY THEATRE**, an extraordinarily talented group, improvises a roster of unscripted shows—not intended for kids per se but highly entertaining nonetheless. Call for a schedule of different formats. Through May 4. Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St., west of Sheridan Square (642-8202). Tickets are \$15, half for students and seniors, with free performances every other Thursday.

C U E	
Kate O'Hara	Editor
Maureen Callahan	Movies
Barbara Ensor	Kids
Patricia Falvo	Sports
Matthew Fenton	Online
Linda Hall	Books
	Events
	Radio
Alexandra Lange	In Concert
	Theater
John Leonard	Television
Edith Newhall	Art
Robin Ralsfeld	Restaurants & Bars
Ethan Smith	Nightlife
	Popular Music
	Cabaret

Seuss!—Kids can serve up green eggs and ham, join in art projects, and try out a new CD-ROM in the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN's** new interactive exhibit, an homage to *Cat in the Hat* creator Theodor Geisel. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Admission is \$5.

Parental Guidance—"ADD: What's New in the Field" is the topic of a talk by Arnold Cohen, M.D., sponsored by the **CHURCHILL CENTER**, March 12th at 7:30 P.M. The Dalton School, 108 E. 89th St. (722-0610); \$20 per family. Register. ●
Tubby the Tuba—WNBC's John Johnson narrates the story of one instrument's

evolution from oompahs to orchestral leadership. Also performed by the **BROOKLYN COLLEGE CONSERVATORY ENSEMBLE** is Rossini's *William Tell Overture*. 3/16 at 2. Walt Whitman Theater at Brooklyn College, one block west of the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. (718-951-4500); \$9. ●

Don Quixote in the City—A musical based loosely on Cervantes's classic Spanish novel. Suitable for children 3 and up. Sundays at 2 through 3/16. **THE PRODUCERS CLUB THEATER**, 358 W. 44th St. (972-0672). Tickets are \$8. ●

Kids Dance—A group of 11- to 14-year-olds, an offshoot of Elliot Feld's **BALLET TECH**, performs a bunch of short dances. Among them *The Envelope*, a kind of whodunit performed in sunglasses. Through April 13. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); \$20 adults, \$12 kids.

Getting Involved—Families can join the staff of an early nineteenth-century hotel in *Fare for All*, a participatory drama at the **ABIGAIL ADAMS SMITH HOTEL**. 3/16, 4/13, 5/18, and 6/8 at 2. 421 E. 61st St. (838-6878); \$5, \$3 children under 12.

Dreamstuff—A fanciful new Off Broadway musical comedy with a familiar *Aladdin*-ish plot, set in New York, approximately now. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, and matinees Sat. at 2 and



Ground Rules:
● = free
● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Sun. at 3. (Through March 30.) **SAMUEL BECKETT THEATER**, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100); \$37.50.

Operatic—THE METROPOLITAN OPERA GUILD performs *Gianni Schicchi*, Puccini's engaging one-act comic opera about greed and trickery, in English for family audiences. Afterward, the audience is invited to mingle with the cast at a party. March 15 at 2. John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St., just west of Lincoln Center (769-7008). Tickets are \$25 for the opera and \$5 for up to four family members for the cast party. Young love is tested by worldly temptation in an English-language version of Mozart's romantic comedy *Così fan tutte* set in 1911. Weekend performances through March 16. Call for a performance schedule and to reserve seats. **THE AMATO OPERA**, 319 Bowery (228-8200); \$20. ●

Circus Tent—The circus that proclaims itself to be the Greatest Show on Earth has pitched its tent in the tristate area for a few weeks. Okay, there are performing hippos, Bengal tigers, a seven-person pyramid on the high wire, and astounding in-line skaters. But it's the clumsy pre-circus hour, when the audience gets to try balancing on the giant ball and lunging from the bungee trapeze, that you'll be talking about all the way home. March 11 through 17 at **NASSAU COLISEUM**, and March 20 through April 6 at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**. Call 307-7171 for tickets. Prices are \$10 to \$37.50.

Performance The Spice of Life

'Sofrito!', a program of music and storytelling at the New Victory Theater (March 21 to 30), gets its name from a spicy mixture of onions, oregano, olive oil, green peppers, and tomato sauce that forms the underlying flavor of a lot of Latino-Caribbean cooking. It is dedicated to

David Gonzalez's grandmother, Lupe Echevarria, a loquacious Puerto Rican woman who was most at home in the kitchen. Gonzalez—who also tells "Tales of the Latino World" at BAM this month—says he is often drawn to stories that confuse him at first. Milomaki (illustrated at left) is a pre-Columbian legend about a forest spirit whose power to calm and take away pain has the local fishermen so suspicious they want to burn him. An Afro-Cuban story about a messenger who trades his ability to see the future for the power to pound a drum makes no sense at all—until you hear the beat. The stirring "jumping, south-of-funk" music, the way Gonzalez describes it, is provided by Larry Harlow and the Latin Legends Band—a group of musicians now in their sixties who were household names when Gonzalez, 40, was growing up in the Bronx. During the show, kids in the audience are encouraged to make cooking motions to the infectious big-band beat: to "Mix it up, stir it up, spice it up and turn it all around," and invent a delicious savory life of their own. **BARBARA ENSOR**

the mix

Greater New York Orchid Show...How It Was With Dooms

John Leonard's TV Notes

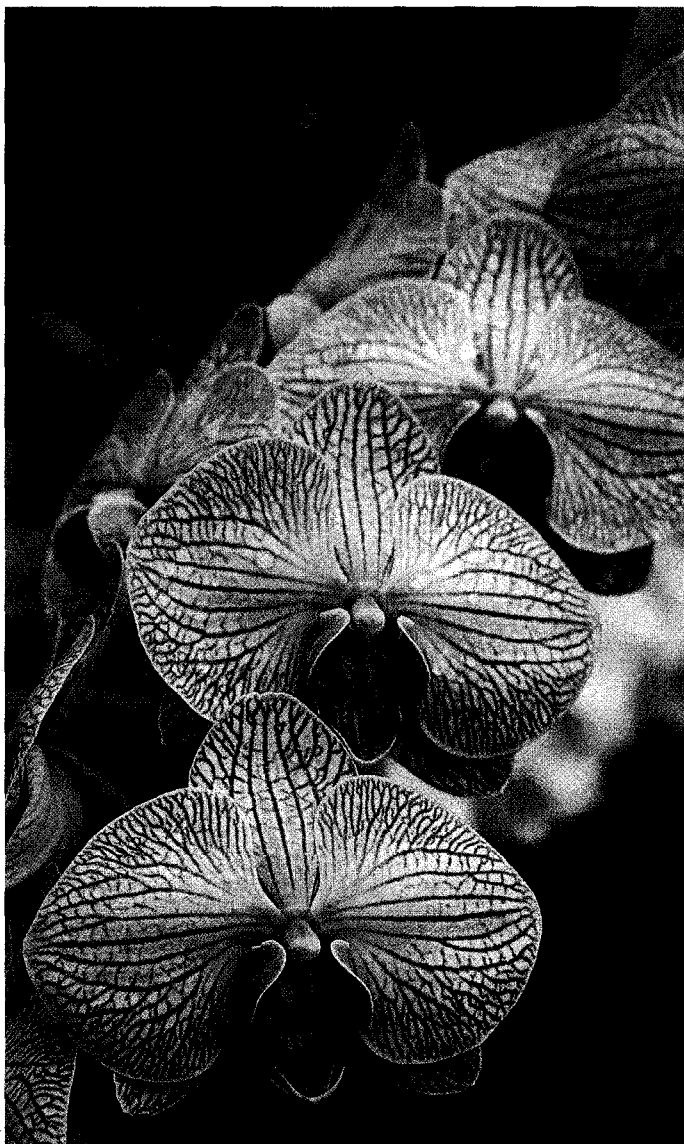
Something Borrowed, Something Blue

(3/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) wants to marry off magazine editor Connie Selleca to magazine publisher Jameson Parker, supermodel Twiggy Lawson to U.S. Senator Ken Howard and rising star Shawnee Smith to faithful boyfriend Ricky Paul Goldin, in time for a cover story and glossy spread. What happens, of course, is a handsome handyman, and a stalker who takes hostages, and a deaf child given up for adoption in the deep dark past. Let's face it: Neither Connie nor any other editor deserves to marry a publisher.

Long, Long Ago (3/11; 9:30 to 10:30 P.M.; AMC) had the odd idea of asking 26 people who happened to be 100 years old or more what they remembered, not about their first kiss, vote, teacher or tragedy, but their first movie. So, accompanied by tintypes, snippets, and piano roll, they go back in time to the silent picture shows. The insufferable camera finds these old folks rather cute, as if, in their retirement homes, they were rhododendrons to be misted twice a day.

Law & Order (3/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) begins a three-week run in the cushy *ER* time slot with the murder and dismemberment of a female Hollywood studio boss, which sends Jerry Orbach and Benjamin Bratt to Los Angeles for a blood test and pits assistant D.A. Carey Lowell against hotshot lawyer ex-hubby Keith Szarabajka, while we meet extremely personal trainers, knife-happy breast-implant surgeons, bicoastal golf-playing psychotherapists and even Robert Culp in mythy Malibu; and hear about Bora Bora, *Vanity Fair*, vibrators, and Gstaad; and fear for Bratt's chastity the minute he sees Lauren Graham. So far, so swell.

Bridge of Time (3/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) stars Susan Dey as a supergoody-two-shoes United Nations relief worker who is skyjacked on her way from a famine to Nairobi; crash-lands with her photojournalist ex-husband Cotter Smith and a suspicious money-grubbing stranger, Robert Whitehead, in the African heart of darkness; is led blindfolded through a mountain cave to a secret city lost in time, where Nigel Havers and Cicely Tyson have been waiting for her with a magic ring, as well as copies of her books on political theory; admires, but is nevertheless anx-



Preview Wild Orchids

New Yorkers are not as starved for flora as one might think, what with the year-round profusion of tulips and roses at our corner delis. Orchids, however, we do not get nearly enough of, which makes the Greater New York Orchid Show—with exhibitor-growers from as far as Brazil and New Zealand—such a destination. (Opens March 20 at the World Financial Center's Winter Garden. See listings.)

ious to leave, this fairytale metropolis of monkey fountains and elephant sculptures, of minarets and Zimbabwe birds, of London bridges and Indian bronzes, of Hawaiian palms and Balinese dancers, as Khmer as it is Egyptian, half Plato's Republic, the other half Plato's Retreat—until, of course... but see for yourself. I am sorry Susan is always so sad. But would you trust your utopian community to the woman who walked out on the *Love & War* sitcom after a single season?

The Outsider (3/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; Sci-Fi) is actually an android programmed to take out technoweeenie Gabriel Dell Jr. before he can upgrade the mainframe computer that runs Gangster World, a "therapeutic theme park" where customers pay for the privilege of indulging their aggressive fantasies by beating up on synthetic thugs and raping and/or mutilating the "pleasure models." But somebody hotwires all these androids, who were nicer to begin with than the neo-Nazi security guards; several somebodies else abduct Gabriel's longed-for squeeze, the tantrum-prone Bridget Flannery; and when the Outsider himself turns out to be French action-movie star Xavier DeCie, who falls for microchippie Stacey Williams, we're encouraged to think about free will, if we really want to. If not, there's David Leisure.

The Ultimate Guide: Snakes (3/16; 8 to 9 P.M.; Discovery) is pro-slither, from green anacondas to saw-scaled vipers to user-friendly pythons; red-sided, vertical-climbing, or diadem rat snake; rectilinear and/or concertina; all 2,700 species, whatever their lizardly origins and whether or not they really hear the fakir's flute. We are told that only a thousand Americans get bitten in your average year, of whom maybe ten die. Fatalities worldwide are closer to 25,000, but usually in Third World countries. Meanwhile, for those who need it, there's a fertility rite in Mexico.

Prison of Secrets (3/16; 8 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime), based on somebody's true story, sends middle-class Stephanie Zimbalist, on a trumped-up racketeering charge, to the big house for ten years, where early on she is beaten up and figures out that male guards like Dan Lauria are not only nightly raping female prisoners, but also smuggling them out in laundry trucks to serve as hookers at local motels. At first her wimp of a disk-jockey husband (Gary Frank) won't do anything to help. Eventually of course, Stephanie will find both sisterhood and redress of grievance.

Stolen Women (3/16; 9 to 11 P.M.;

CBS) brings back Janine Turner, sorely missed as Maggie in *Northern Exposure*, finding true love in the Old West not with her perfectly all-right lawful wedded husband, Patrick Bergin, but with a bare-chested, war-painted Michael Greeyes, the Lakota who abducted her in Kansas in 1868. Not even Dennis Weaver, as a cavalry captain, William Shockley, as General Custer, and Ted Shackelford, as her clergyman brother, can persuade her that ranchwife bored is better than Big Horn bed. As a captivity narrative, this tends toward the obvious. But if Janine gussied up like a schoolmarm is already gorgeous, in buckskin with her red hair down she's enough to start a range war.

Lies He Told (3/17; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) brings back Gary Cole, who looks even younger than he did when NBC cancelled *Midnight Caller*, as a Special Air Force counter-terrorist dirty-war hero, with a beret and an attitude, for whom training-camp civilian life is such a drag that he dumps one wife and two children for another wife, Karen Sillas, an instantaneously forthcoming infant, and a career as a bank robber. He's a scary type—crazy for control and punishment—you'd have thought Sillas was too savvy to put up with for more than thirty seconds. But she plays it girlish here, till the Air Force lands on Gary as if he were a Smithsonian exhibit unkind to atom bombs.

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—3/12: Arne's Symphony No. 2 in F; Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C. 3/13: Haydn's Symphony No. 95 in c, Wolf's *Penthesilea*. 3/14: Telemann's Overture/Suite in D, Britten's *Simple Symphony*. 3/17: Vivaldi's Flute Concerto in D, Sullivan's Symphony in E. 3/18: Rimsky-Korsakov's *Fantasia on Russian Themes* and *Antar*. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—3/15 at 1:30: Mozart's *Cost fan tutte*. Carol Vaness, Susan Graham, Cecilia Bartoli, Stanford Olsen, Mark Oswald, and William Shimell with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. James Levine conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—3/16 at 8: Dittersdorf's *Arctifanfano*. Eleanor Steber, Anna Russel, Patricia Brooks, and John McCollum with the Clarion Concerts Orchestra, Newell Jenkins conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Casper Citron—3/15 at 10 P.M.: Jimmy Breslin talks about *I Want to Thank My Brain for Remembering Me*; Peter Duchin on *Ghost of a Chance*, Drs. Mark Goldstein and Gerald Mathews, urologists, on recent advances, Mary Denis Reidy on *Maudlin Scourge*. WOR, 710 AM.

New York & Company—3/17: Joan Rivers talks about *Bouncing Back*. 3/18: Leonard Garment on *Crazy*

Rhythm. Weekdays at noon. WNYC, 820 AM/93.9 FM.

The Written Word

Earth Took of Earth: An Anthology Reading—3/13 at 7: A reading from Jorie Graham's *Golden Eco Anthology* (of 100 great poems). New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5488); \$10.

Passwords' Victor Di Suvero on "Pre" Beat Poets—3/12 at 7: At Poet's House, 72 Spring St. (431-7920); \$7.

Patrick McGrath and Bradford Morrow—3/12 at 6:30: Reading from *Asylum* and *Giovanni's Gift*, respectively. Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

Thomas Kelly—3/13 at 6:30: Reading from *Payback*. Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway (674-1616); free.

1996 Discover Great New Writers Awards Winner—3/13 at 7:30: Reading and signing. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0818); free.

Alex Garland—3/14 at 7:30: Reading from *The Beach*. Barnes & Noble, 675 6th Ave., at 21st St. (727-1672); free.

Big City Tales—3/12 at 6:30: A reading of the stories of Roxanna Robinson, Keith Taylor, and Carson McCullers. At Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); \$16.

Maggie Estep, David Sedaris, Frederic Tuten—3/14 at 7: At Nightlight Readings/Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); free.

Art of Drama V: August Wilson—3/17 at 8: At the 92nd St. Y Unterberg Poetry Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); \$12.

Julia Kumina, Michael Graves, Mary Himmelweit—3/13 at 7:15: At Picnic Place, 392 Fifth Ave. Call 917-795-8329 for further information; \$4 plus \$2 minimum.

Lectures and Panels

Judith Skelton Grant on Robertson Davies—3/16 at 11 A.M.: A lecture by the author of *Robertson Davies: Man of Myth*. At the 92nd St. Y Unterberg Poetry Center, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); \$12.

Race—3/14 at 8:30 A.M.: A daylong seminar at which speakers will explore "blackness," "whiteness," and the relationships between race, culture, and power. New York Academy of Sciences, 2 E. 63rd St. (838-0230, ext. 233); \$25.

"Wall Street, Main Street, and the Side Street."—3/14 at 6: Julianne Malveaux, economist, talk-show host, and author, speaking. Tishman Auditorium, 40 Washington Square South (998-2130); free.

Learning From the Rain Forest: Plants, People and Culture—3/13 at 6:15: A discussion of the tremendous influence the tropical rain forests and their indigenous peoples have had on our knowledge of medicine. The Rockefeller University, Caspary Hall, 1230 York Ave. (718-817-8747); \$20.

Sports and American Culture—3/18 at 8: A distinguished panel of sportswriters, editors, and commentators discuss the contribution sports have made to social change in America. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Call 996-1100 for further information; \$18.

Recording Although the presentation of the Oscar for Best Score is generally regarded as an opportunity to visit the refrigerator, the winning scores themselves are every bit as stirring as the movies they accompany. In *The Hollywood Sound*, John Williams conducts the London Symphony Orchestra's performance of music from *Out of Africa*, *Dances With Wolves*, *Jaws* (which Williams composed), and thirteen other films. (Sony Classical; \$16.98.)

Tours

St. Patrick's Weekend Irish Ellis Island—3/15 at noon: Discover the history of the Irish immigrant experience. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument in Battery Park. For further information, call 996-1100; \$15 admission price includes boat ticket, movie, tour.

The Annual Pre-Purim Jewish Lower East Side Tour—3/16 at 1: A holiday walking tour through more than 150 years of Jewish settlement. Meet at the Southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Streets in front of the Olympic Restaurant. For further information, call 996-1100; \$9.

Grand Central Terminal—3/12 and 3/19 at 12:30: A tour of the current renovation. Meet at the information booth in the Main Concourse (935-3960); free.

Events

The 1997 Greater New York Orchid Show—3/20 through 3/23 from 10 A.M. till 7 P.M., 5 P.M. on Sunday; the sixteenth annual show. The World Financial Center Winter Garden, on West St. between Vesey and Liberty Sts. (945-0505); free.

Benefits

The Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services' 105th Anniversary Gala—6/6 at 6:30: A black-tie dinner and program to benefit the organization's more than 120 programs, which service over 50,000 New Yorkers. At the Pierre Hotel, 2 E. 61st St. (632-4714); \$1,800, \$1,000, \$500.

Exhibitions

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

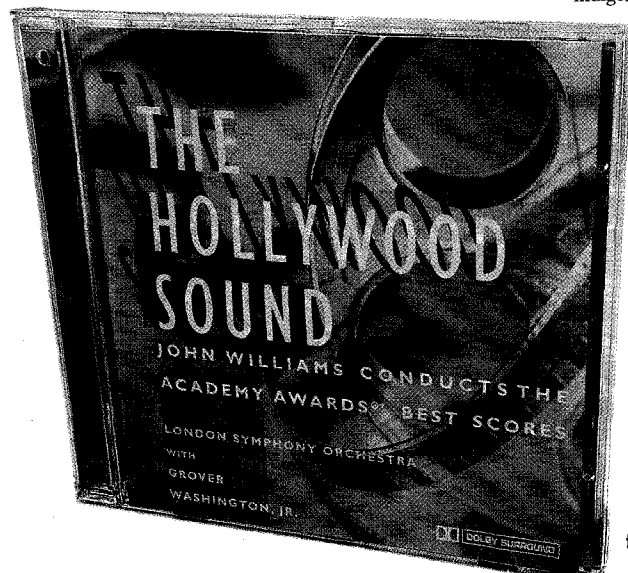
Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10. From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-0509).

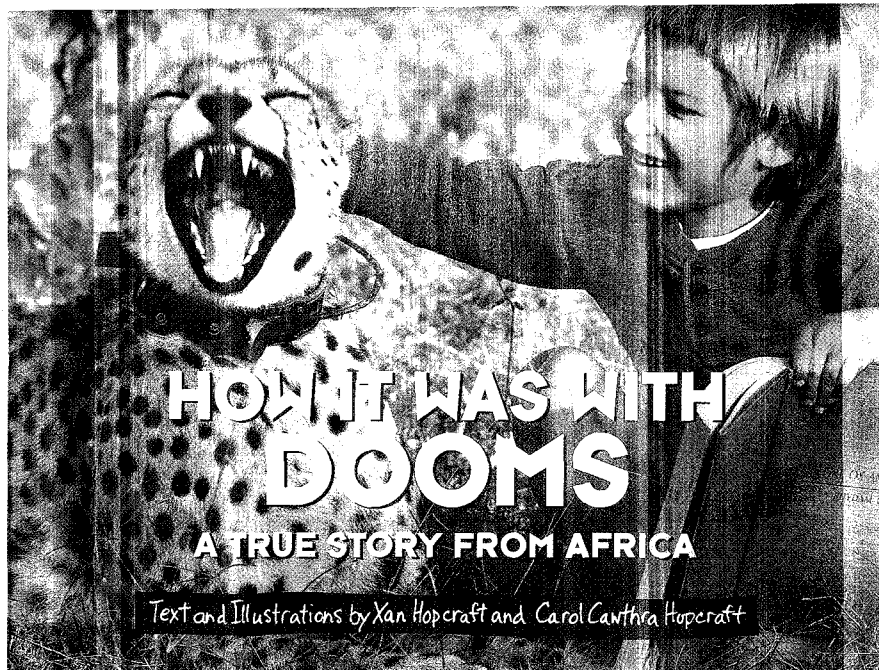
The Gardens of Ellen Biddle Shipman—Through 4/4. The life and garden designs of one of the early twentieth century's most important landscape architects is the subject of this exhibition. At the Paine Webber Art Gallery (713-2885).

Sports

Escape From Manhattan Hike—3/15 at 9 A.M.: The Urban Park Rangers will escort you from Manhattan to Staten Island (via public transportation) and introduce you to the 2,500-acre greenbelt there. This extended hike will last about six to seven hours roundtrip, so bring plenty of food and water. Also: two tokens (for the subway) and two quarters (for the ferry). Meet at the Manhattan street level entrance to the Staten Island Ferry to board the 9:30 A.M. ferry; call 800-201-7275 for information.

Rites of Spring Series—3/15 at 8:30 and 10 A.M.: Two races: first, kiddies from ages 2 (!) to 14 race distances from one block to one mile. Then over 2,000 adults finish up with a 10K. No, life's not fair—the children race for fun the adults race for \$2,500 in prize money. Sponsored by the New York Road Runners Club race starts at East Park Drive and 97th St. Call 860-4455 for information.





In Print Cub Scout

A collaboration between Xan Hopcraft, age 12, and his mother, Carol, *How It Was With Dooms* is the only kids' book in recent memory that childless adults are pushing on one another. Dooms (from *duma*, the Swahili word for cheetah) is the cub that came to live with—not merely around—the Hopcrafts in Kenya when he was less than a month old. The extraordinary text and photographs document a remarkable animal that, although wild and free, opted never to leave his human family. (Simon & Schuster; \$19.95.)

Hockey—3/11: Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/12: Rangers vs. Washington Capitals at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/13: Devils vs. Hartford Whalers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/15: Devils vs. Washington Capitals at 1:05 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/17: Rangers vs. Ottawa Senators at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/17: Devils vs. Florida Panthers at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

Basketball—3/12: Nets vs. Utah Jazz at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/14: Nets vs. Chicago Bulls at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 3/16: Knicks vs. Nets at 12 P.M., Madison Square Garden (NBC); 3/18: Knicks vs. Vancouver Grizzlies at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network); 3/18: Nets vs. Houston Rockets at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

Online

Picking a Hospital—This site, which aspires to be the definitive Web-based provider of information about health care, has a comprehensive, easy-to-use database that gives you access to information about almost any hospital in the United States. In addition to the basics (location, phone number, staff size, etc.), it also contains details about facilities and equipment available at each hospital, and specialties that each one focuses on. www.medaccess.com

Essential Skills—This site contains reams and reams of detailed instructions on all sorts of things you should know how to do, but don't: fix a leaky faucet, paint a room, make potpourri, play checkers, clean silverware, repair a broken window, replace a broken tile, defrost the fridge, and so on. Be ashamed no more. www.learn2.com

Comes the Revolution—The Bill Gates Personal Wealth Clock, found at this site, tallies up a daily, running count of Bill's billions. It also divides the

figure by the total U.S. population, to let you know what your share would be if the masses ever rose up and decided to take it for themselves. (As of the first week in March, your share would be just north of \$100.00, given the recent buoyancy in Microsoft's stock price.) Kinda makes you wonder whatever happened to antitrust laws. www.webho.com/WealthClock

They Can Get It for You Free—These sites either offer directly—or put you in touch with direct offers for—an astounding variety of free stuff. Some of it is totally valueless, some of it merely curious (like software, games, and postcards), and some of it (like airplane tickets, and cash bounties for participating in consumer marketing surveys) actually worthwhile. Check out Free Stuff Bonanza (www.bonanzas.com/free-stuff); Zia Free Stuff Resources (www.zia.com/free); Sierra Online's Free Stuff page (www.sierra.com/free); and Volition (www.volition.com).

Virtual Stalking—Interested in what your ex is up to these days? Or perhaps you want to find out everything there is to know about a prospective significant other? Check out CreditMaster Incorporated (at www.thecodex.com/mall/cmi.html). For fees ranging from as little as \$45 to as much as \$400 they will sell you all sorts of information you're not entitled to, like unlisted telephone numbers, or anyone's social security number, or information about criminal records. They can even get you a complete dump of all the outgoing calls made from any residential telephone number in the United States. They can also do asset searches, identify bank account numbers, trace credit-card spending, and locate just about anyone short of Jimmy Hoffa. But be warned: Availing yourself of these services may or may not be legal, depending on the jurisdiction you're dialing in from.

Virtual Semi-Stalking—If you're not quite evil enough to use any of the services described above (or too cheap to pay the hefty fees associated with them), you can conduct free-of-charge web searches for things like listed telephone numbers and addresses at the following sites: www.whowhere.com; www.switchboard.com; www.totalinfo.com; and www.four11.com.

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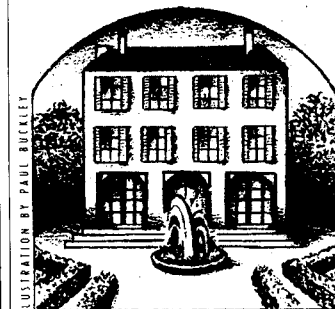
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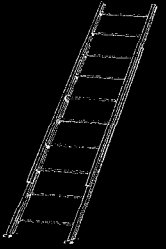
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Inventor/CEO—Seeks meaningful relationship with advantaged but down-to-earth, vivacious lady who is well-spoken, casually chic, cultured, sportive and fit, good-humored, with flexible schedule, in early 40s, who wants to love again. He is tall, attractive, athletic, world traveled, multilingual, fun-loving and ready. Photo. 5474 ☐

Forever Valentine Sought!—By a prominent surgeon/inventor with warmth, good looks, humor, 5'10", slim, 43. Seeks affectionate lady under 36 for best friend/lover. Phone/photo a must. 5460 ☐

Please Skip This Ad—If you're not truly that one-in-a-million, 35-43 lady with class, looks and brains, yet is sweet and real. I'm a handsome, fit, 5'9", refined Jewish man of quality, 40s, with success and character. Must be open to honesty, warmth, caring, humor, cuddling, marriage and the finer things in life. 5448 ☐

Seeking LI Female—35 plus, for friendship, romance and eventual partnership in life. I'm 49, 5'10", financially secure, with stability, brains, good looks and a secure future. I'm seeking an honest, monogamous, non-smoking female who still respects old-fashioned values and fidelity. Respond with note/photo/phone a must. 5441 ☐

Ultimate Coach Potato—Seeks his main course. White male, 43, 6'2", 254. What you do/earn is unimportant - it's what's inside that counts. Life has taught me that being happy with yourself is the key to success - all else follows. Please be 25-45, 5'8" plus. Race/religion irrelevant. Photo a must. POB 1055, NYC 10040

Recipe For Romance—Me: attractive, successful, slim, 5'10", 46, Jewish, one-woman gentleman with the right dash of humor to season life. You: pretty, slim, sensual professional, 30s-40s, with radiant outlook. We: grab life's pleasures (movies, arts, beach, fun, travel...suggestions?). So, if you've got the look, we'll dine out, I don't cook! Photo. NJ/NY. 5425 ☐

My Beautiful Best Friend—Is turning 30 this month. I'd like to give her the gift of romance to last the next 30, and beyond. You wouldn't expect to find her here. She's what most men would describe as a "catch". My friend is a dynamic, fun Jewish professional who loves to travel, ski and cook. She's slim, petite, fit, 5'5", blond and blue-eyed, with a warm, bright smile. She belongs with a fun, athletic, ambitious, highly successful, tall and, of course, handsome Jewish man, 32-42, with whom she can share future/family/friends. If you're the right gift, please send letter and recent photo. 5435 ☐

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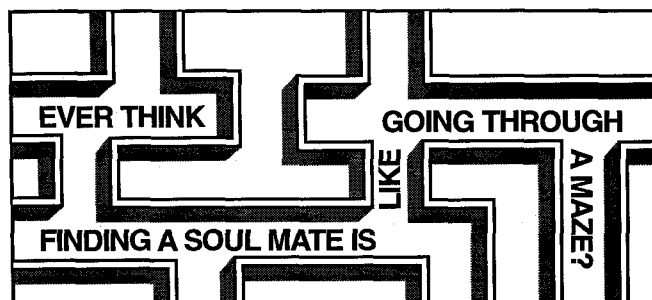
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Terrific Catch!—Handsome, wealthy, romantic man, 38, 5'10" - loves sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-36, beautiful, smart, sexy woman for a fabulous romance. Note/photo. 5467 ☎

Artistic/Sensual, Athletic/Intellectual— Pretty Jewish-Italian female, 30s, seeking tall, successful, mature white male, 30s-40s, for true love. Photo? 5465 ☎

Ebony Beauty—28, slim, very attractive black woman, educated, well-traveled, seeks mature, successful white male who has everything in life except me. Photo/note. 5395 ☎

Attorney Seeks Co-Counsel—Ivy-educated, lifelong New Yorker seeks 30s-40s woman who is intelligent, sensitive and has a great sense of humor. If you enjoy tennis, cooking, sailing, theater and cats (or some of the above), that is a plus. Note/photo, please. 5391 ☎

Tired Of Doing It Alone—Horribly independent, beautiful woman with two outrageously cool children, seeks a real man: tall, handsome, funny, easygoing... a guy who can roll with it - athletic, smart, well-dressed, proved himself to himself, looking for some fun, comfort, good times...well-read, well-traveled, knows life isn't a straight line. Phone/letter. 5397 ☎

Adventurous—Sensual, 10-plus lady knows it's not where you go but who you're with. Seeks successful Jewish male, 47-59, with style and passion, not afraid of someone special. Nonsmoker. 5427 ☎

Attractive Professional—Fun-loving, unencumbered lady of color - into computers, music, swimming, nature walking, literature, of course - wishes to meet compatible gentleman, 30-40 or so. Note/photo. 5463 ☎

Simple And Direct—49, honest, sensitive, handsome, slightly shy, good listener, with a nice sense of humor. Seeks warm, attractive, intelligent, nonsmoking woman. Note/photo/phone. 5453 ☎

Blond Former Model—Seeks man to make the center of her universe. You are a CEO type with great taste/style, who wants to share the finer things in life. 5470 ☎

Latin Beauty—38 (looks 28), NJ, seeks single white/Hispanic professional, 37-45, 5'10" and over, for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Be sincere, honest and family-oriented. Love NYC, movies, music. Nonsmoker. Note/phone. 5428 ☎

Passionate Physician—6'2", 175, handsome, 29, nonsmoking Catholic male who enjoys the arts and long walks on the beach, seeking down-to-earth, 21-32-year-old female who cares about people and laughs out loud at a joke, for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 5419 ☎

Eye-Catching Executive—Shapely, slender, spirited, elegant, aesthetic woman - warm, brainy, loves life, love, laughter and flowers. Seeks love/life partner in enormously successful, agile in mind and body, passionate, fit, witty gentleman over 5'10", 50-65. Note/photo. 5412 ☎

Beautiful Jewish MD—Warm, caring, fun-loving, down-to-earth. Seeks a sincere, honest, professional Jewish man, 40s to early 50s, for serious relationship. Note/photo. 5375 ☎

Honesty Is The Best Policy—Extremely kind, warm, generous, 50s male with upbeat personality, wants to meet attractive, caring, outgoing woman for fun, friendship, romance and hopefully marriage. Photo/note/phone. 5450 ☎

Warm, Bright, Pretty—Creative Jewish female, 38, artist/designer, into the Web - seeks very smart, playful Jewish male, 36-48, in NYC. Photo/note. E-mail: dotcom@inch.com 5399 ☎

Opera Lover—Beautiful, exciting, happy European Manhattanite, seeking nonsmoker, high-energy Jewish man, 55-62, to share passion for ideas, love, culture, travel, each other. Photo/note. 5451 ☎

NJ, Professional Gentleman—49, searching for spring break companion, eventual life mate. Companion should be 35-50, professional, nonsmoking, attractive and fit. Note/photo a must. 5378 ☎

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How About Shoveling Sunshine—With a successful Jewish entrepreneur in Scottsdale? If you are cute, petite and/or thin, 45-48, would like to share a future with a responsible man in upscale Arizona community - reply with photo. 5385 ☎

Westport, CT Professional Female—European background. Enjoys tennis, golf, skiing, beach, travel, theater, art. Seeks sincere, intelligent, educated, white, nonsmoking professional male, 54-58, fit, similar interests. Share life experiences. Phone/photo. 5443 ☎

Escape To Connecticut—6'4" tall, slim athletic build, handsome - long light hair, blue eyes, Nordic-looking, mid 40s - strong physically, emotionally, financially. Love tennis, jazz, the ocean and Manhattan evenings. Hate pretense, small-mindedness and country music. Seeking tall, slim, athletic, pretty woman, 28-35, with similar interests, to enjoy CT and NYC. Good tennis player a major plus. Note, photo and phone, please. 5455 ☎

Joyful Journalist—Bookish, brilliant, good-looking Upper West Side male, slim, fit, 52, 5'8" - loves kids and dogs. Seeks female counterpart to love and cherish. Photo tacky but necessary. 5389 ☎

Successful, Spiritual, Sensual—Entrepreneur, 37, 5'10", 175 lbs, very attractive, athletic build, self-aware, adventurous, down-to-earth, intelligent, evolved. Loves travel, culture, tennis, reading, skiing. Seeks similar woman of depth, very attractive, fit, to share life with. Ability to travel a plus. Note/photo. 5431 ☎

Natural Foods Guy—44, 5'6", seeks female who's warm, down-to-earth and fun to be with - like me! I enjoy yoga, tai chi, cycling, hiking, WFUV. 5439 ☎

Successful Soul Mate Wanted—I'm 35, 5'9", 140 lbs, dark hair, blue eyes, Jewish male, live in Manhattan. I have two dogs. Love children. I'm looking for someone, 27-36 - smokers are preferred, divorced okay. If you're looking for an easygoing, respectful partner for life, starting with friendship first, write telling me about yourself and the dreams we could fulfill together. 5446 ☎

You Enjoy The Arts—The outdoors and a good laugh. I am an attractive financial professional, 40, who would like to meet a white, Christian, successful man like you. Photo. 5398 ☎

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Self-Made Entrepreneur—Seeks soulmate. Bright, warm, fun(ny), athletic, handsome, energetic, spiritual, 33, 5'8" - seeks attractive, fun, active, smart, together, down-to-earth, easygoing, affectionate, marriage-minded Jewish female, 22-30, under 120 lbs. Prefer photo. 5415 ☒ ☎

Woman To Woman—Frustrated? Like me, you've found it's almost impossible for a beautiful, accomplished, feminine woman, fit body/mind, to meet her equal. Nonsmoker, 46-54. Photo. 5416 ☒ ☎

Blue-Collar Body—White-collar mentality. Professional trainer, white male, 46, great shape, rugged, sexy, urbane, amorous, solvent. Seeks synergy with one truly pretty, brainy, petite, fit female, 30-40. Photo essential/note. 5461 ☒ ☎

Don't Tell Mom!—Handsome, kind, wonderful, single Jewish male, FL - physician, cuddlemuffin, 39, 5'10". Loves travel, merlot, sushi, boating. Seeks honest, beautiful, alluring, successful, mature woman, 25-34, for lasting romance. Note/photo preferred. 5433 ☒ ☎

Gorgeous—Woman, 40, seeks professional man, 40 plus, for love and friendship. 5442 ☒ ☎

Days Of Romance—A lifetime of joy and laughter awaits you! Know how to love. Be a kind, beautiful, refined woman in your 20s or 30s, and respond to this tall, fit, handsome, gentle, romantic, blue-eyed Jewish physician with European charm and solid contemporary values. 5462 ☒ ☎

Let's Fall In Love—Sincere, successful Jewish dad, 49 - well-grounded, trim, athletic and bright. Enjoys jazz, cinema and outdoors. Seeks warmhearted, physically fit, interesting woman to share love and laughter. 5394 ☒ ☎

Gay Jewish Female—Late 30s, truly attractive, smart, sensual, sophisticated, successful executive with sparkling blue eyes, seeks equally selective soul mate with wit, class and style. My passions include theater, art, music, long romantic evenings...perhaps you! Interested? 5464 ☒ ☎

She's The One—Music, sports, working out, concerts, best-sellers and sincere and honest friends are things that I indulge in when I manage to escape from the daily grind of my successful career. I'm 31, female, tall and very attractive. Longing to meet an intelligent, feminine woman who shares my interests and is serious about committing to a caring relationship filled with romance and adventure. You are just as comfortable giving as you are receiving, and have a great outlook on life. Please send note and recent photo. 5414 ☒ ☎

Dated Her!—A heart of gold, solid values in a blond goddess - charisma, beauty, great body, intelligence, wit and sweetness. She'll treat you like a king! She's choosy but wants and deserves the best! She is considering returning to Europe, but I'd even introduce her to mother man to keep her here - as long as he's the right man! If you're a man of extraordinary substance, with a good heart, 37-47, with diversified interests from the arts to globetrotting...and looking for a partner - don't pass her by! Fair warning: if she ever changes her mind about me, be prepared for a duel! Sabres or pistols... She is worth it! 5408 ☒ ☎

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blond—Body to match, 28, professional, seeks handsome, successful male for love, marriage and family. Note/photo a must. 5434 ☒ ☎

Where's Papa?—Beautiful, bubbly, educated mom, 30s, seeks intelligent, devoted dad for yours, mine and ours. Photo and phone, please. 5402 ☒ ☎

Catholic Physician—39, never married, 5'10", attractive, intelligent, good sense of humor, very sweet, maybe a little socially inept but very sincere, looking for Catholic female with whom to enjoy life. 5410 ☒ ☎

Very Pretty Gay Woman—39, 5'6", kind, smart, successful, fun, unpretentious and available. A great catch. Seeking a very special woman, 35-45, pretty and feminine, with heart, smarts and style. I enjoy most everything but love a sunny day, a walk on the beach, a good conversation and a glass of fine wine. Let's catch each other. Photo/note/phone. 5409 ☒ ☎

Quality Male—Successful, professional Jewish male, 42, tall, well-built, attractive, kind and sensitive, seeking pretty, slim white female, 29-37, who is athletic, intelligent, gentle and fun to be with. Please send note/photo. 5366 ☒ ☎

More Than What We Like To Do...—Who we are as people and who we can become together. Are you a woman who likes helping people, enjoys her career, cherishes friends, enjoys Jewish life and wants to develop a relationship? I'm a blue-eyed Jewish man, 39, fit, who shares these passions. My dreams include building a wonderful friendship, sharing romance and having a family. 5436 ☒ ☎

Nice Guy—Professional/actor, 49, smoker, seeking lady, 40-50, for dinner dates, movies and who knows? 5432 ☒ ☎

Atypical Japanese Female—Enjoys theater, museums, reading, NPR, walks in the Park. Seeks sincere, down-to-earth, financially secure man, 35-45, nonsmoker. Note/photo. 5403 ☒ ☎

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Clark Seeks Lois—Attractive Jewish male attorney, 34, 5'10", with incredible blue eyes, seeks vivacious female counterpart for fun, friendship, romance and more. Note/photo. 5413 ☒ ☎

Handsome, Trim Exec—Secure, kind, with style - seeks educated, slender, classy lady in 50s. Note/photo. 5440 ☒ ☎

A Public-Service Message:—Studies prove professional men, 50s-62, who are unattached, risk serious health problems. But if you're a man of warmth, wit and intellect, you could save yourself by meeting this accomplished, sophisticated woman who is trim and shapely, 5'7", with a lovely smile. 5426 ☒ ☎

Jewish, 39, 5'9"—Charming cosmopolitan chap. Considered cute, chivalrous, caring, congenial. Charismatic, competent conversationalist. Can commit - could compromise. Craving chic, comely, captivating, compatible coreligionist - classical concert champion. Criteria: cheerful, clear-minded, clever, cultured. Communicate comprehensive composite/current color photo. 5393 ☒ ☎

Jewish Widow In LI—Attractive brunette homeowner - enjoys tennis, museums, theater, dance, Passover entertaining. Seeks educated, upstanding guy with class, 50 plus. Please respond with note and photo. 5379 ☒ ☎

Beautiful, Bright, Classy—Cultured, playful professional woman - loves NYC/Europe - 52, 5'4", average weight, shapely, seeks tall male counterpart. Note/photo. POB 2207, Patchogue, NY 11772

In Seach Of A Souful Woman—58-year-old, divorced Jewish male, nonsmoker, in good shape and health, is seeking a mercurial woman with long dark hair - a Piscean by birth. A lover of adventure, Eros, classical music and food. Someone who finds pleasure in sunsets at dusk as well as a night on the town. Looking for a long term and loving relationship. Write me, amaze me. Photo, please. 5457 ☒ ☎

Que Pasa?—I was in San Juan on vacation/and had quite a revelation. I'm 45, Jewish, attractive with class/love ice cream, the movies, my work, sports and jazz. So if you're a caring mensch and make me smile/maybe next year we'll vacation in style. Photo please. 5438 ☒ ☎

I'm Tall And So Are You—Midwesterner with a New York sense of humor, attractive, slender woman, 30, seeks caring, intelligent professional guy, 30s. Photo/note. 5400 ☒ ☎

Single White Female - NJ—48, bright, attractive, upscale, looking to meet a great guy. Many interests. 5471 ☒ ☎

Willing To Try Anything Once?—Argentine tango? Singing while I play piano? Horseback riding? Handsome man, 37, seeks woman/best friend to fall in love with and build a better world. In your eyes, I'll see adventure, romance and compassion. Note/photo. 5458 ☒ ☎

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Senior Exec—Good-looking male, 50, new to CT/NYC, single life and ads...has wide range of interests. Looking to meet a female friend, 40-50. 5405 ☐ ☐

East Side Woman—Pretty professional, 42, petite, slim, great smile, seeks romantic, kind, handsome, nonsmoking (prince) guy for fun, relationship and future. Photo appreciated. 5406 ☐ ☐

Spring Fun—40s, Westchester man seeks woman for fun and possibly more. 5411 ☐

Selective?—Pretty, blue-eyed blond, late 30s, classy and fit, values an open heart, sincerity and commitment from her man (35-45). I love skiing, autumn walks, city lights and music. There's more to life than work. Photo/detailed note. 5381 ☐

Tired Of Kissing Frogs?—Handsome 28-year-old, successful Wall Street trader, who is tall, fit, Jewish, comes from good family, sensitive, fun, warm, kind, interesting - enjoys socializing, working out, movies, theater, dining out, laughing, traveling, and even shopping... A little too picky. I am a sucker for blonds but extremely open-minded... Looking for a relationship with an exceptional, attractive, classy woman with similar likes and interests... Note/photo please. 5371 ☐

Rare Find—Beauty and brains in this Jewish lady! 27, NYC resident. Seeks professional Jewish man, 28-36, who is down-to-earth, intelligent and free of emotional baggage - for a great, lasting relationship. Photo a plus. 5437 ☐

Asian Woman Sought—Attractive, intelligent, 35-45, by an MD who is down-to-earth, good-looking, sensitive and in his mid 50s, with a serious interest in art and music - especially the opera and ballet. Note/photo. 5447 ☐

Adventurer Seeking Adventure—Tall, dark and handsome, Ivy-educated, Jewish, down-to-earth, soon-to-be millionaire, 34, seeking very attractive, intelligent, slim, sexy travel mate, 25-35, for a lifetime of adventure. Carry-on baggage only! Photo an absolute must! 5382 ☐

Adorable Redheaded RN—30, active and fit, seeks professional male to share outdoor adventures and stimulating conversation. Sense of humor and integrity a must. Li a plus. Photo/note, please. 5468 ☐

Striking Pretty Woman—Athletic, 5'6", 120 lbs, creative professional, funny, easygoing and slightly mischievous, seeks a fit man to fall in love with. No one under 35, please. Note/photo. 5396 ☐ ☐

Gentle Shrew—33, attractive, irrepressible, petite woman seeks playful, tender man with potentially great abs, for challenging interplay. Please woo me with note/photo. 5390 ☐

Children/Marriage-Oriented—38, 170, 5'10", athletic, blond/blue, soft-spoken Irish/German gentleman, Midwestern values. Kids okay. Photo please. 5445 ☐ ☐

Beautiful Woman MD—Slim, gentle, Jewish, 40s, seeks sweetheart. 5387 ☐

Professional Black Female—Attractive, 39, slim, physically active, enjoys NYC, movies, music (jazz/R&B), travel, Caribbean beaches, etc. Seeks single professional man, 30s-40s, fit, active, tall (5'8" plus), nonsmoker, sincere, with varied interests, for relationship/marriage without children. Race unimportant. 5404 ☐ ☐

Handsome Private Detective—58, seeks beautiful NYC woman, 40-55. Photo a must. POB 1559, Cooper Sta, NYC 10003

Pretty, Warm, Spirited—Jewish professional, single mom, seeks 40 plus, secure, successful man with great sense of humor, kind soul. Loves movies and Chinese food and still looks good walking away in a pair of jeans. Note/photo. 5454 ☐

Country Fellow Seeks City Woman—Successful, cute, warm professional (no kids), seeks fit 34-42-year-old for fun on the slopes, family (yours or ours), and great times talking together or with friends. You're very cute or pretty and just a bit insecure/crazy. I like romance, theater, travel and the beach. NYC, NJ. Photo/photo/note. 5392 ☐

Once More, With Feeling—Divorced white male professional, slim, 5'9", no kids, young 50s, seeks lady as partner for quiet, romantic friendship and simple enjoyments. Note/photo. 5424 ☐

Not Boring, Not Perfect—5'10", svelte blond woman, 35. Hip art director. Love film, food, travel, talk. Life is good. You? 5386 ☐

Tennis Anyone?—Pretty NJ artist, Ivy educated, witty and warm - seeks smart, sweet man, 50s-60s. Note/photo. 5374 ☐ ☐

Petite Beauty With Raven Hair—And blue eyes...seeks to celebrate life with an adventurous, spiritual, handsome, emotionally and financially fit man (to 48), who will creatively pursue me. Healthy lifestyle, great sense of humor, sensitivity and compassion are qualities I respond to. Photo/note. 5418 ☐ ☐

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

EWE 2

Sneezy, Bashful, Doc, et al.: Stunt Doubles

Zsa Zsa Zsa Zsa

Gnew

Above, Sigh Clones. Competitors are invited to invent the name for the replicated version of any person, animal, place, product, title, or, um, what-you-will.

Results of Competition 873, in which you were asked for Famous Last Words.

Report: Two sorts of entries here, those that might well have been epitaphs, as in: Othello—That's all there is, there isn't any Moor; Garbo—Parting is such Swede sorrow. And those that loomed like an accidental pitchfork. Precipitous. Logical. Funny. Popular candidates included Rapunzel, Dennis Rodman (separate stories), Ishmael, Yogi Berra, politicians, Pinocchio, Madonna, Rasputin. Right away you see the range. Enjoy these, we did. Love your hearse. Don't forget about Thursday.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

- "Pork Tartare: It's a good thing." —MARTHA STEWART
Christopher Monley, Redford, Mich.
- "Show me the mummy." —JERRY MAGUIRE
Terry Bussell, Henderson, Nev.
- "If it stops your heart, you must depart." —JOHNNIE COCHRAN
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.
- "I don't know who you are, Mr. Ovitz, but I repeat, all I have for dinner is 6:00 or 9:45." —JOHN MANIERI, N.Y.C.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

- "I wonder if Roy remembered to feed . . ." —SIEGFRIED
Deirdre Maher, Hoboken, N.J.
- "I'm going out for some couscous." —SALMAN RUSHDIE
*Elizabeth Kenney, Boston, Mass.
sp. ment.: Diana Manning, Mansfield, Va.*
- "See you in the movies." —DAVID CARUSO
Ken McCann, Somerset, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

- "The Meadowlands? Now? What the hell for?" —JIMMY HOFFA
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.
- "I think I'll try green eggs and ham . . ." —DR. SEUSS
Jennifer McLaughlin, Larchmont, N.Y.

- "Chow." —JULIA CHILD
Tom Convery, Westminster, S.C.
- "Oh, brother." —ABEL
Richard Fried, Brooklyn, N.Y.
- "Have an ides day." —JULIUS CAESAR
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

- "Bye." —GARY COOPER
Kevin McLoughlin, San Diego, Calif.
- "Hardy? You call that a kiss?" —HORATIO NELSON
Gordon Woollerton, N.Y.C.

- "Please don't talk about meat when I'm gone." —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
James Leary, Winnetka, Ill.
- "How'm I doin' on time?" —DAVID LETTERMAN
Len Busch, Short Hills, N.J.

- "Wrong!" —JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
Midge Stired, Boyertown, Pa.
- "Right!" —JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
Robert W. Guy, Miami, Fla.

- "What time did you say? Fourteen after the hour?" —ANDY WARHOL
*Sara Steinberg, Seattle, Wash.;
sp. ment.: Maria Stofka, Miami, Fla.*

- "Inhale, exhale. Inhale . . . uh . . ." —JACK LALANNE
Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.

- "I am not too big—it's the coffins that got small." —NORMA DESMOND
Nancy Stark, N.Y.C.

- ". . . and never, never sell the movie rights." —NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
Rachel Rigolino, Highland, N.Y.

- "Fine, fine, so we go to Waterloo—what's the worst that can happen?" —NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
*R. Polo, London, England
sp. ment.: Phyllis W. Allen, Fort Worth, Tex.*

- "I don't get no last respects." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

- "I thought you said at the count of five." —ALEXANDER HAMILTON
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

- "The white buck stops here." —PAT BOONE
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

- "Depend on it, sir, when a man believes that he is . . . never mind. I'm tired of London." —SAMUEL JOHNSON
*1. Robert B. Brown, N.Y.C.;
2. Remak Ramsay, N.Y.C.*

- "I thought you said 'death or taxes.'" —WILLIE NELSON
Barbara Diniscia, Paterson, N.J.

- "Oops, forgot the olive oil—I'll catch up with you." —LOT'S WIFE
L. Wilkinson, Radnor, Pa.

- "How'd I do?" —ED KOCH
G.M. Matusic, Rochester, N.Y.

- "I always had faith that He had a sense of humor." —MADALYN MURRAY O'HARE
Susan Flanagan, Wilton, Conn.

- "My fellow Corinthians, what you do not understand you will find in St. Paul for Dummies." —TERESA HEINES, NISKAYUNA, N.Y.

- "Go ahead—end my days." —CLINT EASTWOOD
Charles Schlotter, Los Angeles, Calif.

- "Damn the potatoes." —DAN QUAYLE
*Marguerite C. Rauch, North Stonington, Conn.;
sp. ment.: Thor Stockman, N.Y.C.*

- "So long, farewell, auf Wiedersehen, adieu . . ." —CHARLES BERLITZ
*Alice K. Juda, Kingston, R.I.;
sp. ment.: Julie Neustadter, Margate, N.J.*

- "I think I'll lie down for a spell." —NOAH WEBSTER
Tom Hertz, Los Angeles, Calif.

- "Gesundheit!" —LOUIS FARRAKHAN
Murray J. Aronson, Long Beach, Miss.

- "Eeeeeeeek!" —STEPHEN KING
*Janice Grant, Phoenix, Ariz.
sp. ment.: Rose Liebowitz, Brooklyn*

- "Rubber ducky, you're the one You make bathtime lots of fun . . ." —JEAN-PAUL MARAT
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

- "Uhh . . . conspiracy . . . uhh . . ." —OLIVER STONE
*Michelle McHugh, N.Y.C.
similarly: Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.*

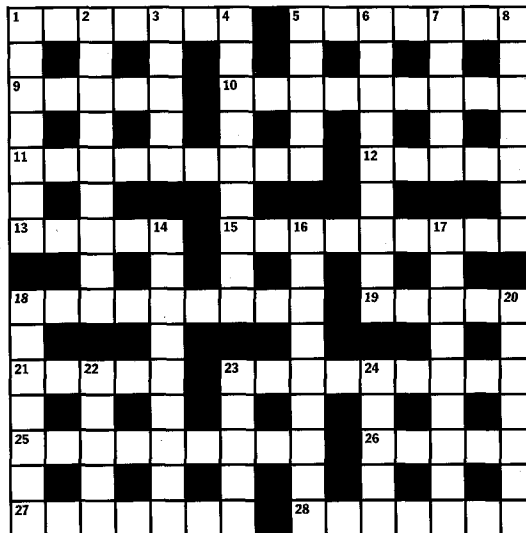
- "Yeah, I had a great time, too. I'll call you." —STACEY AGIN, FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 876, New York Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by March 21. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of New York. Results and winners' names will appear in the April 14 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Giving senior NCO everything with little hesitation—not major though. (7)
- 5 A note about 5 dn. written badly but with a will. (7)
- 9 Players all. (5)
- 10 Stick around or a pupil will make music of a sort. (9)
- 11 Bluster and rage on car breaking down. (9)
- 12 A woman editor with aspiration should admit it. (5)
- 13 A boat backing water. (5)
- 15 Noah kept spinners busy! (5)
- 18 Perfectly happy just to read when camping. (9)
- 19 Poke around for all to see in vain. (5)
- 21 A step to be effected without delay (5)
- 23 Coloured, being much attached to an old house. (9)
- 25 His plight could well be a warning to people in the main. (9)
- 26 A dunderhead with German following will get let in. (5)
- 27 Extravagant poetry writer? (7)
- 28 Grieved—so long in the red. (7)



DOWN

- 1 Governors formerly appearing a bit retrogressive on board. (7)
- 2 Using no net for a time. (9)
- 3 Telling stories in gratitude—only in gratitude. (5)
- 4 Conscience-stricken, having cribbed article in the break. (9)
- 5 Discrimination that makes sense. (5)
- 6 A fleshy-leaved plant producing weighty harvest. (9)
- 7 A means of transport, one for little mites. (5)
- 8 The Orient—certainly torrid as far as anybody can see. (7)
- 14 The page didn't like being put on show. (9)
- 16 Incorrectly parked in outside car-park, which is criminal! (9)
- 17 Dresses a guy—he's there to ensure the knot's properly tied. (9)
- 18 Rachel's novel "The Prince." (7)
- 20 Meant not to be seen in action. (7)
- 22 A gale tangled up seaweeds. (5)
- 23 To put up with the girl is the only alternative. (5)
- 24 Hold on, like coppers behind an old monarch. (5)

'St. Paddy's Day Riddle': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Priests celebrate it
- 5 "Nashville" director
- 11 Many-armed mollusk
- 18 "Moonlight," for one
- 20 Arid Africa
- 21 As — rail
- 22 What to "lend me," in a play title
- 23 Isn't thrifty
- 24 Brewer and Wright
- 25 St. Paddy's Day riddle: I
- 28 Item from Burpee
- 29 Where — (scene of the action)
- 30 Bobby of hockey
- 31 So-so grade
- 34 Konrad's conjunction
- 36 Frogs' whereabouts
- 39 Black tea
- 42 Riddle: II
- 49 Roll-call reply
- 50 Partner of tried
- 51 Appraise ore
- 52 Hamlet's people
- 53 Killer whales
- 55 Short-order sandwich
- 57 2nd addendum, in a letter
- 59 Castle surround
- 60 Cry of disappointment
- 61 Separates by twos
- 65 Debt acknowledgment
- 67 Psyche components
- 68 Answer to the riddle: I
- 72 Dernier —
- 74 Cousinry
- 75 Drenching
- 76 Exxon, formerly
- 78 Hinged door fastening
- 80 Badmouth, '90s style
- 82 M.D.'s associates
- 83 Eydie's husband
- 85 "For want of — the horse was lost"
- 87 Silent sufferer
- 91 Place for a chapeau
- 94 The Parthenon, today
- 95 Answer: II
- 99 Step through tulips
- 100 Norman Vincent —
- 101 "Aladdin" prince
- 102 N.F.L. measurements
- 103 Roman 56
- 105 Johnson's "Hellzapoppin" cohort

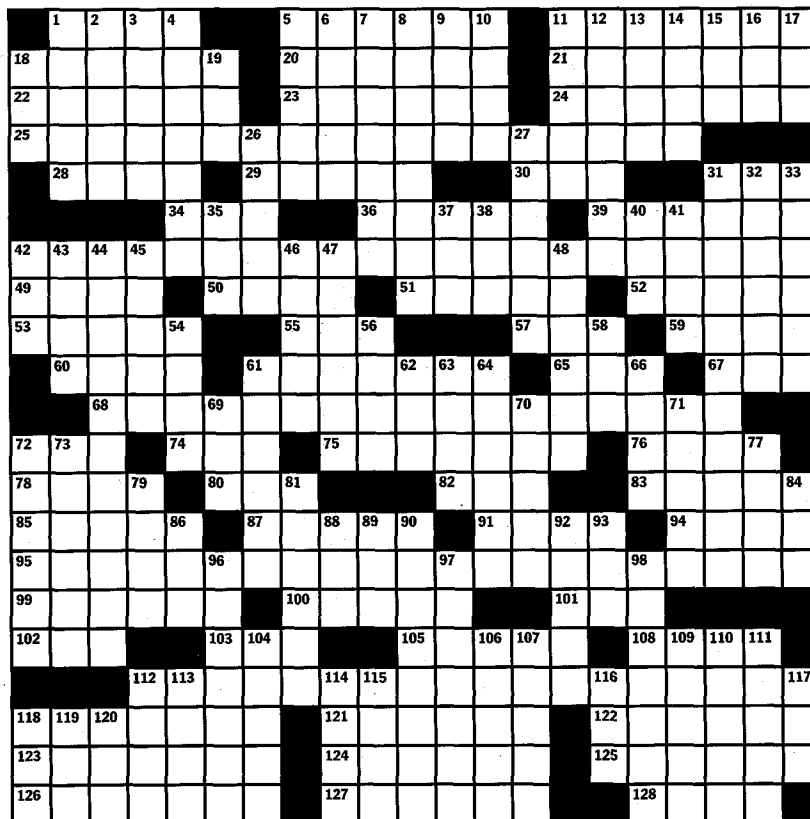
DOWN

- 108 Sitar music
- 112 Answer: III
- 118 Sinatra's hometown
- 121 Walking on air
- 122 Paesano's land
- 123 Learned
- 124 Staid
- 125 In a willing way
- 126 Own
- 127 Made a goal
- 128 Strike an attitude

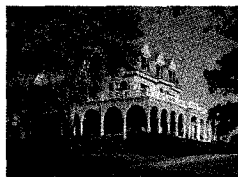
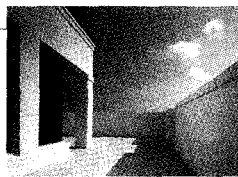
- 3 Man o' War's jockey
- 4 Rose from a seat
- 5 Plus factor
- 6 — lazuli
- 7 Rehabilitation method
- 8 North of North
- 9 Endings for drunk and tank
- 10 Defunct car
- 11 Weasel's relative
- 12 Noncom's insignia
- 13 Poop out
- 14 Unmatched object
- 15 Step, in ballet
- 16 America's monogram

- 17 Airline to Oslo
- 18 Toothed tool
- 19 Guggenheim display
- 26 Seeker's playmate
- 27 Slangy rejection
- 31 Maven
- 32 Ninesome
- 33 Coughs up
- 35 "Wayne's World" negative
- 37 Abbr. for Gov. Pataki
- 38 Platter spinners, for short
- 40 Word for Simon's couple
- 41 Good earth

- 42 Between pi and sigma
- 43 Architect Saarinen
- 44 High church officials
- 45 Early American diplomat Silas
- 46 Oompah instruments
- 47 Banked (on)
- 48 Overpublicizing
- 54 Ankle
- 56 The Kingston group
- 58 The old — (Ireland)
- 61 Impose a penalty
- 62 Comic-actor Erwin
- 63 C.I.S. predecessor
- 64 Groses —, Michigan
- 66 Functions
- 69 Red Cross service
- 70 Like newly paved concrete
- 71 Texas batsman
- 72 Talkative
- 73 El —, Syrian city
- 77 "Metamorphoses" poet
- 79 Sulky expression
- 81 Fetchit of old films
- 84 Nanny's consonants
- 86 Sense of self
- 88 Part of 65-Across
- 89 Author Levin
- 90 Centennial State
- 92 "You're a better man — am ..."
- 93 Snakelike fish
- 96 Motorcyclists' headwear
- 97 Communications satellite
- 98 Phone cut-in
- 104 Weathercocks
- 106 Seven, in Seville
- 107 Over with
- 109 Texas shrine
- 110 Near-hurricanes-
- 111 Old-womanish
- 112 Silent greetings
- 113 Steinbeck's Tom Joad, e.g.
- 114 Famed Fed
- 115 Wire current: abbr.
- 116 Arrange dishonestly
- 117 D or Labor
- 118 Jazz-smart
- 119 Conquistador's quest
- 120 Ralph Kramden's vehicle



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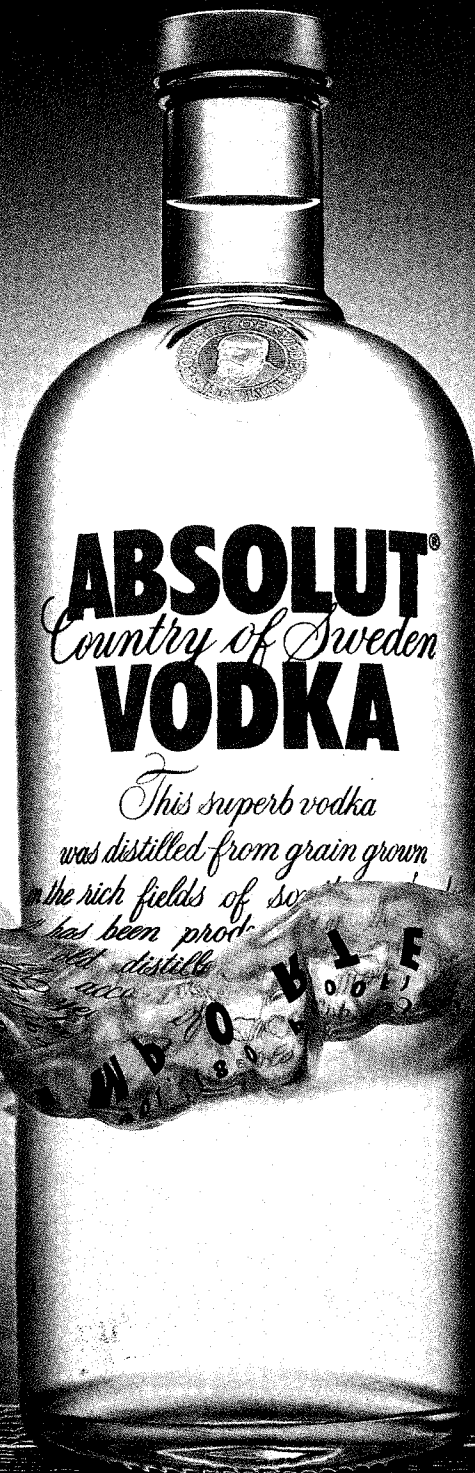
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